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Indiana Edition

L I T E R A T U R E

A FOURTH READER

By

**Edward Everett Hale, Jr.,
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and

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PREFACE

IN this Reader the editors have put the main elements of literature before the student, without insisting upon the qualities that are distinctively literary. Before studying literature everybody becomes accustomed in a measure to the literary presentation of many things which common experience has made familiar. What is literature? It is the expression of the thought and feeling of certain chosen men of genius. About what do such men think and feel? Much the same sort of thing, the answer must be, that the rest of us do. The same world, the same nature, the same life is open to us as to them; but genius has given them power to express that which appears to eye and to mind. The subject-matter of the reader represents the elements of nature and of life which go to make up literature: the passage of the seasons, the round of men's holidays, the birds and the beasts, and the forces of nature, men's dealings with bird and beast and nature, and men's dealings with one another (namely, history, especially that of our own country), men's imaginations and fancies as we know them in legend and myth; in fact, whatever it is from which authors create what we call literature.

But the idea of literary treatment has been, on the whole, absent; it has been left to a later period of study. Thus the introduction is devoted, not to literary study as such, but to suggestions as to dealing

with the subject-matter of the extracts, and to a study of good reading aloud. The extracts have been selected with a view of dealing with certain elements of observation and interest. The teacher's attention is called specifically to these points, and explanation is given of how they may be made most useful to the student. In regard to reading aloud, the student will, it is supposed, have passed through enough preliminary training to be able to read with understanding even rather difficult extracts. Hence the effort is made to show how to read aloud well. But as the art of reading is a complicated matter, and calls for a treatise or a teacher, or both, it has been thought best to avoid any attempt at really technical treatment of elocution, and to confine this part of the introduction to such practical remarks as experience has shown are a useful supplement or suggestion to the work of a good teacher. Where there is no opportunity for definite work in elocution, such hints will be found of great benefit when taken in connection with the reading lesson.

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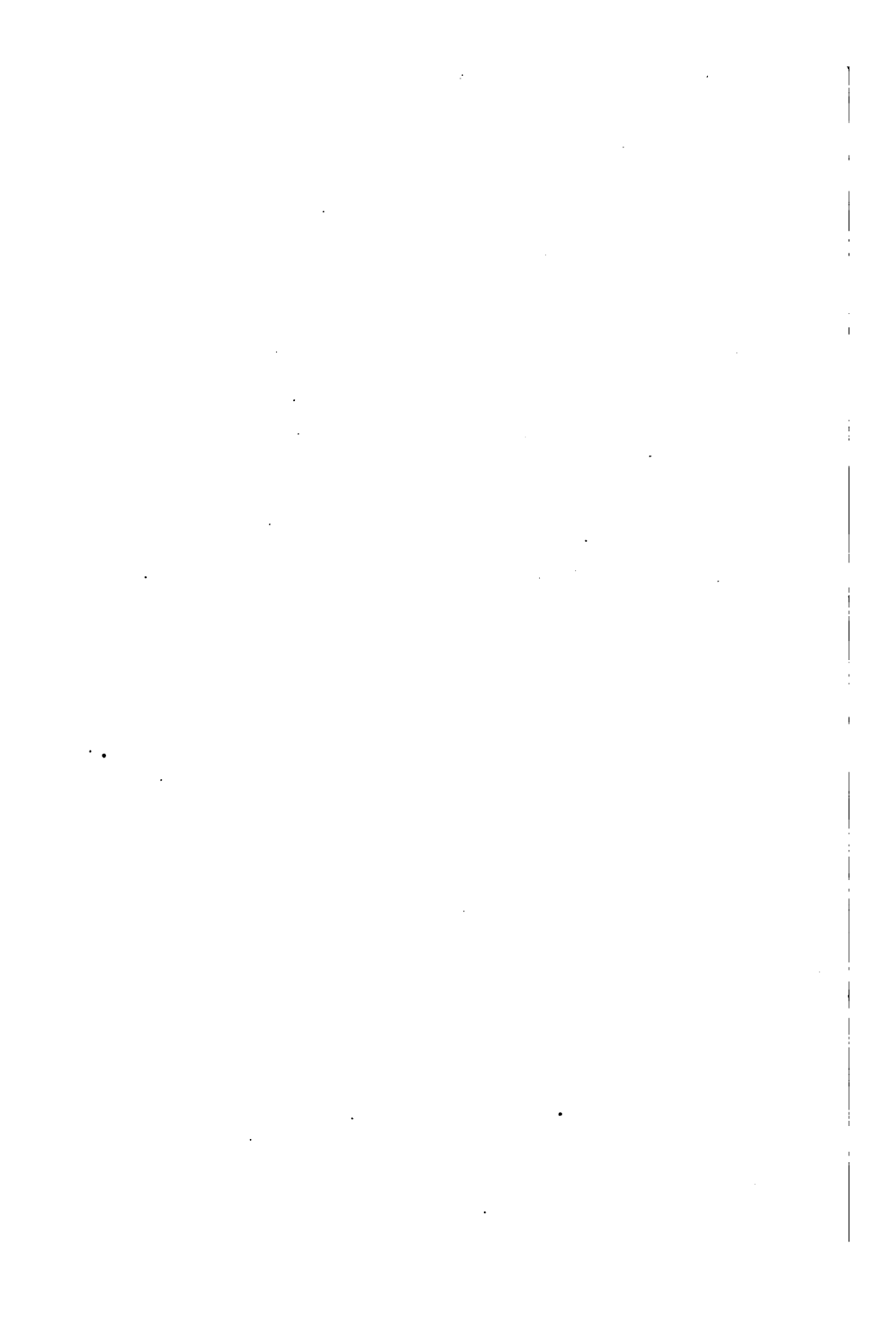
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INTRODUCTION

IN the childhood of every race the first literature generally takes the form of recital of legend and myth; and so in the early life of a child the fairy tale appeals most strongly to the imagination and to the moral sense as well. Interwoven with the doings of fairies and mortals may be some sound ethical teaching, and many a lesson of unselfishness, of honor and truth, has thus made its lasting impression on the young reader's mind. So, with the idea of logical development in view, the first selection in this reader is a fairy tale pure and simple. This extract furnishes the basis of some suggestions by the use of which the child may unconsciously become acquainted in a way with literary forms, and may lay the foundation of appreciation and judgment, which will be most useful in a later study of literature.

The biographical introduction to this first selection, "The Hardy Tin Soldier," mentions certain characteristics of the author. After this piece has been carefully read ascertain by judicious questions whether the pupils have discovered any of these characteristics. Probably the first result will show that they have found nothing beyond the mere story. But without any doubt they will recognize the form of the tale. On pages 50, 64, and 86 we have other fairy stories, not so pronounced in form, to be sure, but belonging to this kind of compo-

sition. Now as these are read they will afford an opportunity for unobtrusive initial instruction in comparison and criticism. What are the points of resemblance in these different selections? What are the points of difference? What high thought, if any, underlies the story, and which author has expressed such thought in the clearest and most pleasing manner? When the course of the selections brings the children to "The Garden of Pleasure" ask them if this too is a fairy story. If they cannot classify it with those already read, show them wherein lies the difference and make them acquainted with allegory. Then too, when "The Adventures of a Shilling" is reached, show them that here is a form that is neither fairy story nor allegory, but continued personification.

In this reader are given several legends in prose and verse. First, examples where the religious element enters, as in "The Legend of St. Christopher" (p. 123) and "The Vision of Sir Launfal" (p. 255); then some in which aboriginal life colors the myth, as "The Adventures of Paup-puk-Keewis," "The Peace-Pipe," and "Indian Legends" (pp. 135-149); and, lastly, those which have some faint historic foundation, as "King Arthur and his Sword" (p. 244) and "How Hereward slew the Bear" (p. 426). In every case the story will appeal to the children, but if the suggestion just offered is adapted to these selections, the pupils will have a pretty good idea of what constitutes a legend, will express choice among those read, and if asked later to place "The Neckan" (p. 377), will find no difficulty in referring it to its proper class.

A similar course may be pursued with the poems which portray the different months of the year, the varying aspects of nature, the round of holidays, and

those which narrate stirring events. In an easy, natural manner encourage the pupils to notice the characteristics of these poems, and without very well knowing how they acquired the knowledge, they will readily discriminate between a ballad and a lyric, and will be able to tell the difference between such poems and those which are purely descriptive. Encourage them also to tell what there is in the various poems which pleases them. As a poem is read refer to one of similar character or construction which has preceded and have the pupils compare the two. For example, let them note any differences or resemblances between Celia Thaxter's "May Morning" and Helen Jackson's "April"; between Cowper's "Nightingale" and Emerson's "A Humble-Bee." Later on let them contrast "The Eve of St. Agnes" with "The Death of the Old Year." Ask them which they find the more stirring, "The Uprising in '75" or "The Battle of Hohenlinden." But a few minutes will be required for this exercise, and it need not necessarily be a matter of daily occurrence.

Another chance to exercise nice discrimination presents itself in the selections which have to do with the history of our country. In various literary forms are presented all the leading motives of our national life from the time the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock till the last bitterness of civil strife disappeared in the garlands laid alike upon the graves of "The Blue and the Gray." In all these historical extracts both fiction and fact find place, and so there is an excellent opportunity to show how a setting of fiction heightens and intensifies historical fact, and how the course of events derives additional force when related in picturesque language.

Then, again, good, uplifting work may be done in inculcating respect for animal rights after reading Miss Sewell's noble picture of the horse, Miss Repplier's portrayal of cat life, and Miss Guiney's portrait of a dog. Bring out the difference in the latter case between the puppy of high degree and the poor, weather-beaten, faithful beast of "The Vagabonds."

The examples of fiction presented in the reader ought to stimulate a healthy desire for story reading. A boy or girl reading of that meeting between Frances Wharton and Mr. Harper, or following the voyage in the coracle, should be filled with a desire to read the whole story. The single adventure of Hereward should kindle a wish to know more of this doughty hero, and most children would like to know what befell Sir Walter Raleigh after that incident of the cloak. There are many possibilities which will present themselves here to an enthusiastic teacher.

Now as a final suggestion in this part of the introduction, familiarize the children with the lives of the authors given in the reader, that they may know the land and time to which these writers belong. Let all your work as to literary form and quality be purely suggestive and as simple as possible; remember that it is in a way to be a sort of kindergarten method of laying the foundation for literary study in the future. If supplemental reading is a feature of the school, and the library is of fair proportions and judiciously chosen, add such selections as will tend to broaden literary acquaintance already made. If your library contains the books, recommend to the children for their own reading, "The Spy," by Cooper, "Twice-told Tales," by Hawthorne, Helen Hunt's "Ramona," Irving's

"Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and "Treasure Island," by Stevenson.

What has been said in these general directions will, perhaps, indicate the ideas of the editors as to how this book may be used to such profit that it will become the first open gateway to the treasure house of letters.

But there is another point of vital importance to the children for whom this book is intended, and that is the matter of reading aloud intelligently and well.

Reading is an absolute necessity, but when we come to the question of reading aloud, the case seems somewhat different. It would probably be found that of the large number of Americans who can read well, comparatively few could read aloud well. The experiment is a simple one. Ask a number of educated persons, as chance occasion offers, to read aloud something off-hand from the newspaper or some book. You will probably find that few do it so satisfactorily that you do not wish to look over the passage again yourself, and that some read so indistinctly as not to be easily understood. A class at school or at college, when not paying attention to reading aloud, is very apt to read in a hesitating or indistinct or overhasty manner.

One reason for the inability of the average man to read aloud as well as he can read to himself, is that we are now so much more accustomed to read to ourselves than to listen to other people's reading. The effect has been noticed in oratory. It has been said that we have no orators who can equal the giants of fifty or a hundred years ago, the Websters and Patrick Henrys. And the reason has been given that it is so much easier

now to print what it was formerly necessary to say. The practice of printing in the Congressional Record speeches which have never been delivered by Senators or Representatives has grown immensely of late, and the reason is very plain. The printed speech may be read by thousands of a member's constituents, while a spoken speech is generally not heard by even half a member's colleagues. When there was no such thing as printing, it was necessary to speak, for the expense of parchment and of copying was so great that it was not generally resorted to. In the last four hundred years, however, and especially in the last fifty years, the art of printing has immensely extended the possibilities of diffusing information in writing. As it becomes easier, it becomes more common.

There is, then, less necessity for speaking in public than there was. We may ask, "Is there the same necessity for reading aloud? The answer would be that in some professions, as the ministry, and in some positions, as in that of clerk or secretary of any formal or informal body, it is still a necessity to read aloud well. But what is the necessity for the average man or woman,—for the man who goes into business, let us say, for the woman who takes care of her house and family? Is there any necessity resting on them which calls for reading aloud? Read they must undoubtedly; every day we must all read something, even though it be nothing more than an order for goods, or the directions for cooking. But how is it about reading aloud?

The answer must be that the importance of reading aloud does not come from what we may call the immediate practical necessity of the act. It comes from considerations which, if not so obvious, are quite as important. In the home life of any family, especially

where there are children, reading aloud is almost a necessity. And, even if there be no children, it is certainly more pleasant and sociable to change the family group where each reads silently with back to a central light, into a gathering where one reads aloud to the rest. Reading aloud, in fact, is almost a social necessity in any society that loves literature.

Further than this, however, we may go, and say that reading aloud is the best practical training, for children at least, in the art of good speaking; and we know how important it is now for an American, whether man or woman, to be able to speak easily and well. It is true that teachers are not quite agreed as to whether good reading is the foundation of good speaking, or good speaking the foundation of good reading. But whichever side be theoretically right, it is probably easier in practice to give plenty of training in reading aloud than to do constant work in declamation. And a student who learns to read well gains much of the technical training that will enable him to speak well.

Lastly, it is probable that reading aloud is a necessity, if one would read, even to one's self, the finest productions of literature. Silent reading has been advocated as a school exercise; but whoever tries the experiment with a piece of good literature, knows how much is gained by reading aloud. When one begins to get the voice into it, then the piece begins to be alive. You need not read the encyclopedia aloud, it is true, nor the newspaper; but read Shakespeare to yourself and then aloud, and see the difference. The matter needs no explanation, for any one may be readily convinced by experiment. Given a piece of real literature, it may be said with perfect confidence that the additional appreciation, and even comprehension, that comes

from reading aloud, is remarkable to those who have never thought of the matter. Poetry, as a rule, gains more than prose ; but even prose gains much when once one puts one's self into it, as is necessary in reading aloud.

What then are the necessities for good reading aloud? The first is a determination on the part of the student to do it well. The second, which is almost as important, is a good teacher.

Unfortunately, neither of these necessities can be given in such an introduction as this, nor can we attempt to substitute even a fairly complete theory of teaching. It must be enough to call attention to a few important matters to which the effort of teacher and student may be especially directed.

The first thing to be thought of — when the preliminaries of learning to read at all are finished — is one's voice. One must have a good voice.

The question of producing a good voice is partly a matter of natural endowment, but partly a matter of practice. The production of a good voice depends chiefly on the right use of muscular powers. Speaking is a muscular act, like walking or running. And just as you may be able to walk or run well or ill, so you can speak well or ill ; that is, in all three cases, you can use your natural powers so as to get the best results possible from them, or you may use them so as to be ill served.

Many persons have fine voices who have no idea how they produce them. In studying the matter, it is convenient to know a little of the physiology of the case. Spoken words are really the modified vibration of the air that comes from our lungs. The air is expelled from our lungs, but as a rule it makes no sound,

for instance, in ordinary breathing. When we allow the vocal cords to vibrate we have voice, as in prolonging the sound of any vowel, but we do not necessarily have articulate words. It is only when we add to the action of the lungs and the vocal cords the action of the tongue, the mouth, and the lips, that we have words. We shall have the best utterance, then, only when lungs, vocal cords, and other vocal organs are all acting rightly.

It is not very hard to use the lungs rightly, although people are very apt not to do so. Take a long breath, as long as you can, filling the lungs way, way down. How much longer it is than the breath one usually takes. From such an experiment you may see how much of your lung-power goes unused. For purposes of reading aloud the lungs are merely a means of supplying air to the reading instruments. And, as no more air can be breathed out than is breathed in, we must remember that to be able to read effectively, we must take in a good stock of breath.

Although we all know that the air from the lungs vibrates the vocal cords and so becomes voice, few of us are conscious of the process as we go through it in speaking. We use our lungs and vocal cords instinctively, as we have got into the habit of using them. And, of course, we may have fallen into the habit of using them wrongly. To get the best voice, we should use the lungs as much as possible, and the vocal cords no more than is necessary.

The reason for this is that it is possible to make up for not using the lungs enough by using the vocal cords too much. If you want to make a louder sound, you can make it by more actively vibrating the vocal cords, just as you can by sending a stronger current of

air from the lungs. But the difference will be that in one case you will get a higher, rather harsh sound which is more disagreeable the louder it is, while in the other you get a deeper, fuller sound which, as the voice gets its strength, becomes finer the louder it is.

This deeper lung-tone is the tone one ought to get in reading aloud. We Americans are far too apt to use the other one. The deeper tone is better because it is pleasanter to listen to, more easy to make (when you know how) even for a long time, and far better for the strength of the vocal organs and for the general health. The higher tone is disagreeable if it is louder than our usual conversation, it is more tiresome to make for any length of time, and is apt to strain the throat muscles in time so as to cause various minor diseases of the throat, like catarrh. We should, therefore, learn to use our lungs as much as possible in reading.

First, for this purpose, we must keep them in good order. There are various precautions that are useful here, although they do not seem to have much to do with reading aloud. One should get in the habit of standing straight, and sitting up straight. Cold baths in the morning are generally good, if one be in strong health, and hard rubbing with coarse towels. Plenty of long breaths out of doors are necessary. Light gymnastics, which will open the lungs and use the pectoral muscles, are helpful. Any sort of collar is bad that is tight around the neck, or so high behind as to thrust the head forward and thus cramp the larynx.

Taking all these precautions for a good breathing apparatus, we must next learn to discriminate between the right sound and the wrong sound. It is not easy to teach one how to use the right muscles in speaking. In common gymnastics one can see the teacher use arms

and legs, and imitate the movement. But we cannot see the voice muscles work, and a person speaking wrongly looks much like a person speaking rightly. We do not, as a rule, know what muscles we use in speaking. But if we learn to recognize the right sound, we can imitate it, and so learn to make it ourselves. Here the teacher is necessary. Different teachers have different ways of describing the full, rich, resonant sound we wish to produce, but no description alone will enable one to produce it. The mouth must be fairly well opened, the throat muscles must be relaxed, the lungs must be well filled, but even then one may not produce the voice rightly. One must imitate the true sound, and, unfortunately, it is not possible to describe the true sound so that every one will recognize it. But with a teacher to show one what is a good tone and what is not, one can constantly practise to attain it (in school and out), and even though no very pure tone be the result, a great gain will be made.

Next to a good voice comes a good enunciation. And here, too, we have an important matter, and one that depends largely on practice. It is important because if one does not read clearly, one's hearers become quickly wearied by the effort to understand what is being read, and weariness on the part of one's hearers is a terrible adversary. Hence poor enunciation is a great drawback. And, on the other hand, a clear but natural enunciation is in itself a pleasure to the hearers. So rare is really excellent enunciation with us, that when we hear anybody pronounce with beautiful clearness, we are at once especially attracted and pleased. And just as it makes reading harder to have one's hearer tired, so it makes it easier to have one's hearer pleased.

But a good enunciation is not merely important: it

must be largely obtained through practice. Indistinctness is a purely physical matter; it means that the muscles which move throat, tongue, lips, do not move them properly. Indistinctness is to be corrected by purely physical means; namely, by making the motions in question correctly. But as these motions are generally quite instinctive with us, as we do not usually know just how we perform them, as we cannot even see how we perform them (except by complicated apparatus) or, as a rule, see how anybody else performs them, why, it is only by constant practice and correction that we shall get into the habit of performing them correctly. Here, as with the voice, some persons have far greater natural powers than others, but even those with inferior natural powers may do much to improve them. Some people cannot even speak at all so as to be understood; they stutter. But even so marked a defect as stuttering may be cured by taking time and care to utter every word correctly. No remedy for stuttering is so good as that founded on the simple rule never to speak except carefully. The rule is simple enough, but the carrying it out is a very difficult matter. It is the practice, however, which makes the cure. So it is with indistinct enunciation; it is mainly one's own practice which will make it better.

How, then, shall we practice?

First, we must be convinced that our enunciation really is indistinct. We cannot very well correct what we do not perceive. And people are very apt to assume that they speak quite distinctly. If we listen to ourselves as we speak, we shall probably at first say that we articulate distinctly enough. But that is apt to be because we know quite well what it is that we are saying, or else because we do not listen to ourselves

very carefully. In learning to read aloud well we must get used to paying careful attention to our own voice, we must notice when we are indistinct, we must get others to call our attention to any indistinct utterance as we read, or else we shall not know what it is that we need to improve. It is a curious thing how seldom people are aware of their own indistinct enunciation.

But even when one sees defects, and endeavors in a general way to correct them, there are a few points which it will be well to remember in trying to do one's best.

A good enunciation does not depend on quickness or slowness. There are some very rapid speakers who are also very distinct; in fact, there are speakers who are so rapid that it is only by being extremely distinct that they can be understood. But with the average speaker or reader the two things are apt to be connected; as a rule, a fast rate of speech means an indistinct utterance, because it means that one has not time to form the words correctly. Therefore one aid in correcting a confused, indistinct utterance lies in speaking or reading more slowly. Slow reading is not always distinct reading, but it is more likely to be so than fast speaking.

Another precaution against indistinct reading is to look out for unaccented syllables. In every sentence are many syllables which are less accented than others; they are sometimes short words, and sometimes parts of a word. The temptation in speaking or reading aloud is to hurry over these unimportant syllables, to slight them, not to give them stress enough. This will happen more commonly in long sentences (*e.g.* the first on p. 284), but it is a danger in all sentences. And, being an obvious danger, it is very likely to be too much guarded against. That is, in trying not to slur

over unaccented syllables, students are very apt to make them far too prominent. Both extremes are to be avoided.

This slighting of unaccented syllables is especially likely to occur in a case which is generally set off by itself and considered separately; namely, that in which one vowel follows another, whether in the same word, as in *ideal* (which is so often pronounced *ideel*), or in different words, as in *the other*. The case is called *hiatus*, which itself offers example of the thing it names. It will be seen that the accented syllable may come first, as in *ideal*, or it may come last, as in the word *hiatus* and generally in cases of two words coming together. The latter is the more common case, but either offers a difficulty in the way of distinct pronunciation. It is often hard to pronounce such words even with time and care. In fact, it is so hard that, in the early days of oratory, careful Athenian speakers would never allow an example of it to occur in the speeches which they prepared beforehand. When we are reading aloud we cannot do that: we must read what is put before us, whether it has a hiatus or not; and there will generally occur about half a dozen examples on any page, whether poetry or prose. But if we recognize the difficulty, we have done something toward overcoming it.

As a combination of two vowels may prove hard to pronounce, so may some combinations of consonants; and these, too, should be especially noted as they occur. Some teachers of elocution specify what combinations of consonants are particularly hard, and offer especial practice upon them. But unless one can give a good deal of time to elocution, it is hardly best to give especial practice to certain groups of consonants. The harder combinations in single words rarely occur, just

because they are difficult, and so have been gradually modified. The hard combinations arising from different words coming together, are generally avoided by careful writers. What is needed is a general clearness in enunciating consonants, and this may be obtained by careful practice of every case where one makes an error.

The chief difficulty in the way of gaining a fairly good enunciation, is the difficulty of holding a middle position between a slovenly articulation and an articulation that is so precise and particular as to be very unnatural. Doubtless it is not to be supposed that one should read exactly as one talks ; reading is something rather different from talking. Nobody writes exactly as he talks, except when representing conversation. There should be the same difference between reading and talking that there is between writing and talking. Reading should be a little more regular and formal. But like writing, it should not be so regular and formal as to seem pedantic and stiff.

We have next to speak of emphasis, which, in itself, is a very simple thing. Emphasis is the means employed to make any word or syllable stand out in a marked manner from the rest. Usually it means much the same thing as accent ; we make a syllable emphatic by speaking it louder, or with more stress.

But there are other means employed by practiced speakers to gain emphasis. It is often as emphatic to speak a word or a sentence not in a louder, but in a lower tone than usual. It is often as emphatic to speak the word in the same tone, but with a considerable pause before it or after it. A sentence may be made emphatic by being spoken more slowly, with deliberation, or by being accompanied by some gesture. These means will not be very useful to us in our first study of

reading aloud. It will be enough for us to give emphasis by increased stress in a louder tone. But the mention of these different modes of giving emphasis calls attention to one thing; namely, that emphasis is not in itself either speaking louder, or even speaking in any particular way. It is speaking so as to impress the attention, and this is accomplished by speaking the emphatic word in a manner different from the usual manner. Then the attention is aroused more at that word than at others.

If all words are spoken in a loud tone, they are not all emphatic. It is only when most of the words are in a normal tone that the loud ones are emphatic. In the same way, in writing, an emphatic word is underscored, in printing, it is printed in italics or in larger letters. But if everything is underscored or everything is printed in italics or large letters, then the emphasis is lost. Emphasis must be something exceptional. And it follows that one must be careful not to emphasize too much. For if one tries to make many words emphatic, the ear becomes so accustomed to them that it hardly notices the additional stress, any more than in poetry where from a third to a half of the words are always accented a little.

In general, we shall emphasize what seems to be important, but there are one or two exceptions. The emphasis will generally fall somewhat on the last word of the sentence; and good writers, being aware of this fact, usually see that the last word shall be an important one. But it must be noticed that where the last word is a word already used, then the emphasis will generally fall on the word before that which is repeated. Thus in the famous passage in Webster's speech in the White murder case: "It must be confessed, it will be

confessed ; there is no refuge from confession but suicide—and suicide is confession.” Here the last word is a repetition, which puts the accent on *is* ; it is well-nigh impossible to read the sentence with the accent on the last word. Even where the repetition is not at the end of the sentence, it refuses the accent, and so we have emphasis on the words *must* and *will*. This is the cause of the accenting of the prepositions (which are not especially important) in Lincoln’s famous phrase, “A government *of* the people, *by* the people, and *for* the people.”

Emphasis will often be natural and necessary, but it may often be varied to bring out a particular meaning. This occurs more frequently in poetry. When Brutus says to Cassius (p. 422),—

“Go show your slaves how choleric you are
And make your bondmen tremble”—

the accent is not properly on the words *choleric* and *tremble*. It should come on *slaves* and *bondmen* ; for Brutus means that Cassius may show his temper to his servants if he choose, but that to a free equal it amounts to nothing. In something the same way, on the next page, he says :—

“You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for.”

Sameness of emphasis is a fault because it soon becomes monotonous, and because it must often draw attention to the wrong idea, unless the sentences are written in much the same form. For this last point, read the beginning of Pope’s “Essay on Criticism” :—

“’Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;

But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offense
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but hundreds err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose."

The temptation in reading these lines is to put an especial stress upon the fourth and tenth syllables in each line. The first, third, fourth, and fifth lines, if so read, will give their meaning correctly. But line 2 must have the accent on the fourth and eighth syllables; line 6 must have the accent on the second and sixth; line 7 must have it on the fourth and eighth again; while line 8 must have four accents upon the second, fourth, eighth, and tenth syllables. Read these lines as indicated, and then with a regular accent on fourth and tenth syllables for each line, and you will see that only by the right emphasis is the meaning correctly expressed.

We may end by naming three books which will be found of use in different directions. On the general subject, read Hiram Corson's "The Voice and Spiritual Education," — a little book, but full of wisdom. For an idea of what is really at the bottom of good reading or good speaking, read Nathan Sheppard's "Before an Audience, or The Use of the Will in Speaking." For practice in training the voice, there are a number of books that are good; among them, J. S. Clark's "The Art of Reading Aloud" is compact and practical.

FOURTH READER

1. THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER

By Hans Christian Andersen

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (April 2, 1805–Aug. 4, 1875) was the son of a poor shoemaker of Odense, Denmark. His childhood was beset with many difficulties, but he made his way bravely until the kindness of some friends enabled him to finish his education at the University of Copenhagen. He began to write while still a student, and after leaving the University he published many volumes of poems, travels, and sketches, as well as the books which have made him famous all over the world. These are the delightful fairy stories which have been translated



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

into many languages and have charmed children, and older folk as well, both in Europe and America. Andersen did his best writing for children, and in return he was loved by the little people of his own country and by boys and girls of other lands. His stories are full of imagination, they are written in beautiful language, and many a time the kindly author teaches honesty, unselfishness, faith, and love while telling a fairy tale.

THERE were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers ; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their

muskets and looked straight before them — their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words, "Tin Soldiers!" These words were uttered by a little boy, clapping his hands — the soldiers had been given to him, for it was his birthday; and now he put them upon the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest; but one of them had been cast last of all, and there had not been enough tin to finish him; but he stood as firmly upon his one leg as the others did on their two; and it was just this Soldier who became remarkable.

On the table on which they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy that attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Before the castle some little trees were placed round a little lake. Waxen swans swam on this lake, and were mirrored in it. This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a Little Lady, who stood at the open door of the castle; she also was cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face.

The Little Lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer; and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

"That would be just the wife for me," thought he, "but she is such a grand lady; she lives in a castle and I have only a box, and there are five-and-twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must try to make acquaintance with her."

And then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which was on the table; there he could easily watch the dainty Little Lady who continued to stand upon one leg without losing her balance.

When evening came, all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play all sorts of games, such as "prisoner's base," "visiting," and the like. The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join and could not lift the lid. The nut-cracker turned somersaults, the pencil amused itself by writing on the table, and all the toys made so much noise at their play that they awoke the canary, and he too chattered and trilled. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady; she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; and

he was just as enduring on his one leg, while he never turned his eyes from her face.

Pretty soon the clock struck twelve — and bounce! the lid flew off the snuff-box; it was a trick box, and instead of snuff contained a little black Goblin.

“Tin Soldier!” said the Goblin, “don’t stare at things that don’t concern you.” But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

“Very well, then, just you wait till to-morrow,” said the Goblin.

When morning came and the children were playing again with their toys, the Tin Soldier was placed on the window-sill, and whether it was the Goblin or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell head over heels out of the third story. That was a terrible passage. He put his leg straight up, and stuck with helmet and bayonet downward between the paving-stones.

The servant-maid and the little boy came down at once to look for him, and though they almost trod upon him, they did not see him. If the Soldier had cried out, “Here I am!” they would have found him at once; but he did not think it becoming to call out because he was in uniform.

Now it began to rain, the drops soon fell thicker and thicker, and presently came down in streams.

When the shower was over two street boys came by.

"Just look," said one of them, "there lies a tin soldier. We'll take him up, and give him a ride in a boat."

So they made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it. Down the gutter he sailed, the boys running by the side, shouting and clapping their hands. Goodness preserve us! how the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! The paper boat rocked up and down, and sometimes swirled around so rapidly that the Tin Soldier became dizzy; but he remained firm, looking straight before him and shouldering his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and the Soldier found it as dark as if he had been shut up in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, it is surely the Goblin's work. Ah, if only the Little Lady were beside me, it might be twice as dark for all I'd care."

Just then up popped a great Water Rat which had its home under the drain.

"Hallo, there! have you a passport?" cried the Rat. "Show your passport!"

But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat sailed on, but the Rat swam after it in pursuit! Ha! how he gnashed his teeth, and shouted to the bits of straw and wood floating on the stream, "Catch him! hold him! He hasn't paid toll — he hasn't shown his passport!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended, and he heard a roaring noise which might have frightened a bolder man. Only think — just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal; and for the Soldier that was as dangerous as it would be for us to be carried over a huge waterfall. He was so near it he could not stop; he only stiffened himself as much as he could, and no one could say he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and filled with water to its very edge, the paper loosened more and more, deeper and deeper sank the little craft, and the waves closed over the Soldier's head. He thought of the pretty little Dancer, whom he should never see again, and in his ears sounded the refrain: —

"Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave
For this day thou must die!"

With that the paper parted and the Tin Soldier fell out, but was instantly snapped up by a great fish. Oh, how dark it was in the fish's body!

darker than in the drain, and then it was so narrow. But the Tin Soldier remained unmoved, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro, he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said aloud, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She picked up the Soldier and carried him into the sitting room, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had traveled about inside a fish. The Tin Soldier was not at all proud as she set him on a table. What strange things may happen in the world! The Tin Soldier found himself in his old home, he saw the same children, the same toys on the table, and the pretty castle with the graceful little Dancer. There she stood, still balancing herself on one leg with her arms outstretched. That moved the Tin Soldier; he very nearly wept tin tears, but that would not have been becoming in a warrior. He looked at her, but they said nothing.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and flung him into the stove. Nobody knew why he did this; it must have been the work of the Goblin in the snuff-box.

The Tin Soldier stood there quite illumined and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat was caused by the real fire or by love he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened in the journey or had been caused by grief no one could say. He looked at the Little Lady, and she looked at him. He felt that he was melting, but he stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door of the room flew open, the draught of air caught the Dancer, and she flew like a sylph right into the stove to the Tin Soldier, flashed up in a flame and was gone in a second. Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump, and when the servant-maid took the ashes out next day she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the Dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

hardy: brave, enduring.

somersault: a spring in which a person turns heels over head.

Goblin: a malicious fairy; an imaginary being who likes to make trouble.

swirled: whirled about.

passport: a pass issued by the government granting permission to the bearer to travel.

sylph: an imaginary being inhabiting the air.

2. SONGS

By Charles Kingsley

CHARLES KINGSLEY (June 12, 1819—Jan. 23, 1875) was a clergyman who rose to distinction in the Church and at the University, but whose admirers know him best as rector of Eversley, a parish in Hampshire. There he lived for thirty-three years, caring for his people and writing books which had great influence upon the public questions of his day. He was of a kindly nature, always ready to help the needy and defend the oppressed, and was courageous in attacking public wrongs. Kingsley's reputation as a writer rests chiefly upon his novels "Hypatia" and "Westward Ho," which con-



CHARLES KINGSLEY

tain some of the most beautiful pieces of description in our language. As a poet he wrote little, although he had not only skill in writing verse but genuine power to touch the heart. "The Three Fishers" and "The Sands of Dee," which have been set to music, are his best-known ballads, but the songs which follow have quite as much charm in a simple manner. The first two are from "Water Babies," a delightful tale written for children.

I. THE SONG OF MADAME DO-AS-YOU-WOULD-BE-DONE-BY

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
 The prettiest doll in the world;
 Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
 And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day ;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the heath one day :
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cow, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled :
Yet for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

II. THE OLD, OLD SONG

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green ;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen ;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away ;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown ;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down :

Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among ;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

III. A FAREWELL

MY fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray :
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long.
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.

IV. A BOAT SONG

LOOSE the sail, rest the oar, float away down,
Fleeting and gliding by tower and town.
Life is so short at best ! snatch, while thou canst,
thy rest
Sleeping by me.

3. MRS. PETERKIN GOES TO RIDE

By Lucretia Peabody Hale



LUCRETIA PEABODY HALE

LUCRETIA P. HALE was born in Boston, Sept. 2, 1820, and died at Waverley, June 12, 1900. Her father was the editor of the "Boston Daily Advertiser" and she early became familiar with literature and literary thought. She published several stories, the first written in conjunction with her brother Edward Everett Hale; and when "The Atlantic Monthly" was established, she became a contributor to it. Later she became interested in education and was one of the first women who served upon the school committee of Boston. But her chief claim to reputation was founded when

she published in "Our Young Folks" the story of "The Lady who put Salt in her Coffee." This lady was Mrs. Peterkin, who afterwards became a character well known to young readers. The Peterkin family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin, Agamemnon, Elizabeth Eliza, Solomon John, and two little boys. This family experienced many troubles, one of which is here given.

ONE morning Mrs. Peterkin was feeling very tired, as she had been having a great many things to think of, and she said to Mr. Peterkin, "I believe I shall take a ride this morning!"

And the little boys cried out, "Oh, may we go too?"

Mrs. Peterkin said that Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys might go.

So Mr. Peterkin had the horse put into the carryall, and he and Agamemnon went off to their business, and Solomon John to school; and Mrs. Peterkin began to get ready for her ride.

She had some currants she wanted to carry to old Mrs. Twombly, and some gooseberries for somebody else, and Elizabeth Eliza wanted to pick some flowers to take to the minister's wife; so it took them a long time to prepare.

The little boys went out to pick the currants and gooseberries, and Elizabeth Eliza went out for her flowers, and Mrs. Peterkin put on her cape-bonnet, and in time they were all ready. The little boys were in their india-rubber boots, and they got into the carriage.

Elizabeth Eliza was to drive; so she sat on the front seat, and took up the reins, and the horse started off merrily, and then suddenly stopped, and would not go any farther.

Elizabeth Eliza shook the reins, and pulled them, and then clucked to the horse; and Mrs. Peterkin clucked; and the little boys whistled and shouted; but still the horse would not go.

"We shall have to whip him," said Elizabeth Eliza.

Now Mrs. Peterkin never liked to use the whip;

but, as the horse would not go, she said she would get out and turn her head the other way, while Elizabeth Eliza whipped the horse, and when he began to go she would hurry and get in.

So they tried this, but the horse would not stir.

"Perhaps we have too heavy a load," said Mrs. Peterkin, as she got in.

So they took out the currants and the gooseberries and the flowers, but still the horse would not go.

One of the neighbors, from the opposite house, looking out just then, called to them to try the whip. There was a high wind and they could not hear exactly what she said.

"I have tried the whip," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"She says 'whips,' such as you eat," said one of the little boys.

"We might make those," said Mrs. Peterkin, thoughtfully.

"We have got plenty of cream," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Yes, let us have some whips," cried the little boys, getting out.

And the opposite neighbor cried out something about whips; and the wind was very high.

So they went into the kitchen, and whipped up the cream, and made some very delicious whips; and the little boys tasted all round, and they all thought they were very nice.

They carried some out to the horse, who swallowed it down very quickly.

"That is just what he wanted," said Mrs. Peterkin; "now he will certainly go!"

So they all got into the carriage again, and put in the currants and the gooseberries and the flowers; Elizabeth Eliza shook the reins, and they all clucked; but still the horse would not go!

"We must either give up our ride," said Mrs. Peterkin, mournfully, "or else send over to the lady from Philadelphia, and see what she will say."

The little boys jumped out as quickly as they could; they were eager to go and ask the lady from Philadelphia. Elizabeth Eliza went with them, while her mother took the reins.

They found that the lady from Philadelphia was very ill that day, and was in her bed. But when she was told what the trouble was she very kindly said they might draw up the curtain from the window at the foot of the bed, and open the blinds, and she would see. Then she asked for her opera-glass, and looked through it across the way, up the street, to Mrs. Peterkin's door.

After she had looked through the glass she laid it down, leaned her head back against the pillow, for she was very tired, and then said, "Why don't you unchain the horse from the horse-post?"

Elizabeth Eliza and the little boys looked at one another, and then hurried back to the house and told their mother. The horse was untied, and they all went to ride.

4. APRIL

By Helen Hunt Jackson

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HELEN HUNT JACKSON

ABOUT 1865 there appeared in a New York weekly newspaper a number of poems signed simply "H. H." These, as was afterward learned, were written by Helen Fiske Hunt (Oct. 18, 1831–Aug. 12, 1885), the daughter of Professor Fiske of Amherst College. Mrs. Hunt had passed through great sorrow in the loss of husband and children, and now at thirty-four years of age began her life as a writer. Some years later she married William S. Jackson, and made her home in Colorado, where she spent much of her time in a little log cabin on a peak looking down into Cheyenne

Cañon. Her Colorado life and her travels brought to her notice the wrongs done the Indians by our government. She took up their cause, and after careful investigation wrote "A Century of Dishonor," in which she showed how the red men had been plundered of their lands. The government made her a commissioner to examine into the condition of the Mission Indians of California; she did the work thoroughly, and made an able report. She then wrote her last book, "Ramona" (p. 230), which she hoped would

do for the Indian what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had done for the slave. As a writer, Mrs. Jackson is noted for the grace and beauty of her language; her poems show a keen love of nature, and her stories are strong and full of thought.

ROBINS call robins on tops of trees;
Doves follow doves with scarlet feet;
Frolicking babies, sweeter than these,
Crowd green corners where highways meet.

Violets stir and arbutus wakes,
Claytonia's rosy bells unfold;
Dandelion through the meadow makes
A royal road, with seals of gold.

Golden and snowy and red the flowers,
Golden and snowy and red in vain;
Robins call robins through sad showers;
The white dove's feet are wet with rain.

For April sobs while these are glad,
April weeps while these are so gay—
Weeps like a tired child who had,
Playing with flowers, lost its way.

arbutus: perhaps better known as "mayflower," although it often blooms in April.

claytonia: the spring beauty.

seals of gold: The blossom of the dandelion resembles in shape the seal which is attached to important documents.

in vain: In spite of their bright color they cannot lighten up the rainy day.

5. A MAD TEA-PARTY

By Charles Lutwidge Dodgson



CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON

CHARLES L. DODGSON (Jan. 27, 1832-Jan. 14, 1898) was a lecturer on mathematics at the University of Oxford and the author of several works on that subject. But his fame as an author rests upon the books he wrote for children, under the name of Lewis Carroll. These stories, "Alice in Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," "The Hunting of the Snark," and "Sylvie and Bruno," are full of quaint fancies. In them animals, birds, and queer people are brought together, and hold conversations and do all sorts of remarkable things. The first of these books, "Alice in

Wonderland," from which our selection is taken, grew out of real stories told to children. It describes the adventures of a little girl who follows a rabbit into an unknown land, where she meets strange companions. Among these quaint creatures are the March Hare, the Dormouse, and the Mad Hatter, who form the company at a peculiar tea-party.

PART ONE

THERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it: a Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows

on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it: "No room! No room!" they cried out, when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice, indignantly, and she sat down in a large arm-chair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice, angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hear-

ing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad you've begun asking riddles—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least, I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It *is* the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropped, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice: he had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and said, "The fourth."

"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.

"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled: "you shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily: then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again: but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily: "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said, as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied; "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons; you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice, thoughtfully: "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter: "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I," he replied. "We quarreled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare) "—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing,

*"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!
How I wonder what you're at!"*

You know the song perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:—

"Up above the world you fly,
Like a teatray in the sky.
Twinkle, twinkle —"

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle —*" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter: "as the things get used up."

“But when you come to the beginning again?”
Alice ventured to ask.

March hare: In the spring, during the breeding season, the hare is noted for its wild actions, which have given rise to the saying, “mad as a March hare.”

hatter: a character in the story, otherwise known as “the Mad Hatter.” The phrase “mad as a hatter” means violently insane, but why the hatter is chosen for the comparison is unknown.

dormouse: a small animal living in Europe and Asia; it sleeps the greater part of the winter.

raven: a bird much like a crow.

PART TWO

“Suppose we change the subject,” the March Hare interrupted, yawning. “I’m getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story.”

“I’m afraid I don’t know one,” said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

“Then the Dormouse shall!” they both cried. “Wake up, Dormouse!” And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. “I wasn’t asleep,” he said in a hoarse, feeble voice: “I heard every word you fellows were saying.”

“Tell us a story!” said the March Hare.

“Yes, please do!” pleaded Alice.

“And be quick about it,” added the Hatter, “or you’ll be asleep again before it’s done.”

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry; "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well —"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked: "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean, you can't take *less*," said the Hatter; "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this: so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-

butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question. "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly: "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One, indeed!" said the Dormouse, indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these three little sisters — they were learning to draw, you know —"

"What did they draw?" said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

"Treacle," said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

"I want a clean cup," interrupted the Hatter; "let's all move one place on."

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him; the March Hare moved into the Dormouse's place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the

change; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: "But I don't understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?"

"You can draw water out of a water-well," said the Hatter; "so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well — eh, stupid?"

"But they were *in* the well," Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

"Of course they were," said the Dormouse, — "well in."

This answer so confused poor Alice, that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

"They were learning to draw," the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; "and they drew all manner of things — everything that begins with an M —"

"Why with an M?" said Alice.

"Why not?" said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze, but on being pinched by the Hatter it woke up again with a little

shriek, and went on: “— that begins with an M, such as mousetraps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you say things are ‘much of a muchness’—did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness?”

“Really, now you ask me,” said Alice, very much confused, “I don’t think—”

“Then you shouldn’t talk,” said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear; she got up in great disgust, and walked off: the Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her; the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

treacle: molasses.

T IRED of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done the livelong day?
The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;
Twilight gathers, the day is done—
How hast thou spent it, restless one?

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

6. THE SANDPIPER

By Celia Leighton Thaxter



CELIA LEIGHTON THAXTER

CELIA LEIGHTON THAXTER was born at Portsmouth, N. H., June 29, 1836. When she was only five years old, her father, Thomas B. Leighton, disappointed and bitter because a political plan had failed, obtained the position of keeper of White Island Light, Isle of Shoals, and taking his family to this place, vowed that none of them should ever set foot on the mainland again. Later they moved to Appledore Island, where Celia grew up with her two brothers in a free, outdoor life. Thus she became familiar with every aspect of nature; she knew bird life and insect

life, the flowers, and the shells on the beach, better than most children know their toys. After her marriage and widowhood she lived on the island in a small cottage with a large garden attached, which she cared for herself. Her parlor, which was also her study, looked out upon the water, and was filled with pictures and curious objects from the sea. Her first poems appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly," and won for her the friendship of Lowell, Fields, and Whittier. She loved dearly everything about her, and her verse is full of this spirit. She died Aug. 26, 1894, and her grave is on a hill in her island home, from which the sea can be seen in every direction.

A CROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit, —
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach, —
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye:
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

sandpiper: a small wading bird that runs along the sand and utters a piping note.

close-reefed: with sails partly furled to prepare for a storm.

driftwood: wood from wrecks of vessels cast upon the shore.

wroth: angry.

7. THE FAIRY AND THE PORTER

By William Makepeace Thackeray



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (July 18, 1811–Dec. 24, 1863), one of the foremost novel-writers of his century, originally intended to become an artist. He had some talent for drawing, and his ideas were quaint and clever, but his pictures did not have the artistic touch, and he never learned to paint well. All the time, however, he was writing stories and sketches for magazines and newspapers, and at last made his name by his great novel, "Vanity Fair." After this he wrote a number of novels, essays, and sketches. Because he was sometimes satirical in

describing character, he has been called ill-natured. This reproach he does not deserve; he was generous, kind-hearted, and ready

to see the good even in the most unfortunate of mankind. He had also a tender feeling for children, and used to say that the most charming thing in the world was a little girl of two years old. When in Rome, in the winter of 1853, he drew a set of pictures for his own children for a Twelfth Night party, and then made a story to fit them. This story is called "The Rose and the Ring," and relates the adventures of a prince and princess in whose fortunes a magic rose and ring played a part. The fairy who had bestowed these gifts had also given some advice to the royal parents which they did not like, so the porter was told to keep her out of the palace, and our extract shows what happened to him.

WHEN the Princess Angelica was born, her parents not only did not ask the Fairy Blackstick to the christening party, but gave orders to their porter absolutely to refuse her if she called. This porter's name was Gruffanuff, and he had been selected for the post by their Royal Highnesses because he was a very tall, fierce man, and could say, "Not at home" to a tradesman or an unwelcome visitor, with a rudeness which frightened most such persons away. He was the husband of that Countess I've told you about, and as long as they were together they quarreled from morning till night. Now this fellow tried his rudeness once too often, as you shall hear. For the Fairy Blackstick coming to call upon the Prince and Princess, who were actually sitting at the open drawing-room window, Gruffanuff not only denied them, but made the most odious, vulgar sign as he was going to slam the door in the Fairy's face! "Git away, hold Black-

stick!" said he. "I tell you Master and Missis ain't at home to you;" and he was, as we have said, going to slam the door.

But the Fairy with her wand prevented the door being shut; and Gruffanuff came out again in a fury, swearing in the most abominable way, and asking the Fairy "whether she thought he was a-going to stay at that there door hall day?"

"You are going to stay at that door all day and all night, and for many a long year," the Fairy said very majestically; and Gruffanuff, coming out of the door, straddling before it with his great calves, burst out laughing, and cried: "Ha, ha, ha! this *is* a good un! Ha—ah—what's this? Let me down—O—O—H'm!" and then he was dumb!

For, as the Fairy waved her wand over him, he felt himself rising off the ground, and fluttering up against the door; and then, as if a screw ran into his stomach, he felt a dreadful pain there, and was pinned to the door; and then his arms flew up over his head, and his legs, after writhing about wildly, twisted under his body; and he felt cold, cold, growing over him, as if he were turning into metal; and he said, "O—O—H'm!" and could say no more because he was dumb.

He *was* turned into metal! He was from being *brazen, brass!* He was neither more nor less than

a knocker! And there he was, nailed to the door in the blazing summer day, till he burned almost redhot; and there he was, nailed to the door all the bitter winter nights, till his brass nose was dropping with icicles. And the postman came and rapped at him, and the vulgarest boy with a letter came and hit him up against the door. And the King and Queen (Prince and Princess they were then) coming home from a walk that evening, the King said: "Hullo, my dear! you have had a new knocker put on the door. Why, it's rather like our Porter in the face! What has become of the boozy vagabond?" And the housemaids came and scrubbed his nose with sandpaper; and once, when the Princess Angelica's little sister was born, he was tied up in an old kid glove; and another night some larking young men tried to wrench him off, and put him to the most excruciating agony with a turnscrew. And then the Queen had a fancy to have the color of the door altered, and the painters dabbed him over the mouth and eyes and nearly choked him, as they painted him pea-green. I warrant he had leisure to repent of having been rude to the Fairy Blackstick!

As for his wife, she did not miss him; and as he was always guzzling beer at the public-house and notoriously quarreling with his wife and in debt to the tradesmen, it was supposed he had run

away from all these evils, and emigrated to Australia or America. And when the Prince and Princess chose to become King and Queen, they left their old house, and nobody thought of the Porter any more.

Twelfth Night: a Christian festival celebrated on the 6th of January, the twelfth day after Christmas, in commemoration of the visit of the Wise Men to the Infant Saviour. Among the social observances is a game played with Twelfth Night cards, which represent different characters, usually a king, a queen, minister, maids of honor, courtiers, and funny personages.

hold, hall: the Cockney pronunciation of *old, all*.

vulgarest: commonest.

boozy: drunken.

vagabond: a worthless fellow.

larking: frolicsome.

excruciating: exceedingly painful.

turnscrew: screwdriver, a tool to remove screws.

emigrate: to leave one's native country.

8. MAY MORNING

By Celia Leighton Thaxter

WARM, wild, rainy wind, blowing fitfully,
Stirring dreamy breakers on the slumber-
ous May sea,
What shall fail to answer thee? What thing shall
withstand
The spell of thy enchantment, glowing over sea and
land?

All along the swamp edge in the rain I go ;
All about my head thou the loosened locks dost
 blow ;
Like the German goose-girl in the fairy tale,
I watch across the shining pond my flock of ducks
 that sail.

Redly gleam the rose-haws, dripping with the wet,
Fruit of sober autumn, glowing crimson yet ;
Slender swords of iris leaves cut the water clear,
And light green creeps the tender grass, thick-
 spreading far and near.

Every last year's stalk is set with brown or golden
 studs ;
All the boughs of bayberry are thick with scented
 buds ;
Islanded in turfy velvet, where the ferns uncurl,
Lo ! the large white duck's egg glimmers like a
 pearl !

Softly sing the billows, rushing, whispering low ;
Freshly, oh, deliciously, the warm, wild wind doth
 blow !
Plaintive bleat of new-washed lambs comes faint
 from far away ;
And clearly cry the little birds, alert and blithe and
 gay.

O happy, happy morning! O dear familiar place!
O warm, sweet tears of Heaven, fast falling on my
face!
O well-remembered rainy wind, blow all my care
away,
That I may be a child again this blissful month of
May.

9. BLACK BEAUTY'S EARLY HOME

By Anna Sewell



ANNA SEWELL

ONE of the greatest aids to the work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is the little book "Black Beauty," the story of a horse, written by Anna Sewell, an Englishwoman who was born at Yarmouth about 1820. A severe accident in childhood made Miss Sewell a cripple for life, but, though thus deprived of work and pleasure, and subject to constant pain, her disposition was always kind and cheerful. In driving her father to and from the station on business which carried him ten miles away from home, she made a careful study of her horse. She treated the animal

as a being susceptible to kindness and capable of understanding her wishes and directions; so she guided him almost entirely by her voice, encouraging or remonstrating as was necessary, merely holding the reins in her hand and never using the whip. She felt

sure that other horses could be managed in the same way; and little by little, as her health permitted, she wrote the story of "Black Beauty" to teach kindness, sympathy, and common sense in the treatment of horses. The book was published near the end of 1877, and the author lived just long enough to hear of its wonderful success, dying in the following April. The little story has done a wonderful work; it is written so naturally that one feels almost that the horse is a moral being with rights man is bound to respect. It has done much to improve the condition, not only of the animals themselves, but of the London cabmen, a hard-worked and hard-working class of men. Boys and girls should read the whole story and learn the lesson taught in the records of a horse's life.

PART ONE

THE first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water-lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside; at the top of the meadow was a grove of fir-trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

Whilst I was young I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my

mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me ; they were older than I was ; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun ; we used to gallop all together round and round the field, as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said : —

“I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and of course they have not learned manners. You have been well-bred and well-born ; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the New-market races ; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good and never learn bad ways ; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play.”

I have never forgotten my mother's advice ; I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master

thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her, and say, "Well, old Pet, and how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so he called me Darkie; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites. My mother always took him to the town on a market-day in a light gig.

There was a plowboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have what he called fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on; over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by

the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

“Bad boy!” he said, “bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There — take your money and go home; I shall not want you on my farm again.” So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master; so we were well off.

Before I was two years old, a circumstance happened which I have never forgotten. It was early in the spring; there had been a little frost in the night, and a light mist still hung over the woods and meadows. I and the other colts were feeding at the lower part of the field when we heard, quite in the distance, what sounded like the cry of dogs. The oldest of the colts raised his head, pricked his ears, and said, “There are the hounds!” and immediately cantered off, followed by the rest of us, to the upper part of the field, where we could look over the hedge and see several fields beyond. My mother and an old riding horse of our master’s were also standing near, and seemed to know all about it.

“They have found a hare,” said my mother,

"and if they come this way we shall see the hunt."

And soon the dogs were all tearing down the field of young wheat next to ours. I never heard such a noise as they made. They did not bark, nor howl, nor whine, but kept on a "yo! yo, o, o! yo! yo, o, o!" at the top of their voices. After them came a number of men on horseback, some of them in green coats, all galloping as fast as they could. The old horses snorted and looked eagerly after them, and we young colts wanted to be galloping with them, but they were soon away into the fields lower down; here it seemed as if they had come to a stand; the dogs left off barking, and ran about every way with their noses to the ground.

"They have lost the scent," said the old horse; "perhaps the hare will get off."

"What hare?" I said.

"Oh, I don't know *what* hare; likely enough it may be one of our own hares out of the woods; any hare they can find will do for the dogs and men to run after;" and before long the dogs began their "yo! yo, o, o!" again, and back they came all together at full speed, making straight for our meadow at the part where the high bank and hedge overhang the brook.

"Now we shall see the hare," said my mother;

and just then a hare wild with fright rushed by, and made for the woods. On came the dogs; they burst over the bank, leaped the stream, and came dashing across the field, followed by the huntsmen. Six or eight men leaped their horses clean over, close upon the dogs. The hare tried to get through the fence; it was too thick, and she turned sharp round to make for the road, but it was too late; the dogs were upon her with their wild cries; we heard one shriek, and that was the end of her. One of the huntsmen rode up and whipped off the dogs, who would soon have torn her to pieces. He held her up by the leg, torn and bleeding, *and all the gentlemen seemed well pleased.*

As for me, I was so astonished that I did not at first see what was going on by the brook; but when I did look, there was a sad sight; two fine horses were down, one was struggling in the stream, and the other was groaning on the grass. One of the riders was getting out of the water, covered with mud, the other lay quite still.

“His neck is broke,” said my mother.

“And serves him right, too,” said one of the colts.

I thought the same, but my mother did not join with us.

“Well, no,” she said, “you must not say that; but though I am an old horse, and have seen and heard a great deal, I never yet could make out

why men are so fond of this sport ; they often hurt themselves, often spoil good horses, and tear up the fields, and all for a hare, or a fox, or a stag, that they could get more easily some other way ; but we are only horses, and don't know."

Whilst my mother was saying this, we stood and looked on. Many of the riders had gone to the young man ; but my master, who had been watching what was going on, was the first to raise him. His head fell back and his arms hung down, and every one looked very serious. *There was no noise now ; even the dogs were quiet, and seemed to know that something was wrong. They carried him to our master's house.* I heard afterwards that it was young George Gordon, the Squire's only son, a fine, tall young man, and the pride of his family.

There was now riding off in all directions to the doctor's, to the farrier's, and no doubt to Squire Gordon's, to let him know about his son. When Mr. Bond, the farrier, came to look at the black horse that lay groaning on the grass, he felt him all over, and shook his head ; one of his legs was broken. Then some one ran to our master's house and came back with a gun ; presently there was a loud bang and a dreadful shriek, and then all was still ; the black horse moved no more.

My mother seemed much troubled ; she said she had known that horse for years, and that his name

was "Rob Roy" ; he was a good horse, and there was no vice in him. She never would go to that part of the field afterwards.

Not many days after, we heard the church-bell tolling for a long time ; and looking over the gate, we saw a long strange black coach that was covered with black cloth and was drawn by black horses ; after that came another and another and another, and all were black, while the bell kept tolling, tolling. *They were carrying young Gordon to the churchyard to bury him. He would never ride again. What they did with Rob Roy I never knew ; but 'twas all for one little hare.*

cup : a prize given to the owner of the winning horse at a race.

Newmarket : a town in England where horse-races have been run since the time of James I.

snap : haste, hurry.

farrier : a blacksmith who also practices as a horse doctor.

PART TWO

I was now beginning to grow handsome ; my coat had grown fine and soft, and was bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome ; my master would not sell me till I was four years old ; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses till they were quite grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs; he felt them all down; and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him; he seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself, as he should not like me to be frightened or hurt, and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is, therefore I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on; then to have a cart or a chaise fixed behind, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own, but always do his master's will, even though he may be very tired or hungry; but the worst of all is, when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had of course long been used to a halter and

a headstall, and to be led about in the field and lanes quietly, but now I was to have a bit and bridle; my master gave me some oats as usual, and after a good deal of coaxing he got the bit into my mouth, and the bridle fixed, but it was a nasty thing! Those who have never had a bit in their mouths cannot think how bad it feels; a great piece of cold, hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be pushed into one's mouth, between one's teeth, and over one's tongue, with the ends coming out at the corner of your mouth, and held fast there by straps over your head, under your throat, round your nose, and under your chin; so that no way in the world can you get rid of the nasty hard thing; it is very bad! yes, very bad! at least I thought so; but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up; and so, what with the nice oats, and what with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad; my master put it on my back very gently, whilst old Daniel held my head; he then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time; then I had a few oats, then a little leading about; and this he did every day till I began to look for the oats and the sad-

dle. At length, one morning, my master got on my back and rode me round the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes; that, too, was very hard at first. My master went with me to the smith's forge, to see that I was not hurt or got any fright. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand, one after the other, and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs till he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot, and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof, so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I got used to it.

And now having got so far, my master went on to break me to harness; there were more new things to wear. First, a stiff heavy collar just on my neck, and a bridle with great side-pieces against my eyes called blinkers, and blinkers indeed they were, for I could not see on either side, but only straight in front of me; next, there was a small saddle with a nasty stiff strap that went right under my tail; that was the crupper. I hated the crupper,—to have my long tail doubled

up and poked through that strap was almost as bad as the bit. I never felt more like kicking, but of course I could not kick such a good master, and so in time I got used to everything, and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a very great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer's who had a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in amongst them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly near the pales which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance, and before I knew whence it came—with a rush and a clatter, and a puffing out of smoke—a long black train of something flew by, and was gone almost before I could draw my breath. I turned and galloped to the farther side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear. In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the station close by, and sometimes made an awful shriek and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful, but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly

raised their heads as the black, frightful thing came puffing and grinding past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace ; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon I cared as little about the passing of a train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam engine ; but, thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at railway stations as in my own stable.

Now if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master ; " But," said she, " there are a great many kinds of men ; there are good, thoughtful men like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve ; and there are bad, cruel men, who never ought to have a horse or a dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant and careless, who never trouble themselves to think ; these spoil more horses than all, just for want of sense ; they don't mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall

into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him, or who may drive him; it is all a chance for us; but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."

chaise: a light, two-wheeled carriage.

pales: a kind of fence.

10. THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE GLOW-WORM

By William Cowper



WILLIAM COWPER

WILLIAM COWPER (Nov. 26, 1731–April 25, 1800) is one of the best of English letter-writers and in his day was a distinguished poet. His whole life was sad; as a boy he was delicate and keenly sensitive, and as a man he was given to fits of gloom which often resulted in insanity. Cowper studied law and lived for some years in the Temple, but he had no interest in his profession and cared only for his books and his literary friends. After a long illness, in which his mind had been affected, he went to live with some friends and spent his time while getting well in gar-

dening and working in the open air. He also began to write poems and this seemed to cure his melancholy; his poems became brighter and sweeter and in closer touch with nature. His longest poem was "The Task," which made his reputation as a poet. The selection given here shows him in one of his best moods.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
 Had cheered the village with his song,
 Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
 Nor yet when eventide was ended,
 Began to feel, as well he might,
 The keen demands of appetite ;
 When, looking eagerly around,
 He spied far off, upon the ground,
 A something shining in the dark,
 And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
 So, stooping from the hawthorn top,
 He thought to put him in his crop.
 The worm, aware of his intent,
 Harangued him thus, right eloquent :
 " Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
 " As much as I your minstrelsy,
 You would abhor to do me wrong
 As much as I to spoil your song ;
 For 'twas the self-same Power divine
 Taught you to sing and me to shine ;
 That you with music, I with light,
 Might beautify and cheer the night."
 The songster heard this short oration,
 And, warbling out his approbation,
 Released him, as my story tells,
 And found a supper somewhere else.

glow-worm: a kind of beetle.

lamp: the glow-worm's light.

11. DIAMOND AND THE NORTH WIND

By George Macdonald



GEORGE MACDONALD

GEORGE MACDONALD was born at Huntly, Scotland, in 1824. He has written much, — novels and poems and stories for children. But his novels are often interesting to younger readers, and his children's stories are interesting to older ones. And as they almost all have a poetic character to them even if they are not in verse, the difference is not very important. He has an imaginative and ideal nature, which is always the same in whatever form he expresses himself. "At the Back of the North Wind" is a fanciful story of a little boy—one of those sweet, pure natures intent on

good, which often seem a little different from the rest of the world—who became acquainted with the North Wind. She called to him as he lay in the stable in bed, and he found she was nothing terrible, but really a grand and beautiful lady. She took him on some excursions about the world, and he learned by her means much that enabled him to live a more helpful and beautiful life. Our extract gives an account of one of his early expeditions.

IT was bedtime soon, and Diamond went to bed and fell fast asleep.

"Open the window, Diamond," said a voice.

Now Diamond's mother had once more pasted up North Wind's window.

"Are you North Wind?" said Diamond; "I don't hear you blowing."

"No, but you hear me talking. Open the window, for I haven't overmuch time."

"Yes," returned Diamond. "But, please, North Wind, what's the use? You left me all alone last time."

He had got up on his knees, and was busy with his nails once more at the paper over the hole in the wall. For now that North Wind spoke again, he remembered all that had taken place before, as distinctly as if it had happened only last night.

"Yes, but that was your fault," returned North Wind. "I had work to do; and besides a gentleman should never keep a lady waiting."

"But I'm not a gentleman," said Diamond, scratching away at the paper.

"I hope you won't say so ten years after this."

"I'm going to be a coachman, and a coachman is not a gentleman," persisted Diamond.

"We call your father one in our house," said North Wind.

"He doesn't call himself one," said Diamond.

"That's of no consequence; every man ought to be a gentleman, and your father is one."

Diamond was so pleased to hear this, that he scratched at the paper like ten mice, and getting hold of the edge of it, tore it off. The next

instant a young girl glided across the bed, and stood upon the floor.

"O dear!" said Diamond, quite dismayed; "I didn't know — who are you, please?"

"I'm North Wind."

"Are you really?"

"Yes. Make haste."

"But you're no bigger than me."

"Do you think I care how big or how little I am? Didn't you see me this evening? I was less then."

"No. Where were you?"

"Behind the leaves of the primrose. Didn't you see them blowing?"

"Yes."

"Make haste, then, if you want to go with me."

"But you are not big enough to take care of me. I think you are only Miss North Wind."

"I'm big enough to show you the way, anyhow. But if you won't come, why you must stay."

"I must dress myself. I didn't mind with a grown lady, but I couldn't go with a little girl in my nightgown."

"Very well. I'm not in such a hurry as I was the other night. Dress as fast as you can, and I'll go and shake the primrose leaves till you come."

"Don't hurt it," said Diamond.

North Wind broke out into a little laugh like the breaking of silver bubbles, and was gone in a moment. Diamond saw — for it was a starlit night, and the mass of hay was at a low ebb now — the gleam of something vanishing down the stair, and springing out of bed, dressed himself as fast as ever he could. Then he crept out into the yard, through the door in the wall, and away to the primrose. Behind it stood North Wind, leaning over it, and looking at the flower as if she had been its mother.

“Come along,” she said, jumping up and holding out her hand.

Diamond took her hand. It was cold, but so pleasant and full of life, it was better than warm. She led him across the garden. With one bound she was on the top of the wall. Diamond was left at the foot.

“Stop, stop!” he cried, “please, I can’t jump like that.”

“You don’t try,” said North Wind, who from the top looked down, a foot taller than before.

“Give me your hand again, and I will try,” said Diamond.

She reached down, Diamond laid hold of her hand, gave a great spring, and stood beside her.

“That is nice!” he said.

Another bound and they stood in the road by the

river. It was full tide, and the stars were shining clear in its depths, for it lay still waiting for the turn to run down again to the sea. They walked along by its side. But they had not walked far before its surface was covered with ripples, and the stars had vanished from its bosom.

And North Wind was now tall as a full-grown girl. Her hair was flying about her head, and the wind was blowing a breeze down the river. But she turned aside and went up a narrow lane, and as she went her hair fell down round her.

"I have some rather disagreeable work to do to-night," she said, "before I get out to sea, and I must set about it at once. The disagreeable work must be looked after first."

So saying, she laid hold of Diamond and began to run, gliding along faster and faster. Diamond kept up with her as well as he could. She made many turnings and windings, apparently because it was not quite easy to get him over walls and houses. Once they ran through a hall where they found back and front doors open. At the foot of the stair North Wind stood still, and Diamond, hearing a great growl, started in terror, and there, instead of North Wind, was a huge wolf by his side. He let go his hold in dismay, and the wolf bounded up the stairs. The windows of the house rattled and shook as if guns were firing, and the

sound of a great fall came from above. Diamond stood with white face staring up the landing.

"Surely," he thought, "North Wind can't be eating one of the children!" Coming to himself all at once, he rushed after her with his little fist clinched. There were ladies in long trains going up and down the stairs, and gentlemen in white neckties attending upon them, who stared at him, but none of them were of the people of the house, and they said nothing. Before he reached the head of the stair, however, North Wind met him, took him by the hand, and hurried down and out of the house.

"I hope you haven't eaten a baby, North Wind!" said Diamond, very solemnly.

North Wind laughed merrily, and went tripping on faster. Her grassy robe swept and swirled about her steps, and wherever it passed over withered leaves they went fleeing and whirling in spirals, and running on their edges like wheels, all about her feet.

"No;" she said at last, "I did not eat a baby. You would not have had to ask that foolish question if you had not let go your hold of me. You would have seen how I served a nurse that was calling a child bad, wicked names, and telling her she was wicked. She had been drinking. I saw an ugly gin bottle in a cupboard."

"And you frightened her?" said Diamond.

"I believe so!" answered North Wind, laughing merrily. "I flew at her throat, and she tumbled over on the floor with such a crash that they ran in. She'll be turned away to-morrow—and quite time, if they knew as much as I do."

"But didn't you frighten the little one?"

"She never saw me. The woman would not have seen me either if she had not been wicked."

"Oh!" said Diamond, dubiously.

"Why should you see things," returned North Wind, "that you wouldn't understand or know what to do with? Good people see good things; bad people, bad things."

"Then you are a bad thing?"

"No; for *you* see me, Diamond, dear," said the girl, and she looked down at him, and Diamond saw the loving eyes of the great lady beaming from the depths of her fallen hair.

"I had to make myself look like a bad thing before she could see me. If I had put on any other shape than a wolf's she would not have seen me, for that is what is growing to be her own shape inside of her."

"I don't know what you mean," said Diamond, "but I suppose it's all right."

They were now climbing the slope of a grassy ascent. It was Primrose Hill, in fact, although

Diamond had never heard of it. The moment they reached the top, North Wind stood still and turned her face toward London. The stars were still shining clear and cold overhead. There was not a cloud to be seen. The air was sharp, but Diamond did not find it cold.

"Now," said the lady, "whatever you do, do not let my hand go. I might have lost you the last time, only I was not in a hurry then; now I am in a hurry."

Yet she stood still for a moment.

went to bed: He slept in the stable, over the horses.

window: a little hole in the wall through which the wind came in.

last time: The night before, Diamond had gone away with North Wind.

waiting for the turn: the turn of the tide.

in spirals: turning like screws.

Primrose Hill: a hill about 200 feet high, north of Regent's Park, London, which affords a fine view of the city.

L OUD wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the
mountains,

Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea,
Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy
fountains,
Draughts of life to me.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

12. THE WIND IN A FROLIC

By William Howitt



WILLIAM HOWITT

WILLIAM HOWITT (1792–March 3, 1879) was an English writer, who, in the course of a long life, wrote many volumes of both prose and poetry. He was a Quaker and passed much of his early life in the country, where he spent his leisure roaming through the woods and by the brook. He married a Quaker lady, Mary Botham, who as a poet and prose writer claims equal rank with her husband. The two wrote several historical works together, and also a book of poems entitled "The Forest Minstrel." Of all that Howitt has written, that which is most frequently read is his poetry on

subjects taken from nature. He knew the gardens and fields, the woods and meadows during every month of the year, and his poems have a brightness all his own.

THE wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a madcap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place."
So it swept with a bustle right through the great
town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters, and whisking, with merciless squalls
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.

There never was heard a much lustier shout
As the apples and oranges trundled about,
And the urchins, which stand with their thievish
eyes

Forever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the fields it went, blustering and
humming,

And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
And tossed the colts' manes all over their brows
And pulled by their tails the matronly cows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood suddenly
mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway;
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar and flutter his dirty rags;
'Twas so bold that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
And cracked their great branches through and
through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;

And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over
their caps,

To see if their poultry were free from mishaps ;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to rest in a terrified crowd ;
There was raising of ladders and logs laying on,
When the thatch of the roof threatened soon to be
gone,

But the wind had passed on and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in
vain,

For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed and
he stood

With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.
There was a poor man, hoary and old,
Cutting the heath in the open wold ;
The strokes of his bill were faint and few
Ere this frolicsome wind upon him blew,
But behind him, before him, about him it came,
And the breath seemed gone from his feeble frame ;
So he sat him down, with a muttering tone,
Saying, " Plague on the wind ! was the like ever
known ?

But nowadays every wind that blows
Tells me how weak an old man grows."
But away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,

And the lordly ship felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro ;
But lo ! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds' rock, in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think in its fearful fun
How little of mischief it had done.

commotion : tumult, disturbance.

urchins : mischievous boys.

highway : a road free to all travelers.

nice : particular.

thatch : the covering of a roof made of straw or rushes.

heath : a plant growing in Great Britain upon waste land ;
it is used to thatch houses and to make brooms.

wold : an open tract of country.

bill : a form of small hatchet used for cutting hedges and
pruning trees.

WABUN THE EAST WIND

YOUNG and beautiful was Wabun ;
He it was who brought the morning,
He it was whose silver arrows
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley ;
He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
And whose voice awoke the village,
Called the deer, and called the hunter.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW : *Hiawatha*.

13. MOTHER AND SON

By Agnes Repplier



AGNES REPPLIER

AMONG the younger of our American writers, Agnes Repplier deserves an honorable place. Miss Repplier was born in Philadelphia in 1859 and was educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart near that city. She is a woman of wide reading, is highly cultivated, and appreciates the best in literature. Her own work is chiefly in essay-writing and in this she is very successful. She is always sure of her subject, and treats it with fine, pure touch; her style is sometimes quaint, and she has a quiet humor which she uses when she wishes to attack the idle reading habits of the day or

any sham in the literary world. The extract we give shows that Miss Repplier is fond of animals, and certainly understands the ways of cats.

I OWN that when Agrippina brought her first-born son — aged two days — and established him in my bedroom closet, the plan struck me at the start as inconvenient. I had prepared another nursery for the little Claudius Nero, and I endeavored for a while to convince his mother that my arrangements were best. But Agrippina was inflexible. The closet suited her in every respect;

and with charming and irresistible flattery, she gave me to understand, in the mute language I knew so well, that she wished her baby boy to be under my immediate protection. "I bring him to you because I can trust you," she said as plainly as looks can speak. "Downstairs they handle him all the time, and it is not good for kittens to be handled. Here he is safe from harm, and here he shall remain." After a few weak remonstrances, the futility of which I too clearly understood, her persistence carried the day. I removed my clothing from the closet, spread a shawl upon the floor, had the door taken from its hinges, and resigned myself, for the first time in my life, to the daily and hourly companionship of an infant.

I was amply rewarded. People who require the household cat to rear her offspring in some remote attic or dark corner of the cellar have no idea of the diversion and pleasure that they lose. It is delightful to see the mingled pride and anxiety of the mother, whose parental love increases with every hour of care, and who exhibits her young family as if they were infant Gracchi, the hope of all their race. During Nero's extreme youth, there were times, I admit, when Agrippina wearied both of his companionship and of her own maternal duties. Once or twice she abandoned him at night for the greater luxury of my bed, where she slept

tranquilly by my side, unmindful of the little wailing cries with which Nero lamented her desertion. Once or twice the heat of early summer tempted her to spend the evening on the porch roof which lay beneath my windows, and I have passed some anxious hours awaiting her return, and wondering what would happen if she never came back; and I were left to bring the baby up by hand.

But as the days sped on, and Nero grew rapidly in beauty and intelligence, Agrippina's affection for him knew no bounds. She could hardly bear to leave him even for a little while, and always came hurrying back with a loud frightened mew, as if fearing he might have been stolen in her absence. At night she purred over him for hours, or made little gurgling noises expressive of ineffable content. She resented the careless curiosity of strangers, and was a trifle supercilious when the cook stole softly in to give vent to her fervent admiration.

But from first to last she shared with me her pride and pleasure; and the joy in her beautiful eyes as she raised them to mine was frankly confiding and sympathetic. When the infant Claudius rolled for the first time over the ledge of the closet, and lay sprawling on the bedroom floor, it would have been hard to say which of us was the more elated at his proyess. A narrow pink ribbon of honor was at once tied around the small adven-

turer's neck, and he was pronounced the most daring and agile of kittens. From that day his brief career was a series of brilliant triumphs. He was a kitten of parts. Like one of Miss Austen's heroes, he had air and countenance. Less beautiful than his mother, whom he closely resembled, he easily eclipsed her in vivacity and the specious arts of fascination. Never were mother and son more unlike in character and disposition, and the inevitable contrast between kittenhood and cathood was enhanced in this case by a strong natural dissimilarity which no length of years could have utterly effaced.

Agrippina had always been a cat of manifest reserve. She was only six weeks old when she came to me, and had already acquired that gravity of demeanor, that air of gentle disdain, that dignified and somewhat supercilious composure, which won the respectful admiration of those whom she permitted to enjoy her acquaintance. Even in moments of self-forgetfulness and mirth her recreations resembled those of the little Spanish Infanta, who, not being permitted to play with her inferiors, and having no equals, diverted herself as best she could with sedate and solitary sport. Always chary of her favors, Agrippina cared little for the admiration of her chosen circle; and, with a single exception, she made no friends beyond it.

Claudius Nero, on the contrary, thirsted for applause. Affable, debonair, and democratic to the core, the caresses and commendations of a chance visitor or of a housemaid were as valuable to him as were my own. I never looked at him "showing off," as children say, — jumping from chair to chair, balancing himself on the bedpost, or scrambling rapturously up forbidden curtains, — without thinking of the young emperor who contended in the amphitheater for the worthless plaudits of the crowd. He was impulsive and affectionate, — so, I believe was the emperor for a time, — and as masterful as if born to the purple. His mother struggled hard to maintain her rightful authority, but it was in vain. He woke her from her sweetest naps; he darted at her tail, and leaped down on her from sofas and tables with the grace of a diminutive panther. Every time she attempted to punish him for these misdemeanors he cried piteously for help, and was promptly and unwisely rescued by some kind-hearted member of the family. After a while Agrippina took to sitting on her tail, in order to keep it out of his reach, and I have seen her many times carefully tucking it out of sight. She had never been a cat of active habits or of showy accomplishments, and the daring agility of the little Nero amazed and bewildered her.

Now Nero seldom walked on the earth. At

least, he never, if he could help it, walked on the floor, but traversed a room in a series of flying leaps from chair to table, from table to lounge, from lounge to desk, with an occasional dash at the mantelpiece, just to show what he could do. It was curious to watch Agrippina during the performance of these acrobatic feats. Pride, pleasure, the anxiety of a mother, and the faint resentment of conscious inferiority struggled for mastership in her little breast. Sometimes, when Nero had been prancing and paddling about with absurd and irresistible glee, attracting and compelling the attention of everybody in the room, Agrippina would jump up on my lap, and look in my face with an expression I thought I understood. She had never before valued my affection in all her little petted, pampered life. She had been sufficient for herself and had merely tolerated me as a devoted and useful companion. But now that another had usurped so many of her privileges, I fancied there were moments when it pleased her to know that one subject, at least, was not to be beguiled from allegiance; that to one friend, at least, she always was and always would be, the dearest cat in the world.

I am glad to remember that love triumphed over jealousy, and that Agrippina's devotion to Nero increased with every day of his short life. At din-

ner times she always yielded precedence to Nero, and it became one of our daily tasks to compel the little lad to respect his mother's privileges. He scorned his saucer of milk, and from tenderest infancy aspired to adult food, making predatory incursions upon Agrippina's plate, and obliging us finally to feed them in separate apartments. I have seen him, when a very young kitten, rear himself upon his baby legs, and with his soft and wicked little paw strike his mother in the face until she dropped the piece of meat she had been eating, when he tranquilly devoured it. Yet he was so loving and so lovable, poor little Claudius Nero! Day after day, in the narrow city garden, the two cats played together, happy in each other's society, and never a yard apart. Night after night they retired at the same time, and slept upon the same cushion, curled up inextricably into one soft, furry ball.

It is a rude world, even for little cats, and evil chances lie in wait for the petted creatures we strive to shield from harm. Remembering the pangs of separation, the possibilities of unkindness or neglect, I am sometimes glad that the same cruel and selfish blow struck both mother and son, and that they lie together, safe from hurt or hazard, sleeping tranquilly and always, under the shadow of the friendly pines.

Agrippina: Julia Agrippina, the mother of the Roman Emperor Nero; in history she was a very bad woman. The author has given this name to her cat in a spirit of fun.

Claudius Nero: the Roman emperor who is known as the greatest of tyrants; he is supposed to have ordered the burning of Rome.

futility: uselessness.

Gracchi: Tiberius Sempronius and Caius Sempronius Gracchus, two brothers, who were Roman tribunes of upright character and labored for the good of the Roman people. Their mother was extremely proud of them, as instanced in the well-known story.

supercilious: disdainful, contemptuous.

of parts: of abilities.

Miss Austen: Jane Austen, an English authoress who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century.

Infanta: the title given to Spanish princesses.

debonair: gay, light-hearted.

amphitheater: a building in ancient Rome devoted to combats among wild beasts and to the fights between gladiators, or paid fighters.

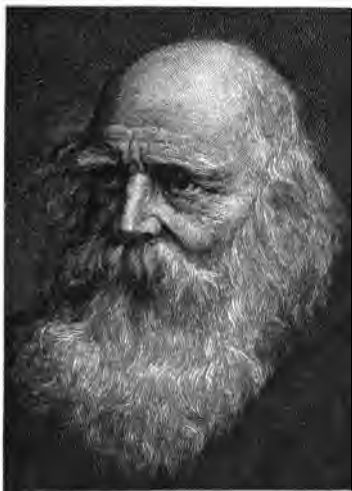
predatory: like a robber.

HE prayeth well who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small:
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

S. T. COLERIDGE: *The Ancient Mariner*.

14. ROBERT OF LINCOLN

By William Cullen Bryant



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (Nov. 3, 1794—June 12 1878) when barely eighteen years of age produced a poem, "Thanatopsis," which is called the beginning of American poetry. This was not his first work, for he had written verse when a boy of nine, and was only fourteen when the first collection of his poems was published. The genius displayed at so early an age did not, as has happened in some other cases, exhaust itself in a short time, for when he was seventy-seven years old Mr. Bryant completed a metrical translation of Homer. His long life of eighty-four years

was spent almost entirely in literary work, with the exception of some ten years which he devoted to the practice of law. In 1826 he became the editor of the "Evening Post," a New York newspaper, and held this position for fifty years. He made his paper a model of good English and in that way exerted great influence upon the public taste. He was a keen lover of nature, and knew all the features of each season of the year; he noted the birds, the trees, the wayside flowers around his country home, and then told all he saw in delightful poems. His great merit as a writer consists in his nice use of language; his words are so well chosen that his meaning is clear and his verse is full of melody. The selections given are two of his simpler poems and show him in a twofold light. In the present poem, he is the poet of nature singing sweetly the life of a bird; in "The Song of Marion's Men" (p. 186) he is the patriot poet relating the deeds of Revolutionary days.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,

Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :

Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,

Wearing a bright black wedding coat ;

White are his shoulders and white his crest.

Hear him call in his merry note :

Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,

Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,

Passing at home a patient life,

Broods in the grass while her husband sings :

Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,

Spink, spank, spink ;

Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.

Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat :
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man ;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can !
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight !
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might :
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood.
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care ;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air :
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes :
Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln : an expansion of *bob-o-lincoln*, a fanciful imitation of the bird's note. The bobolink is found in most of the United States ; it raises its young on the ground in meadows in the Northern States and in Canada, and migrates southward in the fall. It is known as the reed bird in the Middle States, and as the rice bird in the Southern States. During the breeding season the male bird differs in plumage from the female, and is only then in song.

Quaker wife : because the plumage of the female bird is dull like the quiet colors worn by Quakers, a religious sect who do not believe in gay clothes.

braggart : a boaster.

15. THE APPLE

By John Burroughs



JOHN BURROUGHS

JOHN BURROUGHS was born in Roxbury, N. Y., April 3, 1837; he was for a time a newspaper man and afterward a clerk in the United States Treasury Department. Then he took up his residence in the country and found his true work in writing descriptions of what he saw in out-door life. Nothing in nature escapes his notice, and what he sees he relates in simple but bright and vivacious style. His books are very popular and have the stamp of the writer's kindly nature on every page. Birds, animals, fruits and flowers are his familiar friends; he knows human nature also, and partic-

ularly boy nature, as you will notice in his description of apple-eaters.

IS there any other fruit that has so much facial expression as the apple? What boy does not more than half believe they can see with that single eye of theirs? Do they not look and nod to him from the bough? The swaar has one look, the rambo another, the spy another. The youth recognizes the seek-no-further buried beneath a dozen other varieties, the moment he catches a glance of its eye, or the bonny-cheeked Newtown pippin, or

the gentle but sharp-nosed gilliflower. He goes to the great bin in the cellar and sinks his shafts here and there in the garnered wealth of the orchards, mining for his favorites, sometimes coming plump upon them, sometimes catching a glimpse of them to the right or left, or uncovering them as keystones in an arch made up of many varieties.

In the dark he can usually tell them by the sense of touch. There is not only the size and shape, but there is the texture and polish. Some apples are coarse-grained and some are fine; some are thin-skinned and some are thick. One variety is quick and vigorous beneath the touch; another gentle and yielding. The pinnock has a thick skin with a spongy lining, a bruise in it becomes like a piece of cork. The tallow apple has an unctuous feel, as its name suggests. It sheds water like a duck. What apple is that with a fat curved stem that blends so prettily with its own flesh, — the wine-apple? Some varieties impress me as masculine, — weather-stained, freckled, lasting, and rugged; others are indeed lady apples, fair, delicate, shining, mild-flavored, white-meated, like the egg-drop and lady-finger. The practiced hand knows each kind by the touch.

Do you remember the apple hole in the garden or back of the house, Ben Bolt? In the fall, after the bins in the cellar had been well stocked, we

excavated a circular pit in the warm, mellow earth, and covering the bottom with clean rye straw, emptied in basketful after basketful of hardy choice varieties, till there was a tent-shaped mound several feet high of shining variegated fruit. Then, wrapping it about with a thick layer of long rye straw, and tucking it up snug and warm, the mound was covered with a thin coating of earth, a flat stone on the top holding down the straw. As winter set in, another coating of earth was put upon it, with perhaps an overcoat of coarse dry stable manure, and the precious pile was left in silence and darkness till spring. No marmot, hibernating under ground in his nest of leaves and dry grass, more cozy and warm. No frost, no wet, but fragrant privacy and quiet. Then how the earth tempers and flavors the apples! It draws out all the acrid unripe qualities, and infuses into them a subtle refreshing taste of the soil. Some varieties perish; but the ranker, hardier kinds, like the northern spy, the greening, or the black apple, or the russet, or the pinnock, how they ripen and grow in grace, how the green becomes gold, and the bitter becomes sweet!

As the supply in the bins and barrels gets low and spring approaches, the buried treasures in the garden are remembered. With spade and axe we go out and penetrate through the snow and frozen

earth till the inner dressing of straw is laid bare. It is not quite as clear and bright as when we placed it there last fall, but the fruit beneath, which the hand soon exposes, is just as bright and far more luscious. Then, as day after day you resort to the hole, and, removing the straw and earth from the opening, thrust your arm into the fragrant pit, you have a better chance than ever before to become acquainted with your favorites by the sense of touch. How you feel for them, reaching to the right and left! Now you have got a Tolman sweet; you imagine you can feel that single meridian line that divides it into two hemispheres. Now a greening fills your hand, you feel its fine quality beneath its rough coat. Now you have hooked a swaar, you recognize its full face; now a Vandevere or a King rolls down from the apex above, and you bag it at once. When you were a schoolboy you stowed these away in your pockets and ate them along the road and at recess, and again at noontime; and they, in a measure, corrected the effects of the cake and pie with which your indulgent mother filled your lunch-basket.

The boy is indeed the true apple-eater, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled. It belongs to him, and he may steal it if it cannot be had in any

other way. His own juicy flesh craves the juicy flesh of the apple. Sap draws sap. His fruit-eating has little reference to the state of his appetite. Whether he be full of meat or empty of meat he wants the apple just the same. Before meal or after meal it never comes amiss. The farm-boy munches apples all day long. He has nests of them in the haymow, mellowing, to which he makes frequent visits. Sometimes old Brindle, having access through the open door, smells them out and makes short work of them.

In some countries the custom remains of placing a rosy apple in the hand of the dead that they may find it when they enter paradise. In northern mythology the giants eat apples to keep off old age.

The apple is indeed the fruit of youth. As we grow old we crave apples less. It is an ominous sign. When you are ashamed to be seen eating them on the street; when you can carry them in your pocket and your hand not constantly find its way to them; when your neighbor has apples and you have none, and you make no nocturnal visits to his orchard; when your lunch-basket is without them, and you can pass a winter's night by the fireside with no thought of the fruit at your elbow, then be assured you are no longer a boy, either in heart or years.

swaar, rambo, spy, etc.; are all names of varieties of apples.

unctuous: greasy.

marmot: the Alpine or mountain rat.

hibernating: sleeping through the winter.

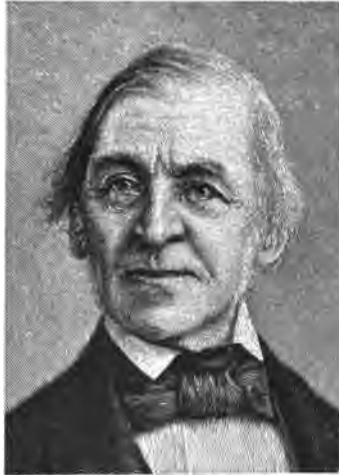
luscious: very pleasant to the taste.

Brindle: a cow whose hide is streaked with lines or spots of darker color.

16. THE HUMBLE-BEE

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (May 25, 1803–April 27, 1882) was born in his father's parsonage on Summer Street, Boston. His father died during his early boyhood, leaving five sons and no means to support and educate them. But the mother toiled hard, the boys helped all they could, and each one worked his way through college. Emerson studied for the ministry and was for a while the pastor of a church in Boston. After he had given up his church, he settled in Concord, where Hawthorne and Thoreau lived and where he was near his other friends, Longfellow,



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Holmes, and Lowell. At Concord he used the grove near his house as a study, and thought and wrote out of doors with the voices of birds, the humming of insects, and the wind rustling the leaves as his inspiration. Everybody in Concord knew him and liked him; he was an especial favorite with the farmers, and little children loved him dearly. In this peaceful life he wrote many

works full of high thought, and poems for which he found subjects in his country walks. Emerson's poetry is not always easy, it has not the smoothness and clearness we find in Bryant, and the rhymes are often faulty. But careful study will disclose the meaning and the purpose, and there is always a moral lesson to be learned. In the poem given below, in describing the habits of the humble-bee, the author depicts the man who by living simply, and not being troubled by anything, gets all the good things of life and escapes all that is disagreeable.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek ;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone !
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines ;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;
Of gulfs of sweetness, without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found ;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean,
Hath my insect never seen ;

But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catch-fly, adder's tongue,
And brier-roses dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

clime: climate.

Porto Rique: Porto Rico.

zigzag steerer: in reference to the erratic flight of the bee.

crone: crony or companion.

Indian wilderness, Syrian peace: refer to the luxuriant vegetation and idle life of the East.

bilberry: a small wild fruit of dark blue color.

succory: chicory, a plant with bright blue flowers.

columbine: a plant whose flower resembles the heads of doves gathered round a plate.

agrimony: an herb once greatly used in medicine.

catchfly: the popular name of a plant with glutinous stems which sometimes catch small insects.

adder's tongue: a fern, so called from the spike-like form of its flowers.

yellow-breeched: the bee's under body is yellow.

17. SEVEN TIMES TWO

By Jean Ingelow



JEAN INGELOW

JEAN INGELOW (1830-July 20, 1897), wrote both prose and verse, but is best remembered by her poems. A great part of her poetry is of a devotional type, sweet and simple and filled with beautiful thoughts. She had marked literary skill, and her English is strong and pure. Among her poems is "The High Tide off the Coast of Lincolnshire," in which she has related with great pathos a legend of her native place. The poems most closely associated with her name are "The Songs of Seven," a series of lyrics which picture seven stages in a woman's life. Our selection

shows the girl standing at the entrance to maidenhood, longing for the years to go faster to bring to her the happiness she imagines is waiting.

THE foxglove shoots out of the green matted
heather,

And hangeth her hoods of snow ;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather :
Oh, children take long to grow !

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late ;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head :
“The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said.”

I wait for my story — the birds cannot sing it,
Not one as he sits on the tree ;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it !
Such as I wish it to be !

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges,
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' sweetest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And the bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

“Turn again, turn again,” once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone,
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells ! I forgive you ; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be ;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover,
You leave the story to me.

hoods of snow : The flowers of the foxglove are bell-shaped, often pure white in color, and hang down like hoods.

ill to wait : hard to wait for.

“Turn again” : The boy who listened to the bells was Dick Whittington, a poor orphan country lad, who went to London to get a living. When nearly starved, a merchant gave him employment in his family to help the cook ; but the cook so ill-treated the boy that he ran away. Sitting down by the roadside to rest he heard the bells of Bow Church, which seemed to say, “Turn again, Whittington, Lord Mayor of London” ; so he returned to his master’s house. He actually rose to be thrice lord mayor of London.

Notice that the lines in this stanza begin with an accent.

’TIS expectation makes a blessing dear ;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew
what it were.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

18. THE GARDEN OF PLEASURE

By Olive Schreiner

OLIVE SCHREINER CRONWRIGHT is the daughter of a Lutheran clergyman, and was born at Cape Town, Africa, about 1863. She has written one or two novels founded upon South African life, in which she describes very vividly the peculiar customs of the people known as the Boers. The book from which our selection is taken is called "Dreams," a collection of short tales in the form of allegory, in which the writer teaches many of the difficult lessons of life. What do you think is Mrs. Cronwright's purpose in "The Garden of Pleasure"?



OLIVE SCHREINER

SHE walked upon the beds, and the sweet, rich scent arose; and she gathered her hands full of flowers. Then Duty, with his white, clear features, came and looked at her. Then she ceased from gathering, but walked away among the flowers, smiling and with her hands full.

Then Duty, with his still, white face, came again, and looked at her; but she turned her head away from him. At last she saw his face, and she dropped the fairest of the flowers she had held, and walked silently away.

Then again he came to her. And she moaned and bent her head low and turned to the gate. But as she went out she looked back at the sunlight on the face of the flowers, and wept in anguish. Then she went out, and it shut behind her forever; but still in her hand she held of the buds she had gathered, and the scent was very sweet in the lonely desert.

But he followed her. Once more he stood before her with his still, white, and deathlike face. And she knew what he had come for; she unbent the fingers and let the flowers drop out, the flowers she had loved so, and walked on without them with dry, aching eyes. Then for the last time he came. And she showed him her empty hands, the hands that held nothing now. But still he looked. Then at length she opened her bosom and took out of it one small flower she had hidden there, and laid it on the sand. She had nothing more to give now, and she wandered away and the gray sand whirled about her.

I DO my duty; other things trouble me not; for they are either things without life, or things without reason, or things that have ram- bled and know not the way.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

19. THE LEGEND OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER

By Helen Hunt Jackson

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FOR many a year Saint Christopher
Served God in many a land ;
And master painters drew his face,
With loving heart and hand,
On altar fronts and churches' walls ;
And peasants used to say,
To look on good Saint Christopher
Brought luck for all the day.

For many a year, in lowly hut,
The giant dwelt content
Upon the bank, and back and forth
Across the stream he went ;
And on his giant shoulders bore
All travelers who came,
By night or day, or rich or poor,
All in King Jesus' name.

But much he doubted if the King
His work would note or know,
And often with a weary heart
He waded to and fro.
One night, as wrapped in sleep he lay,
He sudden heard a call —
"O Christopher, come, carry me!"
He sprang, looked out, but all

Was dark and silent on the shore.

“It must be that I dreamed,”

He said, and laid him down again ;

But instantly there seemed

Again the feeble, distant cry, —

“Oh, come and carry me !”

Again he sprang and looked ; again

No living thing could see.

The third time came the plaintive voice,

Like infant's, soft and weak ;

With lantern strode the giant forth,

More carefully to seek.

Down on the bank a little child

He found — a piteous sight —

Who, weeping, earnestly implored

To cross that very night.

With gruff good will he picked him up,

And on his neck to ride

He tossed him as men play with babes,

And plunged into the tide.

But as the water closed around

His knees, the infant's weight

Grew heavier and heavier,

Until it was so great

The giant scarce could stand upright,

His staff shook in his hand,

His mighty knees bent under him,
 He barely reached the land.
 And, staggering, set the infant down,
 And turned to scan his face ;
 When, lo ! he saw a halo bright
 Which lit up all the place.

Then Christopher fell down, afraid
 At marvel of the thing,
 And dreamed not that it was the face
 Of Jesus Christ, his King,
 Until the infant spoke, and said,
 " O Christopher, behold !
 I am the Lord whom thou hast served.
 Rise up, be glad and bold !

" For I have seen, and noted well,
 Thy works of charity ;
 And that thou art my servant good
 A token thou shalt see.
 Plant firmly here upon this bank
 Thy stalwart staff of pine,
 And it shall blossom and bear fruit,
 This very hour, in sign."

Then vanishing, the infant smiled.
 The giant left alone,
 Saw on the bank, with luscious dates,
 His stout pine staff bent down.

I think the lesson is as good
To-day as it was then,—
As good to us called Christians
As to the heathen men,—
The lesson of Saint Christopher,
Who spent his strength for others,
And saved his soul by working hard
To help and save his brothers!

Christopher was a Christian martyr of the third century. He is said to have been a native of Syria and to have possessed great strength. The name Christopher in its Greek form means "bearer of Christ." The saint's festival is celebrated in the Roman Catholic Church on July 25.

halo: in pictures, a bright ring of light around the head of a holy person.

luscious: delicious to the taste.

or rich or poor: whether rich or poor.

gruff good will: rough but kind manner.

shall blossom, etc.: The blossoming of a dry staff as a token of Divine forgiveness or approval was a favorite legend of the Middle Ages; the miracle is said to have occurred to several persons, among them the minstrel knight, Tannhäuser.

AND the King shall answer and say unto them, "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

MATTHEW: xxv, 40.

20. FANCIES ON A TEA-CUP

By Thomas Hood

THOMAS HOOD was "a citizen of the world's greatest city," having been born in London, May 23, 1789. A schoolmaster who appreciated his talents enabled Hood to earn a few guineas by revising a book for publication. This was his first literary attempt, and although he soon became a contributor to provincial magazines and newspapers, he thought little of his own talent and became an engraver, working hard at his profession. Some friends obtained for him a position as assistant editor of a London magazine, and this brought him into contact with the



THOMAS HOOD

writers of his day. From that time to his death, May 3, 1845, he was constantly writing, both poetry and prose. He was a most humorous writer and much given to puns; but he was not always making jokes or writing jingling rhymes. He produced several poems which showed the serious side of life, and wrongs which ought to be righted. The sketch given here is a whimsical description of the ideas suggested by the pictures painted on Chinese tea-cups.

I LOVE to pore over old china—and to speculate from the images on Cathay. I can fancy that the Chinese manners betray themselves in their cups.

How quaintly pranked and patterned is this

vessel!—exquisitely outlandish, yet not barbarian. How daintily transparent! It should be no vulgar earth that produces that superlative ware, nor does it seem so in the enameled landscape. There, are beautiful birds; there, rich flowers and gorgeous butterflies, and a delicate clime, if we may credit the porcelain. There be also horrible monsters, dragons,—with us obsolete and reckoned fabulous; the main breed having followed Foli (our Noah) in his wanderings thither from Mt. Ararat. But how does that impeach the loveliness of Cathay? There are such creatures even in Fairyland.

I long often to loiter in these romantic paradises,—studded with pretty temples,—holiday pleasure grounds,—the true Tea-Gardens. I like these meandering waters and the abounding little islands. And here is a Chinese nursemaid, Ho-Fi, chiding a fretful little Pekin child. The urchin hath just such another toy at the end of a string as might be purchased at our own Mr. Dennett's. It argues an advanced stage of civilization where the children have many playthings, and the Chinese infants, witness their flying fishes and whirligigs sold by the stray natives about our streets, are far gone in such juvenile luxuries.

But here is a better token. The Chinese are

a polite people; for they do not make household, much less husbandry drudges, of their wives. You may read the women's fortunes in their tea-cups. In nine cases out of ten, the female is busy only in the ladylike toils of the toilette. Lo! here, how sedulously the blooming Hyson is penciling the mortal arches and curving the cross-bows of her eyebrows. A musical instrument, her secondary engagement, is at her almost invisible feet. Are such little extremities likely to be taxed with laborious offices? Marry, in kicking they must be ludicrously impotent; but then she hath a formidable growth of nails. By her side the obsequious Hum is pouring his soft flatteries into her ear. When she walketh abroad (here it is another sample) he shadeth her at two miles off with an umbrella. It is like an allegory of love triumphing over space. The lady is walking upon one of those frequent pretty islets, on a plain as if of porcelain, without any herbage, only a solitary flower springs up, seemingly by enchantment, at her fairylike feet. The watery space between the lovers is aptly left a blank, except her adorable shadow, which is bending towards her as a slave.

How reverentially is yon urchin presenting his flowers to a Gray-beard! So honorably is age considered in China! There would be some sense

there in birthday celebrations. Here, in another compartment, is a solitary scholar, apparently studying the elaborate didactics of K'ung-fu-tse.

The Chinese have, verily, the advantage of us upon earthenware. They trace themselves as lovers, contemplatists, philosophers, whereas, to judge from our jugs and mugs, we are nothing but sheepish piping shepherds and fox-hunters.

Cathay: the name given by Marco Polo, a Venetian explorer of the fourteenth century, to a region in eastern Asia supposed to be northern China.

pranked: decorated.

enameled landscape: Chinese porcelain is painted and then covered with a sort of glaze, which becomes very hard when the porcelain is baked.

obsolete: no longer in use.

urchin: a mischievous boy.

Dennett: a London shopkeeper.

invisible feet: The Chinese bind the girl-babies' feet so that they do not grow in proportion with their bodies, and always remain very small and are of very little use.

growth of nails: Long, pointed nails are a mark of high station in China.

didactics: moral lessons contained in the writings of K'ung-fu-tse or Confucius, a celebrated Chinese philosopher and teacher.

have the advantage: The Chinese, if we may judge from their porcelain, live an intellectual and emotional life; the English would seem from their plates to be absorbed in pastoral occupation or hunting.

21. MY GOLDEN-HAIRED LADDIE

By Margaret Elizabeth Sangster

From "Little Knights and Ladies." Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers

To write for children so that the words may ring fair and true requires a genuine love and understanding of child-life. This quality is Mrs. Sangster's great charm when she writes for young people, whether in prose or verse. Mrs. Sangster was born Feb. 22, 1838, at New Rochelle, New York, and has been engaged in literary work for many years; she has written poems and essays alike for young and old. She has been a very industrious writer, contributing to magazines and periodicals, and at the same time performing the duties of editor of a woman's journal.



MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER

In her poems, Mrs. Sangster shows feeling and poetic fancy, and her verses always appeal to the heart.

MY laddie, my laddie, with the mane of tawny gold,

The soft blue eyes, the open brow, the mouth
like Cupid's bow —

My laddie, my laddie, you are scarcely six years
old,

But the ages have been garnering the wonders
you shall know.

For you, has Science hoarded her secrets strange
and rare ;

For you, have wise men toiled and delved, for
you have brave men fought :

To make your pathway beautiful, have sea and
earth and air

Through centuries of waiting in mystic patience
wrought.

No battle of the hoary past but had its gage for
you ;

No rune of solemn Norn or Fate but sends its
thrilling strain

To you, for whose glad coming all forces, old and
new,

Are blending in concurrent notes, are sounding
time's refrain.

My laddie, O my laddie, I am wistful as I clasp

Your little hand within my own, and think how
many men,

Gone far from earth and memory, beyond our
mortal grasp,

Are living and are breathing, dear child, in you
again —

The line of Flemish weavers, who were stout and
tough as steel ;

The brave old Holland gentlemen, called "Beggars of the Sea";
The coifed and wimpled Puritans, sweet maids and
matrons leal,
Who poured their weakness and their strength
in the blood of you and me.

My laddie of the golden hair, there stand at God's
right hand
His saints who went through blood and flame,
the yeomen of our line;
And there are seraphs singing in the glorious better
land
Whose heart-beats kept, when here on earth, the
pace of yours and mine.

Kneel, little laddie, at my side, there's no defense
like this,
An evening prayer in childish trust, and let him
scoff who may,
A daily prayer to God above, a gentle mother's
kiss,
Will keep my little laddie safe, however long the
day.

Those stanch old burghers of the past, these nearer
gentlemen,
Sans peur et sans reproche, who look through
your sweet eyes of blue

Were honest men, clean-handed, and they told the truth — what then ?

'Tis all I crave, my laddie, when I pray to God with you.

hoary : gray with age, distant.

rune : a short mystic sentence.

concurrent : united, blended together.

Norn : in old Norse mythology, one of the three Fates who dwelt at a spring, which was the judgment place of the gods.

Flemish weavers : artisans who opposed the tyranny of Philip II. of Spain in the Netherlands.

Beggars of the Sea : The league of Flemish noblemen, formed in 1566, against Philip II. was called "The Beggars." The name was given in contempt, but was adopted to designate the party.

coif : a sort of woman's cap.

wimple : a plaited covering for the neck.

leal : loyal, true.

yeomen : freemen, ancestors who fought for the country's liberty.

Sans peur et sans reproche : "without fear and without reproach," — a phrase applied to the French national hero, Bayard, who was especially distinguished for bravery in the wars of Francis I.

A GOOD name is to be chosen rather than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

THE BIBLE.

22. THE ADVENTURES OF PAUP-PUK-KEEWIS

By Henry Rowe Schoolcraft

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT (March 28, 1793–Dec. 10, 1864) was one of the most distinguished of those explorers and students who laid the foundations of our knowledge of the American Indian. He traveled over much of the Mississippi Valley, but his chief field of activity was about Lake Superior. He wrote accounts of his travels and also made a collection of Indian legends under the name of "Algic Researches." The name "Algic," he employed to designate the tribes which are commonly called Algonkin.



HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT

The legends which he repeats were in great part Ojibway tales, coming from the northern peninsula of Michigan. They gave Longfellow a basis for a good deal of "Hiawatha," as may be seen by comparing the extract following with the poem, XVII, 38–260. Longfellow has altered the story a little. In the Indian original, Paup-Puk-Keewis had left the village in which he was living, in search of adventure. His insults to "Manabozho" (the original of "Hiawatha") come after his transformations, not before.

AFTER walking a while he came to a lake, which flooded the trees on its banks; he found it was only a lake made by beavers. He took his station on the elevated dam, where the

stream escaped, to see whether any of the beavers would show themselves. He soon saw the head of one peeping out of the water to see who disturbed them.

"My friend," said Paup-Puk-Keewis, "could you not turn me into a beaver like yourself?" For he thought if he could become a beaver, he would see and know how those animals lived.

"I do not know," replied the beaver; "I will go and ask the others."

Soon all the beavers showed their heads above the water, and looked to see if he was armed; but he had left his bow and arrows in a hollow tree at a short distance. When they were satisfied, they all came near.

"Can you not, with all your united power," said he, "turn me into a beaver? I wish to live among you."

"Yes," answered their chief, "lie down." And he soon found himself changed into one of them.

"You must make me *large*," said he; "*larger* than any of you."

"Yes, yes," said they. "By and by, when we get into the lodge, it shall be done."

In they all dove into the lake; and in passing large heaps of limbs and logs at the bottom, he asked the use of them; they answered, "It is for our winter's provisions." When they all got

into the lodge their number was about one hundred. The lodge was large and warm.

"Now we will make you large," said they. "Will *that* do?" exerting their power.

"Yes," he answered; for he found he was ten times the size of the largest.

"You need not go out," said they. "We will bring your food into the lodge, and you will be our chief."

"Very well," Paup-Puk-Keewis answered. He thought, "I will stay here and grow fat at their expense." But, soon after, one ran into the lodge out of breath, saying, "We are visited by Indians." All huddled together in great fear. The water began to lower, for the hunters had broken down the dam, and they soon heard them on the roof of the lodge, breaking it up. Out jumped all the beavers into the water, and so escaped. Paup-Puk-Keewis tried to follow them; but alas! they had made him so large that he could not creep out of the hole. He tried to call them back, but to no effect; he worried himself so much in trying to escape, that he looked like a bladder. He could not turn himself back into a man, although he heard and understood all the hunters said. One of them put his head in at the top of the lodge.

"Ty-au!" cried he; "Tut Ty-au! Me-shau-

mik, King of the beavers, is in." They all got at him and knocked his skull till it was as soft as his brains. He thought as well as ever he did, though he was a beaver. Seven or eight of them then placed his body on poles and carried him home. As they went, he reflected in this manner: "What will become of me? my ghost or shadow will not die after they get me to their lodges." Invitations were immediately sent out for a grand feast. The women took him out into the snow to skin him; but, as soon as his flesh got cold, his Jee-bi went off.

Paup-Puk-Keewis found himself standing near a prairie, having reassumed his mortal shape. After walking a distance, he saw a herd of elk feeding. He admired the apparent ease and enjoyment of their life, and thought there could be nothing pleasanter than the liberty of running about and feeding on the prairies. He asked them if they could not turn him into their shape.

"Yes," they answered, after a pause. "Get down on your hands and feet." And he soon found himself an elk.

"I want big horns, big feet," said he; "I wish to be very large."

"Yes! yes!" they said.

"There!" exerting their power; "are you big enough?"

"Yes!" he answered, for he saw that he was very large. They spent a good time in grazing and running. Being rather cold one day he went into a thick wood for shelter, and was followed by most of the herd. They had not been long there before some elks from behind passed the others like a strong wind. All took the alarm, and off they ran, he with the rest.

"Keep out on the plains," they said.

But he found it was too late, as they had already got entangled in the thick woods. Paup-Puk-Keewis soon smelt the hunters, who were closely following his trail, for they had left all the others and followed him. He jumped furiously, and broke down saplings in his flight, but it only served to retard his progress. He soon felt an arrow in his side; he jumped over trees in his agony, but the arrows clattered thicker and thicker upon his sides, and at last one entered his heart. He fell to the ground, and heard the whoop of triumph sounded by the hunters. On coming up, they looked on the carcass with astonishment, and with their hands up to their mouths exclaimed, "Ty-au! Ty-au!" There were about sixty in the party, who had come out on a special hunt, as one of their number had, the day before, observed his large tracks on the plains. After skinning him, and his flesh getting cold, his Jee-bi took its flight

from the carcass, and he again found himself in human shape, with a bow and arrows.

But his passion for adventure was not yet cooled ; for, on coming to a large lake with a sandy beach, he saw a large flock of brant, and speaking to them, asked them to turn him into a brant.

“ Yes,” they replied.

“ But I want to be very large,” he said.

“ Very well,” they answered ; and he soon found himself a large brant, all the others standing gazing in astonishment at his large size.

“ You must fly as leader,” they said.

“ No,” answered Paup-Puk-Keewis, “ I will fly behind.”

“ Very well,” they said. “ One thing more we have to say to you. You must be careful, in flying, not to look down, for something may happen to you.”

“ Well ! it is so,” said he ; and soon the flock rose up into the air, for they were bound north. They flew very fast, he behind. One day, while going with a strong wind, and as swift as their wings could flap, while passing over a large village, the Indians raised a great shout on seeing them, particularly on Paup-Puk-Keewis’s account, for his wings were broader than two large aupukwa. They made such a noise that he forgot what had been told him about looking down. They were

now going as swift as arrows; and, as soon as he brought his neck in and stretched it down to look at the shouters, his tail was caught by the wind, and over and over he was blown. He tried to right himself, but without success. Down, down he went, making more turns than he wished for, from a height of several miles. The first thing he knew was, that he was jammed into a large hollow tree. To get back or forward was out of the question, and there he remained till his brant life was ended by starvation. His Jee-bi again left the carcass, and he once more found himself in the shape of a human being.

dam: The beaver makes a dam of logs in a stream to obtain the deep water necessary to him.

winter's provisions: The bark of trees is a great part of the beaver's food.

lodge: In the winter the beaver lives in a house which he makes in the water.

the hole: The beaver's house has its door under water.

women took him: The Indian squaws do all the work, the braves simply kill the game.

Jee-bi: his soul or spirit.

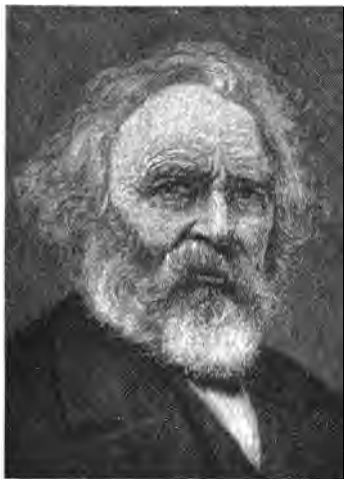
brant: a kind of wild goose.

aupukwa: mats.

in the shape: In "Hiawatha" it is not till Paup-Puk-Keewis is killed in his own shape that he finally dies. Longfellow tells how after these transformations Paup-Puk-Keewis is pursued by Hiawatha and finally crushed in a cave among the Pictured Rocks.

23. THE PEACE-PIPE

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"In an old square wooden house upon the edge of the sea," was born the most widely read and best loved of all American poets, Feb. 27, 1807. This wooden house was in the city of Portland, Maine, and in due time he went from it to Bowdoin College, where he was graduated in 1825. Longfellow's life always moved on even lines; his family was in comfortable circumstances; a college appointment awaited him at his graduation; he served with honor as Professor of Literature at Harvard; and his friends formed a delightful circle. His home in Cam-

bridge had been Washington's headquarters during the Revolutionary War, and was full of historic tradition; aside from this, it was the most delightful spot imaginable, when the poet gathered his friends there. From 1854 to his death, March 24, 1882, Longfellow devoted himself wholly to literature, producing many volumes of poems. He believed that poetry should be a thing of use as well as beauty; so he put into verse many stories which some critics thought belonged rather to prose. But he has told his tales so well that his descriptions are like vivid paintings, and he is at his best when he writes upon themes taken from the history or legends of our own country. Such a story is "Hiawatha," relating, under the guise of the adventures of the grandson of Nokomis, the moon, the progress of civilization among the American Indians. In the "Peace-Pipe" the Great Spirit calls all the tribes together and tells them of the Deliverer who is to guide and teach the nations.

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!"

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Molded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Comanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow,
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other ;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity ;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children !

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand ;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise : —

“ O my children ! my poor children !
Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you !

“ I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes ;
Why then are you not contented ?
Why then will you hunt each other ?

“ I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions ;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord ;

Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

“ I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper ;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish !

“ Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mold and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward ! ”

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deerskin,
Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces.
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending ;

Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
As if blood were mingled with it !

From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-paint ;
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children !

And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life, ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe !

Red Pipe-stone Quarry : in southwestern Minnesota.

Manito : the Indian word for "Deity" ; "gitche" means great.

bark of red willow : This was used by the Indians as tobacco ; it was called Kinni-Kinick.

calumet : the name given to the Indian pipe by French explorers.

Vale of Tawasentha, etc.: The Vale of Tawasentha is in New York; the Valley of Wyoming in Pennsylvania; the Tuscaloosa in Alabama.

warriors of the nations: The Mohawks came from the Vale of Tawasentha; the Delawares from the Valley of Wyoming; the Choctaws from the groves of Tuscaloosa; the Shoshonies, the Blackfeet, and some other tribes came from the Rocky Mountains and the West; the Hurons and the Ojibways from the Great Lakes.

war-gear: costumes and insignia of war.

24. INDIAN LEGENDS

By Charles Godfrey Leland

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND, born at Philadelphia, Aug. 15, 1824, is usually thought of in connection with his burlesque poems in Pennsylvania Dutch published under the title "Hans Breitmann's Party," but he has done serious and valuable work in the study of the language and customs of the Gypsies, and in collecting the Indian legends of New England. Many of these legends and stories he obtained directly from members of the remnants of the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes of Maine and the Micmacs of New Brunswick, who gave them as they had been handed down by mouth for generations. These legends are very interesting; the story of the adventures of Master Rabbit reminds one somewhat of the negro tales common in the South, although the hero is not so clever as his southern brother.



CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

I. THE INDIAN ORPHEUS

IT is well known that long ago fairies and elves lived in the woods. Some had their homes in trees and some in the little flowers. They danced and sang and led a merry life. They could charm mortals and sometimes taught them to sing wonderful songs. They knew how to play on magic pipes or flutes. When a mortal had been kind to them they would teach him how to play on the magic flute.

When Glooskap lived on earth he promised to give men whatever they wanted.

One day two young men began their journey to his wigwam. It was a very long way, but at last they came to the island where Glooskap lived. First they saw Dame Bear and Marten and next the master himself. They all sat down to dinner, but there was only a very small piece of meat. One of the young men thought it was a joke and took almost all that was on the dish, and at once the meat grew to its former size. Every one ate what he wanted, and at the end of the meal the dish was as full as ever.

One of these young men wished to have all the power the elves had. Glooskap told him to bathe in the streams, and then gave him a beautiful white robe and a hair chain of magic.

When he put this chain on, he could see and hear the elves and had all their power. Glooskap gave him a flute and told him to play and sing. Then he found that he had a beautiful voice and with his magic he could charm all men. The birds and beasts also listened to his music, and were even charmed with it. He became the great musician of the Indians.

Now the second young man wished to have for his wife the most beautiful of Indian maids.

Glooskap sent the musician with him to assist in winning the Indian girl. So he begged the master to lend them his magic canoe. "That I will gladly, if you will return it."

This the young man promised to do, and they went to the shore but could see no canoe. "There is my canoe," said the merry Glooskap, and he pointed to a rocky island covered with tall pine trees. When he spoke the island changed to a canoe with masts and sails, and they started on their journey.

At last they came to the place where the princess lived. They went to the wigwam of her father and were given seats of honor. The younger man said, "I am tired of living alone." The chief said that he was willing to give his daughter to the young Indian if he would slay the horned dragon. The young man agreed and with his friend left the wigwam.

During the night the magician went to the cave where the dragon lived. He placed a log over the entrance to the cave and began playing on his magic flute. Soon the dragon came forth, putting out his head after the manner of snakes.

While doing this he rested his neck upon the log, and the Indian cut off the serpent's head with one blow of his hatchet.

Then he took it to his friend, who in the morning gave it to the chief. The old man said to himself, "This time I fear I shall lose my child."

Then the chief said he would like to see the young man slide down hill. Two toboggans were brought out, one for the strangers and one for two powerful magicians.

The mountain was ragged with rocks and ice and trees. At the word both sleds went flying down the terrible mountain. Soon the young man was thrown off, and his friend stopped the toboggan an instant to drag him back. The other men did not know that the musician had done this so that the other sled would go before him.

Soon the sled of these two magicians stopped, but that of the strangers went over it and far up the side of the other hill.

Then the chief said to himself, "This time I have lost my daughter."

But there was a third trial for the young man.

The old Indian said, "There is a young man in my camp who has never been beaten in running. If you wish to win my daughter you must conquer him in the race."

Soon the elf-magician lent his friend the magic flute to give him power.

When the runners met, the young man asked, "Who art thou?" and the runner answered, "I am Northern Lights. And who art thou?"

The youth answered, "I am Chain Lightning!" and they ran. In an instant they could be seen no longer by the Indians of the village. They were far away over the distant hills.

They all sat down and waited, and before noon Chain Lightning returned, and he was not out of breath, though he had gone round the world.

At night, Northern Lights returned, and he was pale and trembling, though he had not been around the world and had turned back.

The old chief, seeing him beaten, exclaimed, "This time I shall certainly lose my child."

And yet there was another trial of the young man ere he could win her whom he wished.

There was in the village a man whom no one could excel in swimming or diving. The young man must try his strength with him. When they met, the man of the village said, "I am a Sea Duck!" The youth replied, "I am a Loon."

So they dived. The young man who called himself a Sea Duck rose to the surface of the water for air, but the Loon did not come up. Long they waited. An hour passed, and at last the Loon appeared.

Then the old chief said, "This is the last trial of your strength, and you have won my daughter."

So the young man married the beautiful daughter of the chief and took her back to his home and to his people.

Orpheus: in Greek mythology the son of Apollo, who possessed the power of charming men and beasts with his music.

toboggan: a long, narrow sled made of a single thickness of wood curved backward at one end; originally used by the Indians of Lower Canada to carry loads over the snow.

II. MASTER RABBIT'S ADVENTURE WITH THE OTTER

Of old times, Mahtigwess, the Rabbit, who is called in the Micmac tongue, Ablugumoch, lived with his grandmother, waiting for better times; and truly he found it a hard matter in midwinter, when ice was on the river and snow was on the plain, to provide even for his small household. And running through the forest one day he found a lonely wigwam, and he that dwelt there was Keeony, the Otter. The lodge was on the bank

of a river, and a smooth road of ice slanted from the door to the water. And the Otter made him welcome and directed his housekeeper to get ready to cook; saying which, he took the lines on which he was wont to string fish when he had them, and went to fetch a mess for dinner.

Placing himself on the top of the slide; he coasted in and under the water, and then came out with a great bunch of eels, which were soon cooked, and on which they dined.

"By my life," thought Master Rabbit, "but that is an easy way of getting a living! Truly, this fishing folk have full fare and cheap! Cannot I, who am so clever, do as well as this mere Otter? Of course, why not?" Thereupon he grew so confident of himself as to invite the Otter to dine with him on the third day after that, and so went home.

"Come on!" he said to his grandmother the next morning: "let us remove our wigwam down to the lake." So they removed, and he selected a site such as the Otter had chosen for his home, and the weather being cold he made a road of ice or a coast down from his door to the water, and all was well. Then the guest came at the time set, and Rabbit, calling his grandmother, bade her get ready to cook a dinner.

"But what am I to cook, grandson?" inquired the old dame.

"Truly, I shall see to that," said he, and made himself a *nabogun*, or stick to string eels. Then going to the ice path, he tried to slide like one skilled in the art, but indeed with little luck, for he went first to the right side, then to the left, and he hunched and jumped till he came to the water, where he went in with a bob backward.

And this bad beginning had no better ending, since of all swimmers and divers the Rabbit is the very worst, and this one was no better than his brothers. The water was cold, he lost his breath, he struggled and was well-nigh drowned.

"But what on earth ails the fellow?" said the Otter to the grandmother, who was looking on in amazement.

"Well, he has seen somebody do something and is trying to do likewise," replied the old lady.

"Ho! come out of that now," cried the Otter, "and hand me your *nabogun*!" And the poor Rabbit, shivering with cold and almost frozen, came from the water and limped into the lodge. And there he required much nursing from his grandmother, while the Otter, plunging into the stream, soon returned with a load of fish. But disgusted with the Rabbit for attempting what he could not perform, he threw them down as a gift and went home without tasting the meal.

25. THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

By Felicia Hemans

FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE HEMANS (Sept. 25, 1793–May 16, 1835) was an English poet best known for her lyrics. Her verses are more remarkable for sentiment than for strength, and her style is now old-fashioned. Still she has written some poems which have real merit and which will always stir the reader. Such an one is the following selection which gives a vivid picture of the bleak winter day on which the ship *Mayflower* cast anchor in Plymouth harbor and the band of exiles found a new home in a strange land.



FELICIA DOROTHEA BROWNE HEMANS

THE breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
 And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
 When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They, the true-hearted, came,

Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trump that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear : —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ; —
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ? —
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They left unstained what there they found —
Freedom to worship God.

26. THE QUARREL OF SQUIRE BULL AND HIS SON

By James Kirke Paulding

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING (Aug. 22, 1779–April 6, 1860) belongs to the group of American writers of which Washington Irving was the chief. He was a novelist, poet, and historian, and was engaged with Irving in the editorship of "Salmagundi," a humorous periodical. Paulding was also a politician, and at one time was Secretary of the Navy. In 1812 he published "The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan," just at the time when the English had engaged in another war with this country, and in a quaint amusing way told, as you will notice in the extract, how the big awkward son got the better of the equally large, blustering father.



JAMES KIRKE PAULDING

JOHN BULL was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill pond, and which by reason of its being quite

surrounded by water, was generally called *Bullock Island*. Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dextrous cutler, and a notable weaver and pot-baker besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small beer, and was, in fact, a sort of jack-of-all-trades, and good at each. In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, an excellent table companion, and passably honest as times go.

But what tarnished all these qualities was a quarrelsome disposition which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors, but his fingers itched to be in the thickest of them; so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head or a black eye or a bloody nose. Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people—his neighbors—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, who never get credit for what they are, because they are always pretending to be what they are not.

The Squire was as tight a hand to deal with indoors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not of the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters. One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son Jonathan, who was called familiarly Brother Jonathan, about whether churches ought to

be called churches or meeting-houses, and whether steeples were not an abomination. The Squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction (I can't tell which) fell into a great passion and swore he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle. So he went to some of his doctors and got them to draw up a prescription of thirty-nine articles, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make him swallow; and finding he made villainous wry faces, and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him like fury. After that he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer. Taking his gun and his ax, he put himself into a boat and paddled over the mill pond to some new lands to which the Squire pretended some sort of a claim, intending to settle them and to build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough.

When he got over, Jonathan found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood and inhabited by nobody but wild beasts. But being a lad of mettle, he took his ax on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labors and handling his ax like a notable woodman, he in a few years

cleared the land, which he laid out into *thirteen good* farms; and building himself a fine frame house, about half finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull was getting old and stingy, and, besides, was in great want of money on account of his having lately been made to pay swinging damages for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads — the Squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well-to-do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land he had cleared and made good for something. He trumped up, I know not what claim against him, and under different pretenses managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions.

But for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large for his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, hard-fisted cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance, but showing a lively, shrewd look, and having the promise of great strength when he should get his full growth. He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, he had many queer ways; but everybody

who had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and swore he was John's own son, and a true chip of the old block. Like the old Squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but in the main was a peaceable sort of careless fellow that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone. He used to dress in homespun trousers with a large, bagging seat, and always wore a linsey-woolsey coat which did not half cover his length, and the sleeves of which were so short that his hands and wrists came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton. All of which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was outgrowing his strength in this way, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny he could scrape together, till at last, one day when the Squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a furious passion, and threw the tea-kettle at the old man's head.

The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged; and, after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the Squire, though in years, was a capital boxer, and of much excel-

lent endurance. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee simple to be in Jonathan forever.

John Bull: the English nation personified.

pot-baker: maker of pottery and porcelain ware.

Brother Jonathan: a popular nickname for the American people.

meeting-houses: The allusion is of course to the religious controversies which led to the emigration of the Pilgrims and Puritans.

doctors: clergymen, doctors of divinity.

Thirty-nine Articles: the articles of religion of the Church of England which the Puritans would not accept, for which they were so harassed that they left England for Holland and came thence to America.

mill pond: the Atlantic Ocean.

notable: able, industrious.

thirteen farms: the thirteen original American colonies.

threw the tea-kettle: an allusion to the Boston Tea Party, when the taxed tea was thrown into the harbor.

though in years: though the older man.

fee simple: right of ownership without any condition.

OUR country—whether bounded by the St. John's or the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described, and be the measurements more or less;—still our country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

27. THE UPRISING — 1775

By Thomas Buchanan Read.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ (March 12, 1822–May 11, 1872) was both a painter and poet, and because he had the double gift his poems are real word pictures. He published several volumes of poetry and he painted a number of pictures, though he was more successful with the pen than with the brush. For many years he lived at Rome where he had a studio, but a foreign life did not make him forget his own country. His most stirring poems are those founded upon incidents in American history. In the selection given, which is taken from a longer poem called "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," Read relates an incident which is supposed to have occurred in Virginia when the news of the battle of Lexington had spread throughout the land and had found its way to the quiet Virginian town.



THOMAS BUCHANAN READ

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington ;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood ;
There Sunday found the rural folk
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

The pastor rose : the prayer was strong ;
The psalm was warrior David's song ;
The text, a few short words of might, —
“ The Lord of hosts shall arm the right ! ”
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured ;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came,
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake ;
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle brand,

In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.
Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir ;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause, —
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause ;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon a tyrant foe ;
In this the dawn of Freedom's day
There is a time to fight and pray !"

And now before the open door —
The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow.

So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And then the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life ;
While overhead with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease ;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, " War ! War ! War ! "

" Who dares " — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came —
" Come out with me in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die ? "
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered " I ! "

boreal light: the appearance in the sky called northern light.

Concord: The name signifies " peace."

gentle blood: those belonging to the higher class, gentlemen and ladies.

battle brand: battle sword.

in face of death: He ran the risk of being arrested for treason, which was punishable by death.

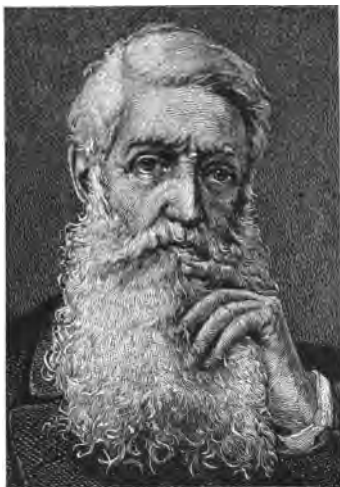
warrior's guise: He wore a uniform under his minister's gown.

enlisting trumpet: the trumpet calling the people to arms.

28. THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON

By George Bancroft

GEORGE BANCROFT (Oct. 3, 1800—Jan. 17, 1891) is regarded first among American historians. His great work, "The History of the United States," was begun in 1834 and the tenth and last volume was completed fifty-one years later, in 1885. The history is brought down to the close of the Revolution, and is accurate and fairly impartial. Mr. Bancroft spent years over his work, making researches among documents and old manuscripts. He was a statesman as well as a writer; he was Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, and it was through his influence that the Naval Academy



GEORGE BANCROFT

was established at Annapolis, Maryland. He was also minister to Great Britain and to Germany. During the latter part of his life he had a winter home at Washington where he could be near the Library of Congress, and a summer home at Newport where he had a wonderful rose garden. He was always busy with historical studies, and when ninety years old made a journey to Nashville, Tennessee, to look up some data among the private papers of President Polk. The extract given from his history is a vivid description of the first battle of the Revolution at Lexington, April 19, 1775.

AT two in the morning, under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington common was alive with the minute-men; and not with them only, but with the old men,

who were exempts, except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of the militia and alarm men, about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers, sent to look for the British regulars, reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their own homes; some to the tavern, near the southeast corner of the common. Samuel Adams and Hancock, whose seizure was believed to be intended, were persuaded to retire toward Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from night, when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines, was discovered, advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired, and the drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille to humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house.

How often in that building had they, with renewed professions of their faith, looked up to God as the stay of their fathers and the protector of

their privileges! How often on that green, hard by the burial place of their forefathers, had they pledged themselves to each other to combat manfully for their birthright inheritance of liberty! There they now stood side by side, under the provincial banner, with arms in their hands, silent and fearless, willing to shed their blood for their rights, scrupulous not to begin civil war. The ground on which they trod was the altar of freedom, and they were to furnish the victims.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and, at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute-men, cried out: "Disperse, ye villains! ye rebels, disperse! lay down your arms! why don't you lay down arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this, Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was followed first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, Parker ordered his

men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the Tenth Light Infantry was touched slightly in the leg.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops; and he kept his vow. A wound brought him to his knees. Having discharged his gun, he was preparing to load it again, when he was stabbed by a bayonet, and lay on the post which he took at the morning drum-beat. So fell Isaac Muzzey, and so died the aged Robert Munroe, who in 1758 had been an ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, junior, was struck in front of his own house on the north of the common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With blood gushing from his breast, he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on hands and knees toward his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on their threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting-house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued, and killed after they left the green. Asahel Porter of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the British on the march,

endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the common. Seven men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded, — a quarter part of all who stood in arms upon the green.

Day came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding; the grass growing rankly a full month before its time; the bluebird and the robin gladdening the genial season, and calling forth the beams of the sun which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There on the green lay in death the gray-haired and the young, the grassy field was red “with the innocent blood of their brethren slain,” crying unto God for vengeance from the ground.

These are the village heroes, who were more than of noble birth, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. The expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation.

reveille : the beat of the drum at daybreak to arouse the soldiers.

van : the advance guard of an army.

29. THE BALLAD OF KING'S MOUNTAIN

By William Gilmore Simms



WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS (April 17, 1806 – June 11, 1870) was to the South what James Fenimore Cooper was to the North. He was a prolific writer of plays, poems, novels, and historical romances in which he celebrated the brave and chivalrous deeds of the Southern people. His career as a writer began when he was seven years old, and continued until death checked his busy pen. In the ballad which follows the author has celebrated the battle of Oct. 7, 1780. Patrick Ferguson, a brave and skilful British leader, was marching north to join Cornwallis in Virginia.

He was followed by a force of American backwoodsmen from the mountains and beyond. Near the northern boundary of South Carolina, Ferguson learned of the approach of the Americans and awaited them on the summit of King's Mountain. The Americans carried the British position by assault, but only after a long and stubborn struggle.

HARK! 'tis the voice of the mountain,
And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
As it tells of the bearing of heroes,
Who compassed its summits and died!
How they gathered to strife as the eagles,
When the foemen had clambered the height!

How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,
They hunted them down for the fight!

Hark! through the gorge of the valley,
'Tis the bugle that tells of the foe;
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
And we snatch down the rifle and go.
As the hunters who hear of the panther,
Each arms him and leaps to his steed,
Rides forth through the desolate antre,
With the knife and the rifle at need.

From a thousand deep gorges they gather—
From the cot lowly perched by the rill,
The cabin half hid in the heather,
'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still;
Each lonely at first in his roaming,
Till the vale to the sight opens fair,
And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,
When his bugle gives tongue to the air.

Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
For the hunt of the insolent foe;
And soon shall his myrmidons tremble
'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow.
Down the lone heights now wind they together,
As the mountain brooks flow to the vale,
And now, as they group on the heather,
The keen scout delivers his tale:—

“The British — the Tories are on us;
And now is the moment to prove
To the women whose virtues have won us,
That our virtues are worthy their love!
They have swept the vast valleys below us,
With fire to the hills from the sea;
And here would they seek to o’erthrow us,
In a realm which our eagle makes free!”

No war council suffered to trifle
With the hours devote to the deed;
Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,
Swift followed the bound to the steed;
And soon, to the eyes of our yeomen,
All panting with rage at the sight,
Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foeman
As he lay in his camp on the height.

Grim dashed they away as they bounded, —
The hunters to hem in the prey, —
And with Deckard’s long rifles surrounded,
Then the British rose fast to the fray;
And never, with arms of more vigor,
Did their bayonets press through the strife,
Where, with every swift pull of the trigger,
The sharpshooters dashed out a life!

’Twas the meeting of eagles and lions,
’Twas the rushing of tempests and waves,

Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,
 Born freemen 'gainst sycophant slaves :
 Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
 As from danger to danger he flies,
 Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
 With its "Touch me who dare !" and he dies.

An hour, and the battle is over ;
 The eagles are rending the prey ;
 The serpents seek flight into cover,
 But the terror still stands in the way :
 More dreadful the doom that on treason
 Avenges the wrongs of the state ;
 And the oak tree for many a season
 Bears its fruit for the vultures of Fate.

beagles : small hounds formerly used in hunting hares.

panther : the catamount or American cougar.

antre : a cavern, or probably here a wilderness.

myrmidons : originally the followers of Achilles in the Trojan War ; now it means rough, desperate soldiers under some daring leader.

the vast valleys : Ferguson had been devastating South Carolina.

devote to the deed : Needed for action, they did not wait to hold a council of war.

sycophant : a mean flatterer, a hanger-on of some great man.

his whistle : Ferguson gave his commands on a silver whistle, which marked him out for the American sharpshooters.

the doom that on treason : death by hanging.

30. FRANCES WHARTON AND MR. HARPER

By James Fenimore^{*} Cooper

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (Sept. 15, 1789–Sept. 14, 1851) was our first great novelist. Shortly after the appearance of Irving's "Sketch Book" (see p. 320) appeared "The Spy," and so, as Irving is the representative man of letters of our early literature, Cooper is its representative novelist. "The Spy" was almost his first work and remains one of his best. Cooper was a romancer: he sought those stories and scenes that arouse the imagination and stimulate the ideal nature. Such scenes and stories he took wherever he found them, but his best work was done

when he found material for his imagination in the history of his own country. This is the case with the "Leatherstocking Tales," "The Pilot," and with "The Spy." Cooper himself tells us that his first novel, which was not American in character, was made a matter of reproach to him by his friends. For his second book, therefore, he "chose patriotism for his theme." In our extract Frances Wharton seeks to gain the influence of a certain Mr. Harper with General Washington in aid of her brother. Unknown to her, Mr. Harper is Washington himself, and this fact lends an especial interest to the account of the interview. The scene is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson.

THE chilling air sighed through the leafless branches of the gnarled and crooked oaks, as, with a step so light as hardly to rustle the

dry leaves on which she trod, Frances moved forward to that part of the hill where she expected to find this secluded habitation; but nothing could she discern that in the least resembled a dwelling of any sort. In vain she examined every recess of the rocks, or inquisitively explored every part of the summit that she thought could hold the tenement of the peddler. No hut, nor any vestige of a human being, could she trace. The idea of her solitude struck on the terrified mind of the affrighted girl, and, approaching to the edge of a shelving rock, she bent forward to gaze on the signs of life in the vale, when a ray of keen light dazzled her eyes, and a warm air diffused itself over her whole frame. Recovering from her surprise, Frances looked on the ledge beneath her, and at once perceived that she stood directly over the object of her search. A hole through its roof afforded a passage to the smoke, which, as it blew aside, showed her a clear and cheerful fire crackling and snapping on a rude hearth of stone. The approach to the front of the hut was by a winding path around the point of the rock on which she stood, and by this she advanced to its door.

Three sides of this singular edifice, if such it could be called, were composed of logs laid alternately on each other, to a little more than the height of a man; and the fourth was formed by

the rock against which it leaned. The roof was made of the bark of trees, laid in long strips from the rock to its eaves; the fissures between the logs had been stuffed with clay, which in many places had fallen out, and dried leaves were made use of as a substitute to keep out the wind. A single window of four panes of glass was in front, but a board carefully closed it, in such a manner as to emit no light from the fire within. After pausing some time to view this singularly constructed hiding-place, for such Frances well knew it to be, she applied her eye to a crevice to examine the inside. There was no lamp or candle, but the blazing fire of dry wood made the interior of the hut light enough to read by. In one corner lay a bed of straw, with a pair of blankets thrown carelessly over it, as if left where they had last been used. Against the walls and rock were suspended, from pegs forced into the crevices, various garments, and such as were apparently fitted for all ages and conditions, and for either sex. British and American uniforms hung peaceably by the side of each other; and on the peg that supported a gown of striped calico, such as was the usual country wear, was also depending a well-powdered wig: in short, the attire was numerous, and as various as if a whole parish were to be equipped from this one wardrobe.

In the angle against the rock, and opposite to the fire which was burning in the other corner, was an open cupboard, that held a plate or two, a mug, and the remains of some broken meat. Before the fire was a table, with one of its legs fractured, and made of rough boards; these, with a single stool, composed the furniture, if we except a few articles of cooking. A book that, by its size and shape, appeared to be a Bible, was lying on the table, unopened. But it was the occupant of the hut in whom Frances was chiefly interested. This was a man, sitting on the stool with his head leaning on his hand, in such a manner as to conceal his features, and deeply occupied in examining some open papers. On the table lay a pair of curiously and richly mounted horseman's pistols, and the handle of a sheathed rapier, of exquisite workmanship, protruded from between the legs of the gentleman, one of whose hands carelessly rested on its guard. The tall stature of this unexpected tenant of the hut, and his form, much more athletic than that of either Harvey or her brother, told Frances, without the aid of his dress, that it was neither of those she sought. A close surtout was buttoned high in the throat of the stranger, and, parting at his knees, showed breeches of buff, with military boots and spurs. His hair was dressed so as to expose the whole face; and, after

the fashion of that day, it was profusely powdered. A round hat was laid on the stones that formed a paved floor to the hut, as if to make room for a large map, which, among the other papers, occupied the table.

This was an unexpected event to our adventurer. She had been so confident that the figure twice seen was the peddler, that, on learning his agency in her brother's escape, she did not in the least doubt of finding them both in the place, which, she now discovered, was occupied by another and a stranger. She stood, earnestly looking through the crevice, hesitating whether to retire, or to wait with the expectation of yet meeting Henry, as the stranger moved his hand from before his eyes, and raised his face, apparently in deep musing, when Frances instantly recognized the benevolent and strongly-marked but composed features of Harper.

All that Dunwoodie had said of his power and disposition; all that he had himself promised her brother, and all the confidence that had been created by his dignified and paternal manner, rushed across the mind of Frances, who threw open the door of the hut, and, falling at his feet, clasped his knees with her arms, as she cried:—

“Save him—save him—save my brother; remember your promise, and save him!”

Harper had risen as the door opened, and there

was a slight movement of one hand toward his pistols; but it was cool, and instantly checked. He raised the hood of the cardinal, which had fallen over her features, and exclaimed, with some uneasiness: —

“Miss Wharton! But you cannot be alone?”

“There is none here but my God and you; and, by his sacred name, I conjure you to remember your promise, and save my brother!”

Harper gently raised her from her knees, and placed her on the stool, begging her at the same time to be composed, and to acquaint him with the nature of her errand. This Frances instantly did, ingenuously admitting him to a knowledge of all her views in visiting that lone spot at such an hour, and by herself.

It was at all times difficult to probe the thoughts of one who held his passions in such disciplined subjection as Harper, but still there was a lighting of his thoughtful eye, and a slight unbending of his muscles, as the hurried and anxious girl proceeded in her narrative. His interest, as she dwelt upon the manner of Henry's escape, and the flight to the woods, was deep and manifest, and he listened to the remainder of her tale with a marked expression of benevolent indulgence. Her apprehensions that her brother might still be too late through the mountains, seemed to have much weight with him,

for, as she concluded, he walked a turn or two across the hut, in silent musing.

Frances hesitated, and unconsciously played with the handle of one of the pistols, and the paleness that her fears had spread over her fine features began to give place to a rich tint, as, after a short pause she added : —

“We can depend much on the friendship of Major Dunwoodie, but his sense of honor is so pure, that — that notwithstanding his — his — feelings — his desire to serve us — he will conceive it to be his duty to apprehend my brother again. Besides, he thinks there will be no danger in so doing, as he relies greatly on your interference.”

“On mine!” said Harper, raising his eyes in surprise.

“Yes, on yours. When we told him of your kind language, he at once assured us all that you had the power, and if you had promised, would have the inclination, to procure Henry’s pardon.”

“Said he more?” asked Harper, who appeared slightly uneasy.

“Nothing but reiterated assurances of Henry’s safety ; even now he is in quest of you.”

“Miss Wharton, that I bear no mean part, in the unhappy struggle between England and America, it might now be useless to deny. You owe your brother’s escape, this night, to my knowledge of

his innocence, and the remembrance of my word. Major Dunwoodie is mistaken, when he says that I might openly have procured his pardon. I now, indeed, can control his fate, and I pledge to you a word which has some influence with Washington, that means shall be taken to prevent his recapture. But from you, also, I exact a promise, that this interview, and all that has passed between us, remain confined to your own bosom, until you have my permission to speak upon the subject."

Frances gave the desired assurance, and he continued:—

"The peddler and your brother will soon be here, but I must not be seen by the royal officer, or the life of Birch might be the forfeiture."

habitation: She was in search of a hut which she had seen from a distance.

peddler: Harvey Birch, the "spy," from whom the novel was named. She supposed the hut belonged to him.

wardrobe: Harvey Birch had often to appear in disguise.

her brother: Frances's brother was in the British army, although she was devoted to the American cause. He had been captured by the Americans and condemned to death, but had escaped by the aid of the peddler.

cardinal: a cloak originally of scarlet.

too late: *i.e.* to escape from the American pursuit.

Major Dunwoodie commanded the Americans who had captured Captain Wharton.

openly: Mr. Harper, who was in reality General Washington, could not openly have pardoned one who, like Captain Wharton, had been captured in disguise,

31. SONG OF MARION'S MEN

By William Cullen Bryant

OUR band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold ;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree ;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near !
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear :
When waking to their tents on fire
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again ;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads —
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life our fiery barbs to guide
Across the moonlight plains;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts their tossing manes.
A moment in the British camp —
A moment — and away
Back to the pathless forest
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,

Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

Marion: Francis Marion, an American Revolutionary general, born in South Carolina in 1732. At the head of a few daring followers he continually harassed the British troops by sudden night attacks.

little dread us near: have no fear because unaware of the nearness of the Americans.

barb: originally a horse from Barbary; a poetical term for a swift horse.

Santee: the principal river of South Carolina.

32. OLD ESTHER DUDLEY

By Nathaniel Hawthorne

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE was born in the old town of Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. He came of good old Puritan stock; his ancestors had lived in Salem for nearly two hundred years, and many of them had been sailors and sea captains. He was a shy, sensitive boy, fond of books and study, and the narrow means left by his father helped to keep him away from his neighbors. He began to write while at Bowdoin College where Longfellow, who was his classmate, greatly encouraged him; but he worked hard and

waited many years before the public recognized his worth as a writer. His novel "The Scarlet Letter" made his fame; this was published in 1850 and was followed by several other novels, the last of which was "The Marble Faun." He died May 19, 1864, at Plymouth, N.H., where he had gone for the benefit of his health. Hawthorne possessed wonderful powers of imagination and expressed his ideas in clear, simple language; for this reason much of his work is adapted to children as well as to older people. During the twelve years he spent in retirement at Salem he wrote many stories founded upon the legends and traditions of his native place and on fanciful bits of early history. These were published in magazines and newspapers and afterward gathered into a book under the title, "Twice Told Tales." One of these is "Old Esther Dudley" which relates an imaginary incident in the Revolutionary War.

PART ONE

THE hour had come—the hour of defeat and humiliation—when Sir William Howe was to pass over the threshold of the Province House, and embark on board the British fleet. He bade his servants and military attendants go before him, and lingered a moment in the loneliness of the mansion, to quell the fierce emotions that struggled in his bosom as with a death-throb. With an ominous perception that, as his departing footsteps echoed adown the staircase, the sway of Britain was passing forever from New England, he smote his clinched hand on his brow, and cursed the destiny that had flung the shame of a dismembered empire upon him.

"Would to God," cried he, "that the rebels were even now at the doorstep! A blood-stain upon

the floor should then bear testimony that the last British ruler was faithful to his trust."

The tremulous voice of a woman replied to his exclamation.

"Heaven's cause and the King's are one," it said. "Go forth, Sir William Howe, and trust in Heaven to bring back a Royal Governor in triumph."

Subduing at once the passion to which he had yielded only in the faith that it was unwitnessed, Sir William Howe became conscious that an aged woman, leaning on a gold-headed staff, was standing betwixt him and the door. It was old Esther Dudley, who had dwelt almost immemorial years in this mansion, until her presence seemed as inseparable from it as the recollections of its history. She was the daughter of an ancient and once eminent family, which had fallen into poverty and decay, and left its last descendant no resource save the bounty of the King, nor any shelter except within the walls of the Province House.

An office in the household, with merely nominal duties, had been assigned to her as a pretext for the payment of a small pension, the greater part of which she expended in adorning herself with an antique magnificence of attire. The only actual share which she assumed in the business

of the mansion was to glide through its passages and public chambers, late at night, to see that the servants had dropped no fire from their flaring torches, nor left embers crackling and blazing on the hearths. Perhaps it was this invariable custom of walking her rounds in the hush of midnight, that caused the superstition of the times to invest the old woman with attributes of awe and mystery; fabling that she had entered the Province House, none knew whence, in the train of the first royal governor, and that it was her fate to dwell there till the last should have departed. But Sir William Howe, if he ever heard this legend, had forgotten it.

"Miss Dudley, why are you loitering here?" asked he, with some severity of tone. "It is my pleasure to be the last in this mansion of the King."

"Not so, if it please your Excellency," answered the time-stricken woman. "This roof has sheltered me long. I will not pass from it until they bear me to the tomb of my forefathers. What other shelter is there for old Esther Dudley, save the Province House or the grave?"

"Now Heaven forgive me!" said Sir William Howe to himself. "I was about to leave this wretched old creature to starve or beg. Take this, good Mistress Dudley," he added, putting

a purse into her hands. "King George's head on these golden guineas is sterling yet, and will continue so, I warrant you, even should the rebels crown John Hancock their king. That purse will buy a better shelter than the Province House can now afford."

"While the burden of life remains upon me, I will have no other shelter than this roof," persisted Esther Dudley, striking her staff upon the floor, with a gesture that expressed immovable resolve. "And when your Excellency returns in triumph, I will totter into the porch to welcome you."

"My poor old friend!" answered the British General, and all his manly and martial pride could no longer restrain a gush of bitter tears. "This is an evil hour for you and me. The province which the King intrusted to my charge is lost. I go hence in misfortune—perchance in disgrace—to return no more. And you, who have seen governor after governor, in stately pageantry, ascend these steps—whose whole life has been an observance of majestic ceremonies, and a worship of the King—how will you endure the change? Come with us! Bid farewell to a land that has shaken off its allegiance, and live still under a royal government, at Halifax."

"Never, never!" said the pertinacious old

dame. "Here will I abide; and King George shall still have one true subject in his disloyal province."

"Beshrew the old fool!" muttered Sir William Howe. "She is the very moral of old-fashioned prejudice, and could exist nowhere but in this musty edifice. Well, then, Mistress Dudley, since you will tarry, I give the Province House in charge to you. Take this key, and keep it safe until myself, or some other royal governor, shall demand it of you."

Smiling bitterly at himself and her, he took the heavy key of the Province House, and delivering it into the old lady's hands, drew his cloak around him for departure. As the General glanced back at Esther Dudley's antique figure, he deemed her well fitted for such a charge, as being so perfect a representative of the decayed past. Then Sir William Howe strode forth, smiting his clinched hands together, in the fierce anguish of his spirit; and old Esther Dudley was left to keep watch in the lonely Province House.

The total change of affairs that ensued on the departure of the British troops did not drive the venerable lady from her stronghold. There was not, for many years afterward, a governor of Massachusetts; and the magistrates, who had

charge of such matters, saw no objection to Esther Dudley's residence in the Province House, especially as they must otherwise have paid a hireling for taking care of the premises, which with her was a labor of love.

And so they left her, the undisturbed mistress of the old historic edifice. Many and strange were the fables which the gossips whispered about her, in all the chimney-corners of the town. Among the time-worn articles of furniture that had been left in the mansion, there was a tall, antique mirror, which was well worthy of a tale by itself, and perhaps may hereafter be the theme of one. The gold of its heavily wrought frame was tarnished, and its surface so blurred, that the old woman's figure, whenever she paused before it, looked indistinct and ghost-like. But it was the general belief that Esther could cause the governors of the overthrown dynasty, with the beautiful ladies who had once adorned their festivals, the Indian chiefs who had come up to the Province House to hold council or to swear allegiance, the grim provincial warriors, the severe clergyman, — in short, all the pageantry of gone days — all the figures that ever swept across the broad plate of glass in former times, — she could cause the whole to reappear, and people the inner world of the mirror with shadows of old life. Such legends as

these, together with the singularity of her isolated existence, her age, and the infirmity that each added winter flung upon her, made Mistress Dudley the object both of fear and pity; and it was partly the result of either sentiment, that, amid all the angry license of the times, neither wrong nor insult ever fell upon her unprotected head.

Sir William Howe: a British general in the Revolutionary War; he left Boston with his troops in March, 1776, after defeat by Washington.

Province House: the residence of the royal governor at Boston.

ominous: prophetic, usually of evil.

fabling: telling as an ancient story.

the very moral: the very picture.

hireling: one who works for pay or hire.

dynasty: a race or succession of rulers of the same family.

pageantry: magnificent show or display.

isolated: placed by itself alone; solitary.

license: freedom from restraint.

PART TWO

So Esther Dudley dwelt, year after year, in the Province House, still reverencing all that others had flung aside, still faithful to her King, who, so long as the venerable dame yet held her post, might be said to retain one true subject in New England, and one spot of the empire that had been wrested from him.

Living so continually in her own circle of ideas, and never regulating her mind by a proper reference to present things, Esther Dudley appears to have grown partially crazed. It was found that she had no right sense of the progress and true state of the Revolutionary War, but held a constant faith that the armies of Britain were victorious on every field, and destined to be ultimately triumphant. Whenever the town rejoiced for a battle won by Washington, or Gates, or Morgan, or Greene, the news in passing through the door of the Province House, became metamorphosed into a strange tale of the prowess of Howe, Clinton, or Cornwallis. Sooner or later, it was her invincible belief, the colonies would be prostrate at the footstool of the King.

Sometimes she seemed to take for granted that such was already the case. On one occasion, she startled the townspeople by a brilliant illumination of the Province House, with candles at every pane of glass, and a transparency of the King's initials and a crown of light, in the great balcony window. The figure of the aged woman, in the most gorgeous of her mildewed velvets and brocades, was seen passing from casement to casement, until she paused before the balcony, and flourished a huge key above her head. Her wrinkled visage actually gleamed with

triumph, as if the soul within her were a festal lamp.

"What means this blaze of light? What does old Esther's joy portend?" whispered a spectator. "It is frightful to see her gliding about the chambers, and rejoicing there without a soul to bear her company."

"It is as if she were making merry in a tomb," said another.

"Pshaw! It is no such mystery," observed an old man, after some brief exercise of memory. "Mistress Dudley is keeping jubilee for the King of England's birthday."

Then the people laughed aloud, and would have thrown mud against the blazing transparency of the King's crown and initials, only that they pitied the poor old dame, who was so dismally triumphant amid the wreck and ruin of the system to which she appertained.

Oftentimes it was her custom to climb the weary staircase that wound upward to the cupola, and thence strain her dimmed eyesight seaward and countryward, watching for a British fleet, or for the march of a grand procession, with the King's banner floating over it. The passengers in the street below would discern her anxious visage, and send up a shout, "When the golden Indian on the Province House shall shoot his arrow, and when

the cock on the Old South spire shall crow, then look for a royal governor again!" — for this had grown a byword through the town.

At last, after long, long years, old Esther Dudley knew, or perchance she only dreamed, that a royal governor was on the eve of returning to the Province House, to receive the heavy key which Sir William Howe had committed to her charge. Now it was the fact, that intelligence bearing some faint analogy to Esther's version of it was current among the townspeople. She set the mansion in the best order that her means allowed, and arraying herself in silks and tarnished gold, stood long before the blurred mirror to admire her own magnificence. As she gazed, the gray and withered lady moved her ashen lips, murmuring half aloud, talking to shapes that she saw within the mirror, and bidding them rejoice with her, and come forth to meet the governor. And while absorbed in this communion, Mistress Dudley heard the tramp of many footsteps in the street, and looking out at the window, beheld what she construed as the royal governor's arrival.

"O happy day! O blessed, blessed hour!" she exclaimed. "Let me but bid him welcome within the portal, and my task in the Province House, and on earth, is done!"

Then with tottering feet she hurried down the

grand staircase; her silks sweeping and rustling as she went. And she fancied that, as soon as the wide door should be flung open, all the pomp and splendor of bygone times would pace majestically into the Province House, and the gilded tapestry of the past would be brightened by the sunshine of the present. She turned the key — withdrew it from the lock — unclosed the door — and stepped across the threshold. Advancing up the courtyard appeared a person of most dignified mien, with tokens, as Esther interpreted them, of gentle blood, high rank, and long-accustomed authority, even in his walk and every gesture. He was richly dressed, but wore a gouty shoe, which, however, did not lessen the stateliness of his gait. Around and behind him were people in plain civic dresses, and two or three war-worn veterans, evidently officers of rank, arrayed in a uniform of blue and buff. But Esther Dudley, firm in the belief that had fastened its roots about her heart, beheld only the principal personage, and never doubted that this was the long-looked-for governor, to whom she was to surrender up her charge. As he approached, she sank down on her knees, and tremblingly held forth the heavy key.

“Receive my trust! take it quickly!” cried she; “for methinks Death is striving to snatch away my triumph. But he comes too late.

Thank Heaven for this blessed hour! God save King George!"

"That, madam, is a strange prayer to be offered up at such a moment," replied the unknown guest of the Province House, and courteously removing his hat, he offered his arm to raise the aged woman. "Yet, in reverence for your gray hairs and long-kept faith, Heaven forbid that any here should say you nay. Over the realms which still acknowledge his scepter, God save King George!"

Esther Dudley started to her feet, and hastily clutching back the key, gazed with fearful earnestness at the stranger; and dimly and doubtfully, as if suddenly awakened from a dream, her bewildered eyes half recognized his face. Years ago, she had known him among the gentry of the province. But the ban of the King had fallen upon him! How, then, came the doomed victim here? Proscribed, excluded from mercy, the monarch's most dreaded and hated foe, this New England merchant had stood triumphantly against a kingdom's strength; and his foot now trod upon humbled royalty, as he ascended the steps of the Province House, the people's chosen governor of Massachusetts.

"Wretch, wretch that I am!" muttered the old woman, with such a heart-broken expression that the tears gushed from the stranger's eyes. "Have

I bidden a traitor welcome? Come, Death! come quickly!"

"Alas, venerable lady!" said Governor Hancock, lending her his support with all the reverence that a courtier would have shown to a queen. "Your life has been prolonged until the world has changed around you. You have treasured up all that time has rendered worthless—the principles, feelings, manners, modes of being and acting, which another generation has flung aside—and you are a symbol of the past. And I, and these around me—we represent a new race of men—living no longer in the past, scarcely in the present—but projecting our lives forward into the future. Ceasing to model ourselves on ancestral superstitions, it is our faith and principle to press onward, onward! Yet," continued he, turning to his attendants, "let us reverence, for the last time, the stately and gorgeous prejudices of the tottering Past!"

While the republican governor spoke, he had continued to support the helpless form of Esther Dudley; her weight grew heavier against his arm; but at last, with a sudden effort to free herself, the ancient woman sank down beside one of the pillars of the portal. The key of the Province House fell from her grasp, and clanked against the stone.

"I have been faithful unto death," murmured she. "God save the King!"

"She hath done her office!" said Hancock, solemnly. "We will follow her reverently to the tomb of her ancestors; and then, my fellow-citizens, onward — onward! We are no longer children of the Past!"

metamorphosed: changed.

invincible: that cannot be conquered.

cupola: a kind of dome surmounting a building.

Old South: a famous church in Boston, built in 1729, which was the scene of the most stirring meetings of Revolutionary times; now used as an historical museum.

analogy: likeness.

mien: manner.

gouty shoe: a shoe worn by a person suffering with gout.

symbol: type.

John Hancock: American statesman and patriot; first governor of Massachusetts after the Declaration of Independence.

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not
breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most
lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Life's but a means unto an end, that end

Beginning, mean, and end to all things, — God.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

33. JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

By Bret Harte

FEW writers have had so adventurous a life as Francis Bret Harte. He was born in Albany, N.Y., Aug. 25, 1839, and went to California at the age of seventeen. There he was successively a school-teacher, a miner, a printer, a mounted messenger to mountain towns for an express company, an editor, and secretary of the United States Mint at San Francisco. Afterward a professorship in the University of California was offered him, but he declined the honor, preferring to devote himself to writing. From 1878 to 1885 Mr. Harte was United States consul to Creffield and then to



BRET HARTE

Glasgow, and of late years has lived much abroad. His writings comprise novels, stories, sketches, and poems, chiefly based on Californian mining life as it was some thirty-five years ago. His characters are faithful pictures of the inhabitants of mining camps, many of them absolute scamps, brutal men and rough women, who still show a rude sense of honor and fidelity in their relations to one another, and who have not forgotten all kindness and generosity. As a writer he is full of humor, his books are very popular, and his claim to fame rests upon his keen insight into human nature. The poem here given relates an imagined incident of the Civil War.

HAVE you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns.

He was the fellow who won renown, —
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town ;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
This was in July, Sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.
I might tell how but the day before
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet ;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell like a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail red as blood !
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine, —
Quite old-fashioned and matter of fact,

Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
• Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double bass, —
Difficult music for men to face ;
While on the left — where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all that day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the Rebels kept —
Round shot plowed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades ;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air ;
The very trees were stripped and bare ;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain ;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed ?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,

Yellow as saffron, — but his best ;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons, — size of a dollar, —
With tails that the country-folk called “swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the “quiltings” long ago.

Close at his elbows all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away ;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin, —
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in, —
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore ;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy *repertoire* :
“How are you, White Hat ?” “Put her through !”
“Your head’s level !” and “Bully for you !”
Called him “Daddy,” — and begged he’d disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those ;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off, —

With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked ;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown ;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there ;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest :
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge, and ran.
At which John Burns — a practical man —
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns ;
'This is the moral the reader learns :
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

The Battle of Gettysburg was begun July 1, 1863, and continued for three days, resulting in the defeat of the Confederate army under General Robert E. Lee.

Meade: General Meade was commander of the Union forces.

pits: excavations for sharpshooters.

Peninsula: the part of Virginia lying between the James and the Rappahannock. It had been the great battle-ground of the first part of the war.

Home Guard: military organizations usually composed of those either too young or too old for regular service.

Navarre: Henry IV of France, who wore a white plume in his helmet at the battle of Ivry.

oriflamme: the ancient royal standard of France; a guide or standard.

lore: learning.

slangy repertoire: stock of slang expressions.

Past of the Nation: a soldier of Revolutionary times.

show a white feather: show cowardice.

34. THE OTHER SIDE OF WAR

WHEN we think of war we first think of the soldier. We imagine him marching away from home, serving his country, coming back to those for whom he has been fighting. This is the brilliant side of war, the romantic side, the side of the drums and trumpets, the swords and guns, the battle and camp. This is the side that thrills the imagination: it has its horrors, undoubtedly, — hardship, danger, disease, wounds, ruin, death, — but in the main this is the side of glory. It has its sad consequences: the soldier must fight, and those that stay at home must suffer. The wounds given in battle pierce more hearts at home than on the field: the death in the face of the enemy or in hospital brings distress at home not to one only, but often to many. All this is the necessary consequence of the life of the soldier which thrills our hearts, and

we know it must be so, and we honor not only the soldier but the soldier's widow and children. But there is another side to war. There are those who work for their country in the field without glory and without the spur of drum or flag; there are those who work at home too, often without even the sympathy which goes out to those whose dear ones have fallen at the front. There must always be those who will nurse the wounded and always those who will do common work at home to pay for the things that the wounded need. In our Civil War there was a great association for the care of the wounded, called the United States Sanitary Commission, which throughout the struggle enabled thousands of earnest workers to do a work as necessary and honorable as that of the soldier. The extracts following, come from the "Bulletin," published by the Commissioner during the war. They are plain, everyday experiences, but they show all the better for that how hard men and women worked for the wounded at the front, and how those at home sustained and supported them. The writers are unknown to us: the first selection is unsigned, but was perhaps written by Mrs. Mary Livermore; the second is signed J. B. B. The very fact, however, that we have in these stories but two out of thousands gives them a great interest and real character.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

In nothing is this more strikingly exemplified than in the cause of hospital relief. While indolence, selfishness, and disloyalty intrench themselves behind frivolous excuses, to shield themselves from doing their duty toward our sick and wounded soldiers, the generous, active, and patriotic are fertile in inventions to obtain means for their relief, and glory in the labors and sacrifices that carry plenty and comfort to the hospitals.

Some two or three months ago, a poor girl, a

seamstress, came to the rooms of the Sanitary Commission. "I do not feel right," she said, "that I am doing nothing for our poor soldiers in the hospitals, and have resolved to do *something* immediately. Which do you prefer—that I should give money or buy material and manufacture it into garments?"

"You must be guided by your circumstances," was the answer made her; "we need both money and supplies, and you must do that which is most convenient to you."

"I prefer to give you money, if it will do as much good."

"Very well; then give money, which we need badly, and without which we cannot do what is most necessary for our brave sick men."

"Then I will give you the entire earnings of the next two weeks. I'd give more, but I have to help support my mother, who is an invalid. Generally, I make but one vest a day, but I will work earlier and later these next two weeks."

In two weeks she came again, the poor sewing girl, her face radiant with the consciousness of philanthropic intent. Opening her porte-monnaie, she counted out—how much do you think, readers of "The New Covenant"?—nineteen dollars and thirty-seven cents! Every penny was earned by the slow needle, and she had stitched away into

the hours of midnight on every one of the working days of the week. We call that an instance of patriotism married to generosity.

A little girl not nine years old, with sweet and timid face, came into the rooms of the Commission, and laying down a five-dollar gold piece on our desk, half-frightened, told us its history. "My uncle gave me that before the war, and I was going to keep it always; but he's got killed in the army, and mother says now that I may give it to the soldiers, if I want to — and I'd like to do so. I don't suppose it will buy much for them, will it?"

We led the child to the storeroom, and proceeded to show her how valuable her gift was, by pointing out what it would buy, — so many cans of condensed milk, or so many bottles of ale or pounds of tea, or codfish, etc. Her face brightened with pleasure. But when we explained to her that her five-dollar gold piece was equal to seven dollars and a half in greenbacks, and told her how much comfort we had been enabled to carry into a hospital with as small an amount of stores as that sum would purchase, she fairly danced for joy. "Oh, it will do lots of good, won't it?" And folding her hands earnestly before her, she begged in her charmingly modest way, "Please tell me something that you've seen in the hospitals." A narra-

tion of a few touching events, not such as would too severely shock the little creature, but which plainly showed the necessity of continued benevolence to the hospitals, filled her sweet eyes with tears, and drew from her the resolution "to save all her money and to get all the girls to do so, to buy things for the wounded soldiers." And away she flew, revelling in the luxury of doing good, and happy in the formation of a good resolution.

"**The New Covenant**": the paper in which this sketch was originally published.

equal to seven dollars and a half: Gold was at a premium during the war; that is, people were not quite sure that the greenbacks would ever be redeemed, and so preferred gold.

HOSPITAL WORK IN THE FIELD

[The following is from the daily notes of an agent of the Sanitary Commission.]

June 4, 1864. — Rained all night; raining still: eight thousand wounded said to be on the way in those dreadful army wagons. Oh, it is terrible to think of their sufferings when being brought to the base of supplies. Several of our agents were already at the front helping the wounded and dying on the field, and it was thought, if a stronger force was sent there, many a valuable life might be saved by the application of a little good nursing and feeding before the horrid journey was com-

menced, but how to spare the men was the question. Over one hundred agents were at work, but two hundred could not have performed the work of feeding and dressing those who greatly needed attention. It happened at almost every ambulance, that some poor wounded one would ask, "When is the doctor coming? Can you not dress my wound?" In their eagerness to have their wounds dressed they would, to excite the agents' sympathy, uncover the gaping lacerations and reveal their horrible injuries. At such times every person who approached them was addressed as "Doctor." With such piteous urgent appeals, and such necessities staring them in the face, it could not be otherwise than that the Relief Corps should return to their resting-places, always at or near the midnight hour. In the tent the feeding was continuous from six in the morning until midnight. I have said that the issue of supplies on the third of June exceeded anything ever known in the history of the Commission, which was true; yet the daily issues of the fourth and fifth far exceeded those of the third. The chief storekeeper estimated the value of the issues on those days as closely approximating one hundred thousand dollars. June 5, the cry still came for more help, more supplies, more nurses; everybody strained their nerves to accomplish more. Our boats were being filled with

special cases of wounded ones, among whom was Colonel Winslow, a son of the lamented Dr. Winslow, so long and so favorably known in connection with the United States Sanitary Commission. He was brought from the front to the boat by his father, whose tenderness for his child equaled that of a mother. It was the afternoon of that day before I even suspected it was the Sabbath day. I could, in part, realize what Sunday must be in the army, especially where men had hard duties to perform. In the absence of a majority of the corps, a few of the resting ones joined with me in a meeting of prayer and praise. I have omitted to state, that during our stay at this point, the roar of cannon and crash of small arms were almost incessant, and they acted upon our agents as a spur to a willing but jaded animal.

base of supplies : When an army is in the field, some safe place in the rear is chosen where all the supplies are kept, except such as the army can carry with it.

our agents : i.e. agents of the Sanitary Commission.

at the front : with the army, as opposed to the base of supplies, in this case.

I have said : It would seem that what follows must have been written later than the beginning of the extract.

One hundred thousand dollars : It took many contributions like those described in the previous extract, and many larger ones, to make up such a sum.

boats : in which the wounded were sent to permanent hospitals.

35. THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By Francis Miles Finch

FRANCIS MILES FINCH was born at Ithaca, N.Y., June 9, 1827. He is not a literary man by profession; he is a lawyer and is a judge of the Supreme Court of the state of New York. He has written several lyrics, but he is best known by the poem which follows. It was suggested by the act of the women of Columbus, Miss., who strewed flowers on the graves of Confederate and Union soldiers alike.



FRANCIS MILES FINCH

BY the flow of the
inland river,
Whence the fleets of,
iron have fled,

Where the blades of the grave grass quiver
Asleep are the ranks of the dead :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,

All with the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Brodered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain :

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of years that are fading,
No braver battle was won :
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead !
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

fleets of iron : Farragut's iron-clads, which attacked Vicksburg on the Mississippi in 1862.

laurel, willow : emblems respectively of victory and mourning.

blue and gray : the colors of the uniforms worn respectively by the Union and Confederate soldiers.

36. THE PUPPY: A PORTRAIT

By Louise Imogen Guiney



LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY, only child of General P. R. and Janet M. (Doyle) Guiney, was born in Boston, Mass., Jan. 7, 1861, and received her early training in Boston private and public schools, graduating at Elmhurst Convent, Providence, R.I., and afterwards studying at home under tutors. She spent some years in Europe. Most of her life has been passed in and about her native city. While her verse is praised, she is at her best in essay-writing. Her essays show careful study and wide and curious learning; her style is good and her English excellent. She is a lover of out-

door exercise, and St. Bernard dogs have been her constant companions. How well she knows dogs and their ways, and particularly puppy ways, the following selection leaves no doubt.

HE is the twenty-sixth in direct descent, and his coat is like amber damask, and his blue eyes are the most winning that you ever saw. They seem to proclaim him as much too good for the vulgar world, and worthy of such zeal and devotion as you, only you, could give to his helpless infancy. And, with a blessing upon the Abbot of Clairvaux, who is popularly supposed to have invented his

species, you carry him home from the Bench show, and in the morning, when you are told that he has eaten a yard and a quarter of the new stair-carpet, you look into those dreamy eyes again: no reproach shall reach him, you swear, because you stand forevermore between. And he grows great in girth, and in character the very chronicle and log-book of his noble ancestry; he may be erratic, but he puts charm and distinction into everything he does. Your devotedness to his welfare keeps him healthful and honest, and absurdly partial to the squeak of your boots, or to the imperceptible aroma which, as it would seem, you dispense, a mile away. The thing which pleases you most is his ingenuous childishness. It is a fresh little soul in the rogue's body: —

“Him Nature giveth for defense
His formidable innocence.”

You see him touch pitch every day, associating with the sewer-building Italians, with their strange oaths; with affected and cynical “sales-ladies” in shops (she of the grape-stall being, clearly, his too-seldom-relenting goddess); and with the bony Thomas-cat down street, who is an acknowledged anarchist, and whose infrequent suppers have made him sour-complexioned towards society, and “thereby disallowed him,” as dear Walton would

say, "to be a competent judge." But Pup loses nothing of his sweet congenital absent-mindedness; your bringing-up sits firmly upon him and keeps him young. He expands into a giant, and such as meet him on a lonely road have religion until he has passed. Seven, nine, ten months go over his white-hooded head; and behold, he is nigh a year old, and still Uranian. He begins to accumulate facts, for his observation of late has not been unscientific; but he cannot generalize, and on every first occasion he puts his foot in it. A music-box transfixes him; the English language, proceeding from a parrot in a cage, shakes his reason for days; a rocking-horse on a piazza draws from him the only bad word he knows. He sees no obligation to respect persons with mumps, or with very red beards, or with tools and dinner-pails; in the last instance, he acts advisedly against honest labor, as he perceives that most overalls have kicks in them. Following Plato, he would reserve his haughty demeanor for slaves and servants. Moreover, before the undemonstrated he comes hourly to a pause. If a wheelbarrow, unknown hitherto among vehicles, approach him from his suburban hill, he is aware of the supernatural; but he will not flinch, as he was wont to do once: rather will he stand four-square, with eyebrows and crinkled ears vocal with wonder and horror. Then the

man back of the moving bulk speaks over his truck to you, in the clear April evening: "Begorra, 'tis his furrest barry!" and you love the man for his accurate affectionate sense of the situation.

When Pup is too open-mouthed and curious, when he dilates, in fact, with "the wrong emotion," it reflects upon you, and reveals the flaws in your educational system. He blurts out dire things before fine ladies. If he hears one of them declaiming, with Delsarte gestures, in a drawing-room, he appears in the doorway, undergoing symptoms of acutest distress, and singing her down, professedly for her own sake; and afterward he pities her so, and is so chivalrously drawn toward her in her apparent aberration, that he lies for hours on the flounce of her gown, eyeing you, and calumniating you somewhat by his vicarious groans and sighs. But ever after, Pup admits the recitation of tragic recitations as one human folly more.

He is so big and so unsophisticated, that you daily feel the incongruity, and wish, in a vague sort of way, that there was a street boarding-school in your town, where he could rough it away from an adoring family, and learn to be responsible and self-opinionated, like other dogs. He has a maternal uncle, on the estate across the field: a double-chinned tawny ogre, good-natured as a baby,

and utterly rash and improvident, whose society you cannot covet for your tender charge. One fine day, Pup is low with distemper, and evidence is forthcoming that he has visited, under his uncle's guidance, the much-deceased lobster thrown into hotel tubs. After weeks of anxious nursing, rubbings in oil, and steamings with vinegar (during which time he coughs and wheezes in a heart-breaking imitation of advanced consumption), he is left alone a moment on his warm rug, with the thermometer in his special apartment steady at seventy-eight degrees, and plunges out into the winter blast. Hours later, he returns; and the vision of his vagabond uncle, slinking around the house, announces to you in what companionship he has been. Plastered to the skull in mud and icicles, wet to the bone, jaded, guilty, and doomed now, of course, to die, Pup retires behind the kitchen table. The next morning he is well. The moral, to him at least, is that our uncle is an astute and unappreciated person, and a genuine man of the world.

Yet our uncle, with all his laxity, has an honorable heart, and practices the *maxima reverentia puero*. It is not from him that Pup shall learn his modest share of iniquity. Meanwhile, illumination is nearing him in the shape of a little old white bull-terrier of uncertain parentage, with one ear,

and a scar on his neck, and depravity in the very lift of his stumped tail. This active imp, recently come to live in the neighborhood, fills you with forebodings. You know that Pup must grow up some time, must take his chances, must fight and be fooled, must err and repent, must exhaust the dangerous knowledge of the great university for which his age at last befits him. The ordeal will harm neither him nor you; and yet you cannot help an anxious look at him, full four feet tall from crown to toe, and with a leg like an obelisk, preserving unseasonably his ambiguous early air of exaggerated goodness. One day he follows you to the station, and meets the small Mephisto on the homeward path. They dig a bone together, and converse behind trees; and when you call Pup, he snorts his initial defiance, and dances away in the tempter's wake. Finally, your whistle compels him, and he comes soberly forward. By this time the ringleader terrier is departing, with a diabolical wink. You remember that, a moment before, he stood on a mound, whispering in your innocent's beautiful dangling ear, and you glance sharply at Pup. Yes, it has happened! He will never seem quite the same again, with

— "the contagion of the world's slow stain"

beginning in his candid eyes. He is a dog now. He knows.

Abbot of Clairvaux: St. Bernard, abbot of the monastery of Clairvaux, France, in the twelfth century. His fame for wisdom was very great, and he was consulted on all church matters.

Bench show: an exhibition of fine dogs where prizes are awarded.

erratic: having no fixed manner or course.

ingenuous: frank, free from deceit.

anarchist: one who is opposed to peaceful government and attempts to introduce disorder into a country.

sales-ladies: a satirical term for women clerks.

Walton: Izaak Walton, an English writer of the sixteenth century.

congenital: that which is born in a person.

Uranian: pure, innocent.

Plato: a famous Greek philosopher, born 427 B.C.

supernatural: above the ordinary laws of nature.

Delsarte: refers to the manner of reciting prose or poetry as taught by Delsarte, a French teacher of oratory.

vicarious: acting for another.

distemper: a disease to which dogs are subject.

maxima reverentia puero: a Latin expression which means substantially that a good example must be set the young by their elders.

Mephisto: a sneering, jeering tempter.

ANIMALS are such agreeable friends—they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms.

GEORGE ELIOT.

37. THE VAGABONDS

By John Townsend Trowbridge

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE was born in the state of New York, Sept. 18, 1827, but as he went to Boston when a very young man and connected himself with the press of that city, he is usually considered one of the present New England writers. He has written both stories and poems; his novels have been very popular, and his poems have won many readers. He chooses his subjects from the familiar events and characters of everyday life, so that he is readily understood. In his poems he shows a knowledge of the homely affections of the human heart, of the common longings,



JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

doubts, and fears, and without seeming in the least to act as instructor or guide he teaches many a good lesson. In his best-known poem, "The Vagabonds," he shows how a man can be his own worst enemy and bring himself so low that he wonders how he has kept the respect, as well as the love, of his dog.

WE are two travelers, Roger and I,
Roger's my dog. — Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman, — mind your eye!

Over the table, — look out for the lamp! —
The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through wind and
weather,

And slept out doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank — and starved — together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you !
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !
The paw he holds up there has been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for the strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings !

No, thank ye, Sir, — I never drink ;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral, —
Aren't we, Roger ? — See him wink ! —
Well, something hot, then, — we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too, — see him nod his head ?
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk ! —
He understands every word that's said,
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, Sir !) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable thankless master!
No sir! — see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!

We'll have some music, if you are willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir,)
Shall march a little. — Start, you villain!
Paws up! Eyes front! Salute your officer!
'Bout face! Attention! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps, that's five! he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!
Quick, Sir, I'm ill, — my brain is going! —
Some brandy, — thank you; there, — it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,

Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform ;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love, — but I took to drink ; —
The same old story ; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features, —
You needn't laugh, Sir, they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures ;
I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen *her*, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast !
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have
guessed
That ever I, Sir, should be straying
From door to door with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since, — a parson's wife ;
'Twas better for her that we should part ;

Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On the dusty road; a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, Sir; I'm sorry,
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before — Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were —
A virtuous kennel and plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming, —
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street. —

Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?

But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ; —
The sooner the better for Roger and me.

38. THE MORENO SHEEP SHEARING

By Helen Hunt Jackson

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AT the sheep-shearing sheds and pens all was stir and bustle. The shearing shed was a huge caricature of a summer-house, — a long, narrow structure, sixty feet long by twenty or thirty wide, all roof and pillars ; no walls ; the supports, slender, rough posts, as far apart as was safe, for the upholding the roof which was of rough planks loosely laid from beam to beam. On the three sides of this were the sheep pens filled with sheep and lambs.

A few rods away stood the booths in which the shearers' food was to be cooked and the shearers fed. These were mere temporary affairs, roofed only by willow boughs with the leaves left on. Near these, the Indians had already arranged their camp ; a hut or two of green boughs had been built, but for the most part they would sleep rolled up in their blankets, on the ground. There was a brisk wind, and the gay-colored wings of the wind-

mill blew furiously round and round, pumping out into the tank below a stream of water so swift and strong, that as the men crowded around wetting and sharpening their knives, they got well spattered, and had much merriment, pushing and elbowing each other into the spray.

A high four-posted frame stood close to the shed; in this, swung from the four corners, hung one of the great sacking bags in which the fleeces were to be packed. A big pile of these bags lay on the ground at the foot of the posts. Juan Can eyed them with a chuckle. "We'll fill more than those before night, Señor Felipe," he said. He was in his element, Juan Can, at shearing times. Then came his reward for the somewhat monotonous and stupid year's work. The world held no better feast for his eyes than the sight of a long row of big bales of fleece, tied, stamped with the Moreno brand, ready to be drawn away to the mills. "Now, there is something substantial," he thought; "no chance of wool going amiss in the market."

If a year's crop were good, Juan's happiness was assured for the next six months. If it proved poor, he turned devout immediately, and spent the next six months calling on the saints for better luck, and redoubling his exertions with the sheep.

On one of the posts of the shed short projecting

slats were nailed, like half rounds of a ladder. Lightly as a rope walker Felipe ran up these, to the roof, and took his stand there, ready to take the fleeces and pack them in a bag as fast as they should be tossed up from below. Luigo, with a big leathern wallet fastened in front of him filled with five-cent pieces, took his stand in the center of the shed. The thirty shearers, running into the nearest pen, dragged each his sheep into the shed, in the twinkling of an eye had the creature between his knees, helpless and immovable, and the sharp sound of the shears set in. The sheep shearing had begun. No rest now. Not a second's silence from the bleating, baa-ing, opening and shutting, clicking, sharpening of shears, flying of fleeces through the air to the roof, pressing and stamping them down into the bales; not a second's intermission, except the hour of rest at noon, from sunrise till sunset, till the whole eight thousand of Señora Moreno's sheep were shorn. It was a dramatic spectacle. As soon as a sheep was shorn, the shearer ran with the fleece in his hand to Luigo, threw it down on a table, received his five-cent piece, dropped it into his pocket, ran to the pen, dragged out another sheep, and in less than five minutes was back again with a second fleece. The shorn sheep released, bounded off into another pen, where, light in the head, no doubt from being

three to five pounds lighter in the legs, they trotted around bewildered for a moment, then flung up their heels and capered for joy.

Juan: the Spanish for John.

Felipe: Spanish form of Philip.

Luigo: Louis or Lewis.

39. LABOR

By Frances Sargent Osgood

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD (June 18, 1811-May 12, 1850), an American poet of the early part of the century, began writing when quite young. She contributed to a number of English and American periodicals, and after her marriage to S. S. Osgood, the artist, she published a volume entitled "A Wreath of Flowers from New England." Her poems have considerable merit; one of the strongest and best is that given in the following selection, in which she tells the worth and dignity of labor and the blessing it brings to the worker.



FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us;
 Pause not to weep the wild cares that come
 o'er us;
 Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven !

Never the ocean wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

“ Labor is worship ! ” the robin is singing ;
“ Labor is worship ! ” the wild bee is ringing ;
Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature’s great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower ;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower :
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his
part.

Labor is life ! ’Tis the still water faileth ;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth ;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory ! the flying cloud lightens ;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in
tune.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world sirens that lure us to ill.

Work — and pure slumbers shall wait on thy
pillow ;

Work — thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping
willow ;

Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Labor is health ! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current leaping !
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride, sweep-
ing,

True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.

Labor is wealth ! In the sea the pearl groweth ;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth ;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth ;

Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are
round thee ;

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound
thee ;

Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee ;

Rest not content in thy darkness — a clod.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly ;

Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;

Labor ! all labor is noble and holy ;

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

40. CRANFORD FOLK

Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell



ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL

ELIZABETH C. GASKELL, an English novelist, was born at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, Sept. 29, 1810. Her early life was spent at the small town of Knutsford, which place and people she has reproduced in her novel "Cranford." After her marriage to William Gaskell, a Unitarian clergyman, she took up her residence in Manchester, where she became much interested in the condition of the mill workers, and during the cotton famine rendered valuable service in relieving the distress of the poor. Her first novel, "Mary Barton," was published anonymously in 1848; this was fol-

lowed by other stories, which were received with popular favor. "Cranford" is perhaps her most successful novel; the story is simple but interesting, the characters are faithful to life, and a tone of humor characterizes the whole work. Mrs. Gaskell died Nov. 12, 1865, shortly after the publication of her last novel, "Wives and Daughters."

IN the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses, above a certain rent, are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man at Cranford evening parties, or

he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighboring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon.

For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maid-servants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress, — the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient.

“A man,” as one of them observed to me once, “is *so* in the way in the house!” Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are extremely indifferent to each other's

opinions. Indeed, as each one has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but somehow, good will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirted out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the head; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here in Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?" The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyler, of cleanly memory; but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford, — and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London?

Then there were rules and regulations for visitings and calls; and they were announced to any

young people who might be staying in town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tinewald Mount.

“Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear” (fifteen miles in a gentleman’s carriage); “they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve — from twelve to three are our calling-hours.”

Then, after they had called: —

“It is the third day; I dare say your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour.”

“But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?”

“You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation.”

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans,

and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We, none of us, spoke of money, because that subject savored of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some of them tried to conceal their poverty.

When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies, as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs, if she had not been assisted, in private, by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea bread and sponge cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not

amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern-bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread-and-butter and sponge biscuits were all that the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practice such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the language of Cranford! There economy was always "elegant," and money spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"; a sort of sour grape-ism which made us very peaceful and satisfied.

the Amazons were a fabled nation of warlike women. The Greeks seem to have been the first to conceive the idea, but it has cropped up here and there since their day.

gigot: a sleeve supposed to resemble in shape a leg of mutton.

the Isle of Man is a small island in the Irish Sea that has a good deal of independence and many curious local customs.

Tinewald Mount is in the Isle of Man on the way from Castletown to Peel.

Spartans: a Greek people with a contempt for pain which has become proverbial.

pattens: shoes with thick wooden soles.

esprit de corps: the fellow-feeling of those belonging to the same society.

41. IN AUGUST

By William Dean Howells



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (born at Martinsville, Ohio, March 1, 1837) is preëminently a novelist. He is, however, a master of many forms of literature, and his poems, his essays, his memoirs, his comedies, are always noteworthy. He began life as a printer and a journalist, but always had his mind upon literature. He published a volume of verse with a friend in 1860 and became known by poems sent to "The Atlantic Monthly." He passed four years in Venice as consul for this country and then returned to America and began more definitely the literary career

that is happily not yet closed. In his earlier days he was somewhat romantic, at least in his poetry. Afterwards he became the chief American realistic novelist. It is not, however, as a novelist merely that Mr. Howells is to be thought of. He is, and, since the death of Lowell, has been, the most distinguished representative of American letters, representative not only in the breadth of his range, but in the character of his thought.

ALL the long August afternoon,
The little drowsy stream
Whispers a melancholy tune,
As if it dreamed of June
And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook
Dust on their down and bloom,
And out of many a weed-grown nook
The aster-flowers look
With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet
With smell of ripening fruit.
Through the sere grass, in shy retreat,
Flutter at coming feet,
The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves,
The harsh leaves overhead ;
Only the querulous cricket grieves
And shrilling locust weaves
A song of summer dead.

aisles : The word originally meant the walks in a church, but it is often used figuratively.

querulous : complaining.

shrilling : uttering an acute, prolonged sound.

42. KING ARTHUR AND HIS SWORD

By Sir Thomas Malory

THE stories of King Arthur are the national legend of Britain. Poets and story-tellers of all ages have found in them material for romance and epic, and they exist in prose and poetry in many different forms. They are so ancient that their origin is not well known; but probably they had some historic foundation, and although the romancers of centuries added many details, and even although some of the main facts were in time forgotten, yet we may believe that Arthur was a real British chief, and actually strove against the Romans. But as we think of him in literature, he is something more than the historical figure; he has the form given him by the French and English singers of the Middle Ages. The best-known storehouse of stories of King Arthur is a collection called "Mort d'Arthur," made in the fifteenth century, by Sir Thomas Malory. He collected the stories well known in his time, and made a book which has become very famous. The present version is somewhat modernized, for Malory wrote so long ago that some of the words he employed are no longer in use, and would hardly be understood to-day.

Our extracts come, one at the beginning of Arthur's career and one at the end. They tell how he gained his famous sword Excalibur and how he gave it up. In the old romances, the swords of the heroes were quite as famous as their war-horses, and, like them, had their names. Arthur's famous sword was given him by the Lady of the Lake upon one of his earlier adventures. Therefore, when he had won his last battle — against his nephew Modred who had rebelled against him — he returned it to the lake.

KING ARTHUR GETS A SWORD

ONE day King Arthur rode forth, and on a sudden he was ware of three churls chasing Merlin to have slain him. And the king rode unto them and bade them, "Flee, churls!" Then were they

afraid when they saw a knight, and fled. "O Merlin," said Arthur, "here hadst thou been slain, for all thy crafts, had I not been by." "Nay," said Merlin, "not so, for I could save myself if I would; but thou art more near thy death than I am." So, as they went thus talking, King Arthur perceived where sat a knight on horseback, as if to guard the pass. "Sir knight," said Arthur, "for what cause abidest thou here?" Then the knight said, "There may no knight ride this way unless he joust with me, for such is the custom of the pass." "I will amend that custom," said the king. Then they ran together, and they met so hard that their spears were shivered. Then they drew their swords and fought a strong battle, with many great strokes. But at length the sword of the knight smote King Arthur's sword in two pieces. Then said the knight unto Arthur, "Thou art in my power, whether to save thee or slay thee, and unless thou yield thee as overcome and recreant thou shalt die." "As for death," said King Arthur, "welcome be it when it cometh; but to yield me unto thee as recreant I will not." Then he leapt upon the knight, and took him by the middle and threw him down; but the knight was a passing strong man, and anon he brought Arthur under him, and would have razed off his helm to slay him. Then said Merlin, "Knight, hold thy

hand, for this knight is a man of more worship than thou art aware of." "Why, who is he?" said the knight. "It is King Arthur." Then would he have slain him for dread of his wrath, and lifted up his sword to slay him; and therewith Merlin cast an enchantment on the knight, so that he fell to the earth in a great sleep. Then Merlin took up King Arthur and set him on his horse. "Alas!" said Arthur, "what hast thou done, Merlin? hast thou slain this good knight by thy crafts?" "Care ye not," said Merlin; "he is wholer than ye be. He is only asleep, and will wake in three hours."

Right so the king and he departed, and went unto an hermit that was a good man and a great leech. So the hermit searched all his wounds and gave him good salves; so the king was there three days, and then were his wounds well amended that he might ride and go, and so departed. And as they rode Arthur said, "I have no sword." "No force," said Merlin; "hereby is a sword that shall be yours." So they rode till they came to a lake, the which was a fair water and broad, and in the midst of the lake Arthur was ware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in that hand. "So," said Merlin, "yonder is that sword that I spake of." With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake. "What damsel is

that?" said Arthur. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin; "and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a place as any on earth, and richly beseen, and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak ye fair to her and she will give thee that sword." Anon withal came the damsel unto Arthur and saluted him, and he her again. "Damsel," said Arthur, "what sword is that that yonder the arm holdeth above the waves? I would it were mine, for I have no sword." "Sir Arthur king," said the damsel, "that sword is mine, and if ye will give me a gift when I ask it you ye shall have it." "By my faith," said Arthur, "I will give ye what gift ye shall ask." "Well," said the damsel, "go you into yonder barge and row yourself to the sword, and take it and the scabbard with you, and I will ask my gift when I see my time." So Arthur and Merlin alighted, and tied their horses to two trees, and so they went into the ship, and when they came to the sword that the hand held, Arthur took it by the handles, and took it with him. And the arm and the hand went under the water.

Then they returned unto the land and rode forth. And Sir Arthur looked on the sword and liked it right well.

So they rode unto Caerleon, whereof his knights were passing glad. And when they heard of his

adventures they marveled that he would jeopard his person so alone. But all men of worship said it was a fine thing to be under such a chieftain as would put his person in adventure as other poor knights did.

KING ARTHUR GIVES UP THE SWORD

And ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle, and did full nobly, as a worthy king should, and Sir Modred that day did his devoir, and put himself in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, till the most of all the noble knights lay dead upon the ground. Then the king looked about him, and saw of all his host were left alive but two knights, Sir Lucan the butler, and Sir Bedivere his brother, and they were full sore wounded.

Then King Arthur saw where Sir Modred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. "Now give me my spear," said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I espy the traitor that hath wrought all this woe." "Sir, let him be," said Sir Lucan; "for if ye pass this unhappy day ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Remember what the sprite of Sir Gawain told you, and leave off now, for ye have won the field; and if ye leave off now this evil day of destiny is past." "Betide

me life, betide me death," said King Arthur, "he shall not now escape my hands." Then the king took his spear in both hands, and ran toward Sir Modred, crying, "Traitor, now is thy death-day come." And there King Arthur smote Sir Modred under the shield, with a thrust of his spear through the body. And when Sir Modred felt that he had his death-wound, with the might that he had he smote King Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan; and then Sir Modred fell stark dead upon the earth. And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth. And Sir Lucan the butler and Sir Bedivere raised him up, and gently led him betwixt them both to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. And Sir Lucan went to see what that cry betokened; and he saw by the moonlight that pillers and robbers were come to rob the dead. And he returned, and said to the king, "By my rede, it is best that we bring you to some town." "I would it were so," said the king. And when the king tried to go he fainted. Then Sir Lucan took up the king on the one part, and Sir Bedivere on the other part; and in the lifting Sir Lucan fell in a swoon to the earth, for he was grievously

wounded. And then the noble knight's heart burst. And when the king awoke he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth, and speechless. "Alas!" said the king, "this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake; for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I, and he would not complain, his heart was so set to help me." Then Sir Bedivere wept for his brother. "Leave this mourning and weeping," said the king, "for wit thou well, if I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast. Therefore," said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, "take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water-side; and when thou comest there I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest." "My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done." So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft were all of precious stones; and then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword into the water no good shall come thereof, but only harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king. "What sawest thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing." "Alas!

thou hast deceived me," said the king. "Go thou lightly again, and as thou love me, spare not to throw it in." Then Sir Bedivere went again, and took the sword in his hand to throw it; but again it beseemed him but sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and he hid it away again, and returned, and told the king he had done his commandment. "What sawest thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waters deep and waves wan." "Ah, traitor untrue!" said King Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. And yet thou art named a noble knight, and hast been lief and dear to me. But now go again, and do as I bid thee, for thy long tarrying putteth me in jeopardy of my life." Then Sir Bedivere went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water-side, and he bound the girdle about the hilt, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might. And there came an arm and a hand out of the water and met it, and caught it, and shook it thrice and brandished it, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water.

Then Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. "Help me hence," said the king, "for I fear I have tarried too long." Then Sir Bedivere took the king on his back, and so went with him to that water-side; and when

they came there, even fast by the bank there rode a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them was a queen; and all had black hoods, and they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

“Now put me in the barge,” said the king. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And the queen said, “Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long? Alas! this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold.” And then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld them go from him. Then he cried: “Ah, my lord Arthur, will ye leave me here alone among mine enemies?” “Comfort thyself,” said the king, “for in me is no further help; for I will to the Isle of Avalon, to heal me of my grievous wound.” And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost sight of the barge he wept and wailed; then he took the forest, and went all that night, and in the morning he was ware of a chapel and a hermitage.

Then went Sir Bedivere thither; and when he came into the chapel he saw where lay an hermit on the ground, near a tomb that was newly graven. “Sir,” said Sir Bedivere, “what man is there buried that ye pray so near unto?” “Fair son,” said the hermit, “I know not verily. But this

night there came a number of ladies, and brought hither one dead, and prayed me to bury him." "Alas!" said Sir Bedivere, "that was my lord, King Arthur." Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke he prayed the hermit he might abide with him, to live with fasting and prayers. "Ye are welcome," said the hermit. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit, and put on poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorized, nor more of the very certainty of his death; but thus was he led away in a ship, wherein were three queens; the one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgane le Fay; the other was Viviane, the Lady of the Lake; and the third was the queen of North Galis. And this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made to be written.

Yet some men say that King Arthur is not dead, but hid away into another place, and men say that he shall come again and reign over England. But many say that there is written on his tomb this verse: —

"Hic jacet Arthurus, Rex quondam, Rexque futurus."

Here lies Arthur, King once and King to be.

churls: rough, common fellows.

Merlin was the wise man and magician.

crafts : enchantments.

joust : to try one's strength in knightly fashion.

passing : very.

razed : torn off.

leech : doctor.

no force : no matter.

samite : a kind of silk.

beseen : furnished.

Caerleon was one of King Arthur's favorite cities.

jeopard : endanger.

devoir : knightly duty.

sprite : spirit, ghost.

pillers : thieves.

by my rede : in my opinion.

holpen : the old past participle.

wit : know.

rode : floated.

I find : so writes Sir Thomas Malory.

A SONG OF ST. FRANCIS

THERE was a Knight of Bethlehem,
Whose wealth was tears and sorrows;
His men-at-arms were little lambs,
His trumpeters were sparrows.
His castle was a wooden cross,
On which he hung so high;
His helmet was a crown of thorns,
Whose crest did touch the sky.

Translated by HENRY NEVILLE MAUGHAM.

43. THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PART ONE

By James Russell Lowell

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (Feb. 22, 1819 – Aug. 12, 1891) was a poet, an essayist, and a diplomatist; above and beyond all he was a thorough scholar and man of letters. Though he was in no sense of the word a politician, he was twice chosen to represent our government abroad; in 1877 as minister to Spain, and in 1880 as minister to Great Britain, and both appointments reflected great honor upon the United States. Long before this time Lowell had made his mark as a writer and scholar; he had published many volumes of poetry and prose; had succeeded Long-



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

fellow as Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard University, and had been editor of "The Atlantic Monthly." He is one of the most finished of modern writers, his style is strong as well as graceful, and though his learning was great, he never forces it upon the attention of his readers. The poem from which we give a part was one of his early works, and in it he not only seeks to please the ear but to teach a lesson as well.

I

"MY golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;

Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep ;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true,
Ere day create the world anew."

Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees :
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray ;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree ;

Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied ;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,

Over the hills and out of sight ;
 Green and broad was every tent,
 And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
 In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
 Had cast them forth ; so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
 And morning in the young knight's heart ;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
 And gloomed by itself apart ;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome
gate,

He was 'ware of a leper crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;

And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,

The flesh 'neath his armor did shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still

Like a frozen waterfall ;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust :
“ Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door ;
That is no true alms which the hand can hold ;
He gives nothing but worthless gold

Who gives from a sense of duty ;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —

The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

golden spurs: the insignia of knighthood.

mail: the full suit of armor worn by knights when armed for adventure.

Holy Grail: According to the legends of the Middle Ages, this was the cup used by Our Lord at the Last Supper, and in which Joseph of Arimathea caught the last drops of the Saviour's blood as he was taken from the cross. It was supposed to have been brought to Britain and to have been guarded by a company of knights on the top of a mountain, where it shone in splendor to all perfectly pure. Having been lost, the Grail became the object of search to the knights of all nations, to some of whom it occasionally appeared in a vision.

on the rushes: Rushes were the floor covering in early times.

North Countree: northern England.

summer besieged it: summer is represented as an attacking army, the trees forming the tents.

drawbridge: a bridge at the entrance to a castle which could be raised or lowered over the moat which surrounded the walls.

maiden knight: a newly created knight who has not yet distinguished himself in battle; notice a few lines farther on "unscarred mail," armor not yet disfigured by blows in conflict.

gloomed: The castle was the one object which remained dark in the morning sunshine; the only spark of brightness was when Sir Launfal rode through the gate in his golden armor.

'ware of a leper : perceived a leper ; that is, a man suffering from leprosy, a loathsome disease very common in the Middle Ages. When the knight sees the leper his flesh creeps, his heart pauses, and he tries to get away as quickly as possible from the unpleasant sight.

no true alms : A gift from a mere sense of duty carries no blessing with it.

makes in store : The smallest offering becomes abundance when given in love.

44. THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE

By Geoffrey Chaucer



GEOFFREY CHAUCER

GEOFFREY CHAUCER was born in London about 1340. His father and grandfather belonged to the upper class of merchants, and he received an excellent education. When a lad, he was made a page to the Princess Elizabeth, daughter-in-law to Edward III, and all his life he was associated more or less with the court. Chaucer saw service as a soldier in France and was taken prisoner, and the king thought enough of the youth to pay a large sum for his ransom. After that he rose rapidly in favor, and was given several offices with good salaries attached ; he was also sent abroad

on diplomatic errands. Chaucer was pensioned by three kings, but his pensions were not always regularly paid, for in his old age he complained of poverty. So in 1399 Henry IV gave him a sum ample for his wants, and the poet took a house in the garden of a

chapel at Westminster, where he lived for ten months, dying there Oct. 25, 1400. Chaucer wrote a number of poems in his youth, but his greatest work was done after he was forty years old. Then he wrote "The Canterbury Tales," which have no equal in English verse. As a ground for his stories he took a pilgrimage to the tomb of Thomas à Becket, the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, whose body lay in a splendid shrine in the cathedral of Canterbury. The Canterbury pilgrims represent all ranks of English life, from the knight to the sailor. All these characters gathered at the Tabard Inn in Southwark, just across the Thames. It was the month of April, when flowers were beginning to bloom and the hedgerows were green and the birds were singing in the tree-tops. Among the company were a knight; his son, a squire; a yeoman; a prioress; a shipman; and among the rest a woman styled the "Wife of Bath." This person was skillful in the way of cloth-working, and was blessed with abundant means; at the time of this pilgrimage she was a widow for the fifth time, but not a bit sad, on the contrary, very lively and talkative. The landlord of the inn proposed that the travelers should beguile the long journey by each telling two stories on the way to the shrine and two on the way back, and that the best story should be rewarded by a famous supper. The plan was adopted, and at the first stopping-place on the road the recital was begun by the knight. In due time the turn came to the "Wife of Bath," who told the story given here, which has been turned into prose by Mary Seymour, an English writer. You could not read the tongue in which Chaucer wrote, for language changes with time, and five hundred years ago men spoke English with a pronunciation very different from ours. Nevertheless Chaucer is called the first English poet, and stands in the front rank of those who have attempted to tell stories in melodious verse.

IN the olden days of King Arthur there lived an elf-queen, who, with her companions, danced merrily on many a green mead. Nowadays mortals do not see fairies, but what I am going to tell you happened hundreds and hundreds of years ago. There was one of Arthur's famous knights who

on a certain day was riding by a river-side, and seeing a beautiful maiden walking on its banks, he fell suddenly yet violently in love with her. This came by some means to the ears of the king, and put him in such a state of indignation that the young man's head was endangered. Indeed, had it not been for the entreaties of the queen and her maidens, he must have died.

When Arthur yielded and pardoned the offender, he gave him into the custody of his royal wife, telling her to employ the knight as she chose; and she directly resolved to set him to answer a very difficult question. Calling him into her presence, she said, "If you care for your life, find out for me what thing it is in this world that women most desire. To do this you shall have a year and a day, and shall travel where you will; when that time has expired you must return, and if you are not able to tell me this, your head shall be struck off with the sword."

With a downcast face and a sorrowful heart the knight left the court and began to visit many places, always with the hope that in each one he might make the discovery of what it is that women most eagerly desire. To this end he made many inquiries. Some told him that women loved riches more than ought else life can give; others declared they preferred honor. Again, others de-

cided it must be flattery, while some insisted that it was fine clothing. At last he heard that a woman valued nothing so much as perfect freedom to do her own will—in fact, I could not repeat to you half the suggestions which were poured into the ears of this much-bewildered knight. Finally, he began to fear that his life would be sacrificed, for he despaired of discovering, before the year and a day had expired, a satisfactory answer to the question the queen had given him. Meanwhile time was rolling quickly by, and despite the many opinions offered him, the knight felt that he really knew no more than when he had started on his journey of discovery. When the very last day came, he durst not delay his return to the court, but was riding homeward in deep dejection by way of a large and lonely forest. On one of the stretches of soft, green grass he perceived some four-and-twenty young and graceful ladies dancing merrily together. “Surely one of these must be able to tell me what thing it is that women most desire,” he said to himself. Spurring his horse forward, with fresh hope springing up in his breast, he rode up to the group of dancers. Alas! ere he reached them they had vanished, nor was any one near but a very old and hideously ugly woman.

The grievously disappointed knight would have

passed on, but this aged crone seemed determined to stop him and to ask what chance or business had brought him that way. "Old folks know a good deal," she added, as he seemed reluctant to give her an answer; and the expression of her face plainly indicated that she well knew him to be in some great perplexity.

Thus urged, the knight told her all. "I am in danger of my life," he said; "in fact, unless I can give an answer to a certain question this very night, I am a dead man. For a year and a day I have wandered far and inquired of many, yet I have failed to discover what thing it is which women most desire; and that is what I must tell the queen and her maidens."

A weird smile passed over the old dame's face. "Be happy and dismiss all your fears then, for I can give you the answer. Only swear that in return for my help you will grant me any favor I may ask of you by and by."

The knight promised, for he was only too glad to do anything that could save him from the displeasure and punishment of the queen; and forthwith the woman began to whisper in his ear, and sent him presently on his way as much rejoiced as he had been previously desponding.

Arrived at the court, he at once declared that he had been successful, and well knew what to

say ; so he was ushered into the presence-chamber, where the queen sat ready to judge of his answer, and to which all her ladies came hurrying in, for they were exceedingly anxious to hear his speech.

There was neither fear nor hesitation in the youth's manner and tone. "My liege lady," he exclaimed, in a clear high voice which reached every ear, "I give you this answer to the matter concerning which you employed me. That which women most desire is entire sovereignty over their husbands or over their lovers."

Not one wife present, not one maiden of all that throng opened her lips to contradict him, for each one felt the truth of the reply, and agreed that he had well won his life at the hands of their royal mistress.

But now, from an obscure corner, there started up the ugly woman of the wood. "Mercy, ladye queen," she cried ; "I pray you listen to my appeal now in the presence of your court. It was I who instructed this young knight what to say, and so relieved him from his fear and danger. In return, he vowed that he would grant me any request I should make him. I wish to make it now in your presence. Sir Knight, my petition is that you give me your love and make me your wife."

How shall I paint the poor young knight's distress, his glance of surprise and horror ! Never

had he imagined that her request would be such as this; never had he even reflected on the chance of it being difficult or disagreeable to him; and now he began to entreat her to ask something else.

But his pleading was in vain, for the old dame was resolute, — his wife she would be; and the end of the discussion was that he was forced to marry her by reason of the rash promise made in the wood.

Sick at heart, sad of countenance was the unhappy bridegroom during that marriage ceremony, and the feasting which, according to custom, must needs follow it; but he was far more wretched when all the guests had taken their departure, and he was left alone in the company of his unloved, unsought bride. A smile played upon her face as she greeted him with an inquiry as to whether it was usual for the renowned knights of King Arthur to frown on their brides; she craved to know too if there was any fault by which she had angered him, for in that case it would certainly be amended.

“Amended!” cried the knight. “Alas, alas! it can never be amended, for your fault is that you are old, poor, loathsome, and of such base degree. Well may I be miserable and sad of countenance when I find myself wedded to such a wife.”

“Is this the whole of your trouble?” she answered. “Is there indeed no further source of

misery? If so, it is well, for I can amend even my unattractive exterior, and if first you will treat me with kindness and knightly courtesy. Remember that he is the greatest gentleman who performs all the gentle deeds he can — not he who owns the largest possessions, or who can boast the longest and noblest line of ancestors. And mark you, Sir Knight, and dear husband, that true gentility can never be bequeathed to us like gifts of rank and fortune; it springs from grace.”

The knight answered nothing, he was sorely vexed and disappointed; moreover, he felt the truth of the words, which were a kind of rebuke to him. As he kept silence, the wife began to speak of those points which he deemed defects, and for which he had reproached her. “Though my ancestors were humble, yet may God give me grace to live virtuously; and that makes me truly like one of gentle birth. You accuse me of poverty, but the high God in whom we both believe chose to come down to earth and live a poor life; and every man, woman, and child may know that He would not have chosen any state that was bad. Nay, many a wise philosopher of earth has told that contented poverty is an honest thing, while

“He that coveteth is a poor wight,
For he would have what is not in his might;

But he that nought hath, nor coveteth to have,
Is rich, although ye hold him as a knave."

But she had more to say than this. Her husband had rebuked her because of her age, and she would remind him that years were honorable, and moreover, were a safeguard against the levity and vanity so common to young women. Finally she bade him choose if he would have her just as she was (yet a true, loving, faithful wife, whose greatest happiness was to do his will), or would have her young, fair, and gay, but without a thought for his pleasure and peace of mind.

The knight still hesitated, for his disappointment and vexation had been great and could not at once be dispelled; but his natural courtesy gained the ascendancy, and he spoke kindly, —

"My lady and my love and wife so dear,
I put me in your wise governance;
Choose yourself which may be most pleasant
And most honor to you and me also.
I do not force thee neither of the two;
For as you liketh, it sufficeth me."

"Then have I gotten the mastery," cried the dame, "if indeed you mean that I may choose and govern how things shall be between us."

"Yes, certainly, wife; for I believe it will be happiest and best," he answered.

"Then I make choice to be both fair and good," she exclaimed. "Turn your eyes toward me now."

He obeyed, and behold he saw in place of an aged, wrinkled dame a maiden as fair and blooming as maiden could be; the age and ugliness had only been a disguise lent by the elf-queen that so the courtesy of one of Arthur's knights should be put to the proof.

Never, so people say, were husband and wife happier in each other's company; for while she obeyed him in all things, he sought only what would give her peace and pleasure. And thus they dwelt together unto their lives' end.

elf-queen: queen of elves who were small, mischievous fairies.

durst: dared.

weird: unearthly.

presence chamber: the room in which a monarch or great man receives those who have the right to appear before him.

liege: meant that the person to whom the title was given had the right of lordship over the speaker.

ladye: an old form of *lady*.

amended: changed.

base degree: of low birth and station.

and if first: the *and* is a conditional conjunction.

in his might: in his power to have.

knave: meant originally *boy* or *youth*; here it means *servant*.

governance: government.

as you liketh: as it pleases you.

it sufficeth: is agreeable to me.

45. THE HOCK CART

By Robert Herrick



ROBERT HERRICK

ROBERT HERRICK (Aug. 24, 1591–Oct. 15, 1674), although a clergyman by profession, stands first among English pastoral poets. He wrote some sacred poetry, but his best verse is that in which he sings of all that makes life happy, of the pastimes of the country folk, — the Maypole dance, the hay field, the harvest home, the village bridal. As he said himself, he sang “of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers.” And while all England was disturbed by civil war, in his quiet Devonshire parsonage Herrick lived a peaceful life, writing poem after poem, all charming and all marked by

his happy joyous spirit. Yet there are not a few of his poems more serious in character which show some consideration of the troubles of the time. He was dispossessed of his vicarage by the Puritans and was not restored till Charles II came back to his kingdom.

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labors and rough hands,
We rip up first then reap our lands;
Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,
And, to the pipe, sing harvest home!
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Dressed up with all the country art.

See, here a maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet ;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies.
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock cart crowned.
About the cart hear how the rout
Of rural youngling raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves ;
Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat,
While others are much less attent
To prayers than to merriment.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glittering with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef ;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal,
With several dishes standing by,
As, here a custard, there a pie,
And here all tempting frumenty.
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer,

Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plow, the commonwealth,
Next to your flails, your fans, your vats;
Then to the maids with wheaten hats;
To the rough sickle, and the crooked scythe,
Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blithe.
Feed and grow fat, and as ye eat,
Be mindful that the laboring neat,
As you, may have their full of meat;
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plow
And harrow, though they're hanged up now.
And, you must know, your lord's word's true,
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you.
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

Hock Cart: the harvest home cart; the last loaded cart when the harvest is gathered.

rip up: plow our lands.

harvest home: a festival held by the English peasantry, in August, in honor of the bringing in the harvest. It was a time of merrymaking, and the carts, oxen, and horses were decorated with ribbons and garlands.

maukin: a stuffed figure of a woman.

filly: a young mare.

swains: rustics, countrymen.

wenches: young country girls.

fill-horse: i.e. thill-horse; a horse that goes between the thills or shafts and supports them.

frumenty: a dish made of hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned.

neat: cattle.

46. AUTUMN

By Donald G. Mitchell

UNDER the pen name of "Ik Marvel" Donald G. Mitchell is well known among American writers. He was born at Norwich, Conn., April 12, 1822, and after a college course at Yale he engaged in farming, and then for a while studied law, until he found his true bent in literary work. He has been several times abroad and, for a short time, was United States Consul to Venice. Mr. Mitchell now resides on a country place near New Haven, which he has described in "My Farm at Edgewood." His farm life and the taste for agriculture acquired in early years give a peculiar charm to his



DONALD G. MITCHELL

writing; his descriptions of scenery and the changing seasons of the year are admirable. In early life he was a friend and follower of Washington Irving, and dedicated to him "Dream Life," from which our selection is taken.

THERE are those who shudder at the approach of Autumn, and who feel a light grief stealing over their spirits, like an October haze, as the

evening shadows slant sooner and longer over the face of an ending August day.

But is not Autumn the Manhood of the year? Is it not the ripest of the seasons? Do not proud flowers blossom, — the golden-rod, the purple orchis, the dahlia, and the bloody cardinal of the swamplands? The fruits, too, are golden, hanging heavy from the tasked trees. The fields of maize show weeping spindles, and broad rustling leaves, and ears half glowing with the crowded corn; the September wind whistles over their thick-set ranks with whispers of plenty. The staggering stalks of the buckwheat grow red with ripeness, and tip their tops with clustering tri-cornered kernels.

The cattle, loosed from the summer's yoke, grow strong upon the meadows new-starting from the scythe. The lambs of April, rounded into fullness of limb, and gaining day by day their woolly cloak, bite at the nodding clover-heads; or, with their noses to the ground, they stand in solemn, circular conclave under the pasture oaks, while the noon sun beats with the lingering passion of July.

The Bob-o'-Lincolns have come back from their Southern rambles among the rice, all speckled with gray; and singing no longer as they did in spring, they quietly feed upon the ripened reeds that straggle along the borders of the walls. The larks, with their black and yellow breastplates and lifted heads,

stand tall upon the close-mown meadow, and at your first motion of approach, spring up and soar away, and light again, and with their lifted heads renew the watch. The quails, in half-grown coveys saunter hidden through the underbrush that skirts the wood, and only when you are close upon them, whirl away, and drop scattered under the coverts of the forest.

The robins, long ago deserting the garden neighborhood, feed at eventide in flocks upon the bloody berries of the sumach; and the soft-eyed pigeons dispute possession of the feast. The squirrels chatter at sunrise, and gnaw off the full-grown burrs of the chestnuts. The lazy blackbirds skip after the loitering cow, watchful of the crickets her slow steps start to danger. The crows in companies caw aloft, and hang high over the carcass of some slaughtered sheep lying ragged upon the hills.

The ash trees grow crimson in color, and lose their summer life in great gouts of blood. The birches touch their frail spray with yellow; the chestnuts drop down their leaves in brown, twirling showers. The beeches, crimped with the frost, guard their foliage until each leaf whistles white in November gales. The bitter-sweet hangs its bare and leafless tendrils from rock to tree, and sways with the weight of its brazen berries. The sturdy oaks, unyielding to the winds, and to the

frosts, struggle long against the approaches of winter, and in their struggles wear faces of orange, of scarlet, of crimson, and of brown; and finally yielding to swift winds, as youth's pride yields to manly duty, strew the ground with the scattered glories of their summer strength, and warm and feed the earth with the *débris* of their leafy honors.

The maple in the lowlands turns suddenly its silvery greenness into orange scarlet, and in the coming chilliness of the autumn eventide seems to catch the glories of the sunset, and to wear them — as a sign of God's old promise in Egypt — like a pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night.

And when all these are done, — and in the paved and noisy aisles of the city, the ailantus, with all its greenness gone, lifts up its skeleton fingers to the God of Autumn and of storms, — the dogwood still guards its crown; and the branches, which stretched their white canvas in April, now bear up a spire of bloody tongues, that lie against the leafless woods like a tree on fire. Autumn brings to the home the cheerful glow of "first fires." It withdraws the thoughts from the wide and joyous landscapes of Summer, and fixes them upon those objects which bloom and rejoice within the household. The old hearth, that has rioted the Summer through with boughs and blossoms, gives up its withered tenantry. The fire-dogs gleam kindly

upon the evening hours; and the blaze wakens those sweet hopes and prayers which cluster around the fireside of home.

orchis: a beautiful, fragrant flower often growing in imitation of animal forms.

spindles: long, thin stalks.

Bob-o'-Lincolns: bobolinks.

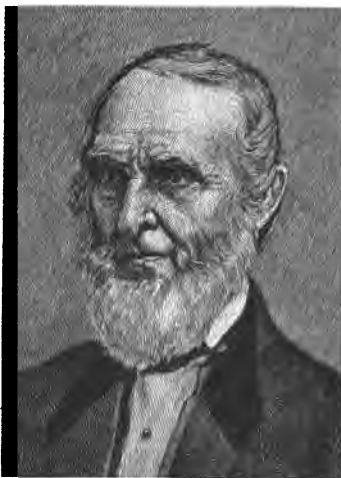
gouts: splashes.

débris: fragments; that which is left.

47. THE HUSKERS

By John Greenleaf Whittier

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (Dec. 17, 1807 - Sept. 7, 1892) was a kind, gentle man who wrote simple and beautiful poems which people delight to read. He came of a Quaker farmer family, and his parents could not afford to give him a finished education, but this very fact led him to write as no other poet could upon New England farm life. He wrote on other subjects also; he was interested in the cause of the oppressed everywhere, and used his pen in behalf of the poor and friendless. As a prose writer he published "Legends of New England" and studies and sketches of scenery of the



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Merrimac Valley. One thing particularly impresses us in reading Whittier's poems, and that is that he wrote directly from the heart, and put his gentle nature into every verse.

IT was late in mild October, and the long autumnal
rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with
grass again :
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the
woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow
flowers of May.

Through a thin dry mist that morning, the sun rose
broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he
sped ;
Yet even his noontide glory fell chastened and
subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards and the softly
pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the
night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow
light ;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified
the hill ;
And beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter,
greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught
glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they
knew not why ;
And school girls, gay with aster flowers, beside the
meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of
sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient
weathercocks ;
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless
as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's
dropping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rus-
tling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested ; the stubble-
fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the
pale green waves of rye ;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed
with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn
crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through
husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the
yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's
sphere of gold.

•

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a
creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn floor its load of husk
and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank
down at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in
brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow,
stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire
beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory
shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into
one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed
away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil
shadows lay,
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet
without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry
huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks
in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant
scene below ;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears
before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown
cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and
heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat
apart ;
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling
in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy
children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young
and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of
soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and
smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking
ballad sung.

painted beeches : The leaves had taken on their autumn color.

wain : a farm wagon.

the merry huskers came : It used to be the custom in New England to get all the young people of the neighborhood together to husk the corn; after the work was done they danced or played games in the barn; this was called "a husking bee."

THEN followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the
Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with dreamy and magical light;
and the landscape
Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless
heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in
harmony blended.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW: *Evangeline*.

48. HOW WE KEPT THANKSGIVING AT OLDTOWN

By Harriet Beecher Stowe

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE was a member of the Beecher family which has included so many noted men and women. She was born in Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811, and before her marriage to Professor Calvin E. Stowe was a teacher in a girl's school in Cincinnati which had been established by an elder sister. Her career as an author began with her famous story "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This was written as a magazine tale and was published in "The National Era," but Mrs. Stowe, feeling keenly the evils of slavery, added to her work until it became a good-sized volume. The publication brought her great reputation as well as money; but what



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

she valued more, it was a powerful instrument in the struggle which finally resulted in the abolition of slavery in our country. Though the best known and perhaps the most popular of her works, "Uncle Tom" does not rank the highest from a literary point of view; her later stories are more finished and are full of delightful interest. Mrs. Stowe was well acquainted with New England people, and in "Oldtown Folks" she gives a quaint and charming picture of village life and the good old way of keeping the one holiday these old-fashioned people recognized and enjoyed. Besides more than thirty books, Mrs. Stowe wrote magazine articles and stories, and was busy with her pen until her death, which occurred July 1, 1896.

PART ONE

WHEN the apples were all gathered and the cider was all made, and the yellow pumpkins were rolled in from many a hill in billows of gold, and the corn was husked, and the labors of the season were done, and the warm, late days of Indian summer came in, dreamy and calm and still, with just frost enough to crisp the ground of a morning, but with warm trances of benignant, sunny hours at noon, there came over the community a sort of genial repose of spirit, — a sense of something accomplished, and of a new golden mark made in advance on the calendar of life, — and the deacon began to say to the minister, of a Sunday, “I suppose it’s about time for the Thanksgiving proclamation.”

Rural dressmakers about this time were extremely busy in making up festival garments, for everybody’s new dress, if she was to have one at all, must appear on Thanksgiving day.

Aunt Keziah and Aunt Lois and my mother talked over their bonnets, and turned them round and round on their hands, and discoursed sagely of ribbons and linings, and of all the kindred bonnets that there were in the parish, and how they would probably appear after Thanksgiving. My grandmother, whose mind had long ceased to wander on

such worldly vanities, was at this time officiously reminded by her daughters that her bonnet wasn't respectable, or it was announced to her that she *must* have a new gown. Such were the distant horizon gleams of the Thanksgiving festival.

We also felt its approach in all departments of the household, — the conversation at this time beginning to turn on high and solemn culinary mysteries and receipts of wondrous power and virtue. New modes of elaborating squash pies and quince tarts were now oftentimes carefully discussed at the evening fireside by Aunt Lois and Aunt Keziah, and notes seriously compared with the experiences of certain other aunties of high repute in such matters. I noticed that on these occasions their voices often fell into mysterious whispers, and that receipts of especial power and sanctity were communicated in tones so low as entirely to escape the vulgar ear. I still remember the solemn shake of the head with which my Aunt Lois conveyed to Miss Mehitable Rossiter the critical properties of *mace*, in relation to its powers of producing in corn fritters a suggestive resemblance to oysters. As ours was an oyster-getting district, and as that charming bivalve was perfectly easy to come at, the interest in such an imitation can be accounted for only by the fondness of the human mind for works of art.

For as much as a week beforehand, "we children" were employed in chopping mince for pies to a most wearisome fineness, and in pounding cinnamon, allspice, and cloves in a great *lignum vitæ* mortar; and the sound of this pounding and chopping reëchoed through all the rafters.

In those days there were none of the thousand ameliorations of the labors of housekeeping which have since arisen,—in ground and prepared spices and sweet herbs; everything came into our hands in the rough, and in bulk, and the reducing of it into a state for use was deemed one of the appropriate labors of childhood. Even the very salt that we used in cooking was rock-salt, which we were required to wash and dry and pound and sift, before it became fit for use. . . .

And now came on the week in earnest. In the very watches of the night preceding Monday morning, a preternatural stir below stairs, and the thunder of the pounding barrel, announced that the washing was to be got out of the way before daylight, so as to give "ample scope and room enough" for the more pleasing duties of the season.

The making of *pies* at this period assumed vast proportions that verged upon the sublime. Pies were made by forties and fifties and hundreds, and

made of everything on the earth and under the earth.

The pie is an English institution which, planted on American soil, forthwith ran rampant and burst into an untold variety of genera and species. Not merely the old traditional mince pie, but a thousand strictly American seedlings from that main stock, evinced the power of American housewives to adapt old institutions to new uses. Pumpkin pies, cranberry pies, huckleberry pies, cherry pies, green-currant pies, peach, pear, and plum pies, custard pies, apple pies, Marlborough-pudding pies, — pies with top crusts, and pies without, — pies adorned with all sorts of fanciful flutings and architectural stripes laid across and around and otherwise varied, attested the boundless fertility of the feminine mind, when once let loose in a given direction.

Fancy the heat and vigor of the great pan-formation, when Aunt Lois and Aunt Keziah, and my mother, and grandmother, all in ecstasies of creative inspiration, ran, bustled, and hurried, — mixing, rolling, tasting, consulting, — alternately setting us children to work when anything could be made of us, and then chasing us all out of the kitchen when our misinformed childhood ventured to take too many liberties with sacred mysteries. Then out we would all fly at the kitchen door like sparks from a blacksmith's window. . . .

In the corner of the great kitchen, during all these days, the jolly old oven roared and crackled in great volcanic billows of flame, snapping and gurgling as if the old fellow entered with joyful sympathy into the frolic of the hour; and then, his great heart being once warmed up, he brooded over successive generations of pies and cakes, which went in raw and came out cooked, till butteries and dressers and shelves and pantries were literally crowded with a jostling abundance.

A great cold northern chamber, where the sun never shone, and where in winter the snow sifted in at the window-cracks, and ice and frost reigned with undisputed sway, was fitted up to be the storehouse of these surplus treasures. There, frozen solid, and thus well-preserved in their icy fetters, they formed a great repository for all the winter months; and the pies baked at Thanksgiving often came out fresh and good with the violets of April. . . .

culinary: pertaining to cooking.

receipts: written rules for compounding certain articles, as for making cake or pie.

vulgar ear: the ear of some common person who cannot appreciate such a matter.

lignum vitæ: an especially hard kind of wood.

mortar: a strong vessel in which substances are pounded with a pestle.

preternatural: unusual.

genera: plural of *genus*, a race, a family.

species: a group of objects or individuals sufficiently alike to have come from the same source.

butteries: rooms for keeping eatables.

dresser: a cupboard.

PART TWO

Well, at last when all the chopping and pounding and baking and brewing, preparatory to the festival, were gone through with, the eventful day dawned. All the tribes of the Badger family were to come back home to the old house, with all the relations of every degree, to eat the Thanksgiving dinner. And it was understood that in the evening the minister and his lady would look in upon us, together with some of the select aristocracy of Oldtown.

Great as the preparations were for the dinner, everything was so contrived that not a soul in the house should be kept from the morning service of Thanksgiving in the church, and from listening to the Thanksgiving sermon, in which the minister was expected to express his views freely concerning the politics of the country, and the state of things in society generally, in a somewhat more secular vein of thought than was deemed exactly appropriate to the Lord's day. But it is to be confessed that, when the good man got carried away by the enthusiasm of the subject to extend these

exercises beyond a certain length, anxious glances, exchanged between goodwives, sometimes indicated a weakness of the flesh, having a tender reference to the turkeys and chickens and chicken pies, which might possibly be overdoing in the ovens at home. But your old brick oven was a true Puritan institution, and backed up the devotional habits of good housewives, by the capital care which he took of whatever was committed to his capacious bosom. A truly well-bred oven would have been ashamed of himself all his days, and blushed redder than his own fires, if a God-fearing house-matron, away at the temple of the Lord, should come home and find her pie-crust either burned or underdone by his over or under zeal; so the old fellow generally managed to bring things out exactly right.

When sermons and prayers were all over, we children rushed home to see the great feast of the year spread.

What chitterings and chatterings there were all over the house, as all the aunties and uncles and cousins came pouring in, taking off their things, looking at one another's bonnets and dresses and mingling their comments on the morning sermon with various opinions on the new millinery outfits, and with bits of home news, and kindly neighborhood gossip.

Uncle Bill, whom the Cambridge college authori-

ties released as they did all the other youngsters of the land, for Thanksgiving Day, made a breezy air among them all, especially with young cousins of the feminine gender.

The best room on this occasion was thrown wide open, and its habitual coldness had been warmed by the burning down of a great stack of hickory logs, which had been heaped up unsparingly since morning. It takes some hours to get a room warm where a family never sits, and which, therefore, has not in its walls one particle of the genial vitality which comes from the indwelling of human beings. But on Thanksgiving Day, at least, every year, this marvel was effected in our best room.

Although all servile labor and vain recreation on this day were by law forbidden, according to the terms of the proclamation, it was not held to be a violation of the precept, that all the nice old aunties should bring their knitting-work and sit gently trotting their needles around the fire; nor that Uncle Bill should start a full-fledged romp among the girls and children, while the dinner was being set on the long table in the neighboring kitchen. Certain of the good elderly female relatives, of serious and discreet demeanor, assisted at this operation.

But who shall do justice to the dinner, and

describe the turkey, and chickens, and chicken pies, with all that endless variety of vegetables which the American soil and climate have contributed to the table, and which, without regard to the French doctrine of courses, were all piled together in jovial abundance upon the smoking board? There was much carving and laughing and talking and eating, and all showed that cheerful ability to dispatch the provisions which was the ruling spirit of the hour. After the meat came the plum puddings, and then the endless array of pies, till human nature was actually bewildered and overpowered by the tempting variety; and even we children turned from the profusion offered to us, and wondered what was the matter that we could eat no more.

When all was over, my grandfather rose at the head of the table, and a fine venerable picture he made as he stood there, his silver hair flowing in curls down each side of his clear calm face, while in conformity to the old Puritan custom, he called their attention to a recital of the mercies of God in his dealings with their family.

It was a sort of family history, going over and touching upon the various events which had happened. He spoke of my father's death, and gave a tribute to his memory; and closed all with the application of a time-honored text, expressing the

hope that as the years passed by we might "so number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom"; and then he gave out that psalm which in those days might be called the national hymn of the Puritans,

"Let children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old."

This we all united in singing to the venerable tune of St. Martin's, an air which, the reader will perceive, by the multiplicity of quavers and inflections, gave the greatest possible scope to the cracked and trembling voices of the ancients, who united in it with even more zeal than the younger part of the community.

secular: worldly.

Puritan institution: *i.e.* it sympathized with the devotion to church.

THE great eventful Present hides the Past; but
 through the din
 Of its loud life, hints and echoes from the life be-
 hind steal in;
 And the love of home and fireside, and the legend-
 ary rhyme,
 Make the task of duty lighter which the true man
 owes his time.

JOHN G. WHITTIER: *The Garrison of Cape Ann.*

49. THE GREAT HARVEST YEAR

By Edward Everett Hale



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (born in Boston, April 3, 1822) has written a great deal, but he is not really so much an author by profession as he is a public man who has used the art of writing for the accomplishment of public purposes. As Benjamin Franklin regarded the art of writing practically, with a view to what he could do by it, so has Dr. Hale, on the whole, written because he wished to accomplish something by his writing. Even his most famous piece of literature, "The Man without a Country," was written with a distinct patriotic purpose at a critical moment in the Civil War. He

is a clergyman, but by his books he speaks to many more than can be gathered within the sound of his voice. Still, with all his desire to have his word productive of something, Dr. Hale has the love of writing for entertainment, and thus has written many stories, long and short, which have no definite object more important than that of most literature, and he has also written not a few poems. It is one of these last that we select. As will be seen, it was written in 1878, but as a tale it is supposed to be told Dec. 31, 1900. We are able to present only about half the poem, and have selected four typical industries as example of all.

THE night the century ebbed out, all worn
with work and sin,
The night a twentieth century, all fresh with
hope, came in,

The children watched, the evening long, the mid-
night clock to see,
And to wish to one another "A Happy Century!"
They climbed upon my knee, and they tumbled on
the floor;
And Bob and Nell came begging me for stories of
the War.

But I told Nell that I would tell no tales but tales
of peace, —
God grant that for a hundred years the tales of
war might cease!
I told them I would tell them of the blessed
Harvest Store,
Of the year in which God fed men as they ne'er
were fed before;
For till that year of matchless cheer, since suns or
worlds were made,
Never sent land to other lands such gift of Daily
Bread!

The War was done, and men began to live in
peaceful ways,
For thirteen years of hopes and fears, dark nights
and joyful days.
If wealth would slip, if wit would trip, and neither
should avail,

“Lo! the seed-time and the harvest,” saith the
Lord, “shall never fail.”
And to all change of ups and downs, to every hope
and fear,
To men’s amaze came round the days of the Great
Harvest Year,
When God’s command bade all the land join heart
and soul and mind
And health and wealth, and hand and land for
feeding half mankind.

So hot the noons of ripe July that men took day
for sleep,
And when the night shone clear and bright, they
took their time to reap.
Nor can the men cut all the grain when hungry
worlds are fed,
So the ready Ruths and Orpahs are gleaning in
their stead.
All through the heated summer day the Kansas
maidens slept,
All through the night, with laughter light, their
moonlight vigil kept;
From set of sun the kindly moon until the break
of day
Watched o’er their lightsome harvest-work, and
cheered them on their way.

They drove their handsome horses down, they
drove them up again.

While "click, click, click," the rattling knives cut
off the heavy grain ;

Before it falls around the straw the waiting wires
wind,

And the well-ordered sheaves are left in still array
behind.

So laughing girls the harvest reap, all chattering
the while,

While "click, click, click," the shears keep their
chorus, mile by mile ;

And lazy morning blushes when she sees the har-
vest stands

In ordered files, those miles on miles, to feed the
hungry lands.

* * * * *

Far in the North the winter's gales blew sharply
from northwest

And locked the lakes and rivers, hard in their icy
nest.

I saw men scrape the crystal lakes to clear them
from the snow,

I saw them drive in long straight lines the ice-
plows to and fro ;

The blocks of amethyst they slid up to the shelter-
ing shed

By the long lines of ready rail; and as they
worked they said,

“Drive close the blocks, nor leave a chink between
for breath of air;

Not winter's wind nor summer's sun may ever
enter there.

But square and dry and hard and smooth the ice
must ready be

When summer suns are blazing, for its journey to
the sea,

To pack the meat and keep it sweet, as the good
God commands,

To feed His hungry children in so many waiting
lands.”

And far away from northern ice and drifts of
crystal snows,

On the rich coast, where deep and red the Missis-
sippi flows,

When the thick sugar-canes were ripe beneath the
autumn sun

We listened for the earliest cock to tell of day
begun.

In the cool sugar-house I slept upon my pallet bed
Where Pierre Milhet, my princely host, had called
his men and said,

“At morning's call be ready all to meet here at
the mill,

That not one drop may lazy stop before the vats
we fill.

What man will be the first at dawn from lazy
sleep to rise

When the first gray of daybreak pales in the
eastern skies,

What man will first his load of cane fling down,
before the door,

For that man's wife I give as prize this old-time
louis d'or."

And all day long the hard-pressed mules the heaps
of ripened cane

Brought swiftly to the mill, and then rushed back
to bring again,

That all day long the rollers the fresh supply
might grind.

Nor should one stalk be left not gleaned on the
intervals behind,

So black and white, with main and might, are all
united there.

Lest the harvest lack its sweets in God's Great
Harvest Year.

* * * * *

A northeast gale with snow and hail, bore down
upon the sea ;

With heavy rolls, beneath bare poles, we drifted
to the lee.

When morning broke the skipper spoke, and never
sailor shirked,
But with a will, though cold and chill, from morn
to night we worked.
Off in the spray the livelong day our spinning
lines we threw,
And on each hook a struggling fish back to the
deck we drew.
I know I looked to windward once, but the old
man scowled and said,
“Let no man flinch, nor give an inch, before his
stent is made.
We’ve nothing for it, shipmates, but to heave the
lines and pull,
Till each man’s share has made the fare, and every
cask is full.
This is no year for half a fare, for God this year
decreed
That the forty States their hungry mates in all
the lands shall feed.”

* * * * *

So South and North the food sent forth to meet
the nations’ need;
So black and white, with main and might, the
hungry peoples feed.
Since God bade man subdue the earth, and harvest
time began,
Never in any land has earth been so subdued by
man.

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet, of
which to make our bread!

Praise God for yellow corn, with which his wait-
ing world is fed!

Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl, he gave to
man for food!

Praise God for every creature which he made and
called it good!

Praise God for winter's store of ice! Praise God
for summer's heat!

Praise God for fruit tree bearing seed; "to you it
is for meat!"

Praise God for all the bounty by which the world
is fed!

Praise God his children all, to whom he gives their
daily bread!

thirteen years: 1865-1878.

Ruths and Orpahs; a figurative expression for "gleaners," although in the Book of Ruth it is Ruth alone who goes into the field of Boaz.

waiting wires: The modern reaper ties the wheat into bundles.

pack the meat: The previous lines, here omitted, had told of the cattle from the southwest.

louis d'or: a French coin; mentioned here because of the French element in Louisiana.

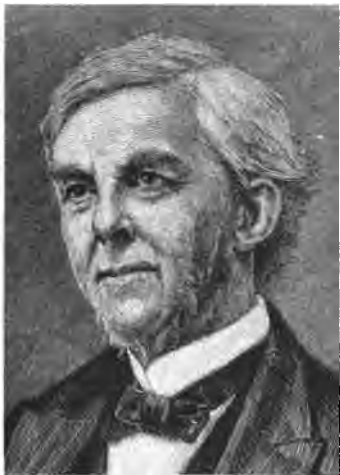
old man: the common name among sailors and fishermen for the captain.

stent: an allotted task.

forty states: i.e. in 1878, when the poem was written.

50. THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY

By Oliver Wendell Holmes



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (Aug. 29, 1809–Oct. 7, 1894) belonged to that circle of authors who claimed New England as their home and who first gave our literature a permanent character. Dr. Holmes was a Harvard man and showed his genial nature while a student, so that one of his associates said of him, "He made you think you were the best fellow in the world, and he was the next best." His father was a Congregational minister, sedate and dull, but his son was full of humor, bright and clever and with the happy faculty of inspiring strong personal liking.

His scholarship was excellent; he wrote several works pertaining to his profession, as well as many poems, two novels, essays, and the charming "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." In this latter work is "The Wonderful One-Hoss Sháy," one of the author's best poems.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened, without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,

Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere, you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown :
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain

Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain ;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest

T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills ;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these ;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
Last of its timber, — they could n't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide ;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through." —
"There !" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less !

Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren — where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED: it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
 Running as usual; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake day, —
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art

Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the — Moses — was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once —
 All at once and nothing first, —
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Georgius Secundus: George II of England, who was born in Hanover. He was a stupid little monarch, and, though king of England, was German in all his ideas and speech.

Lisbon-town: The great earthquake which nearly destroyed the city of Lisbon, Portugal, and cost forty thousand lives, occurred Nov. 1, 1755.

Braddock's army: the expedition against Fort Duquesne, held by the French, which resulted in the defeat of the British and the death of General Braddock, the commander.

the deacon swore, etc.: The expressions used in the lines following represent the Yankee manner of talking.

Settler's ellum: elm-tree planted by the original settler of the town.

found in the pit: found in the pit in the tannery.

working his Sunday's text: composing his sermon.

fifthly: Old-fashioned ministers used to divide their sermons into numbered parts.

encore: again, once more; here it means "also."

Logic is logic: What has this to do with the poem?

51. THE PARSON RETIRES FROM BUSINESS

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich



THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH is a native of New Hampshire and was born at Portsmouth, Nov. 11, 1836. Necessity compelled him to take up at first a business career, but in a few years he became a contributor to magazines and newspapers, and finally attained the position of editor of "The Atlantic Monthly," which he retained until 1890. He has written both prose and poetry: his novels are entertaining, many of their characters having been drawn from life; his verse is musical and full of delicate fancy. . "Prudence Palfrey" is a story of New England life, and relates what happened in

Rivermouth after the good old parson had been forced to give up his charge.

PARSON WIBIRD HAWKINS was in trouble. The trouble was not of a pecuniary nature, for the good man had not only laid up treasures in heaven, but had kept a temporal eye on the fluctuations of real estate in Rivermouth, and was the owner of three or four of the nicest houses in Hollyhock Row. Nor was his trouble of a domestic nature, whatever it once might have been, for Mrs. Wibird Hawkins was dead this quarter of a

century. Nor was it of the kind that sometimes befalls too susceptible shepherds, for the parson had reached an age when the prettiest of his flock might have frisked about him without stirring a pulse.

His trouble was the trouble of all men who, having played their parts nearly, if not quite, to the end, persist in remaining on the stage to the exclusion of more fiery young actors who have their pieces to speak and their graces to show off. These hapless old men do not perceive that the scene has changed meanwhile, that twenty or thirty or forty years are supposed to have elapsed; it never occurs to them that they are not the most presentable poets, lunatics, and lovers, until the audience rises up and hoots them, gray hairs and all, from the foot-lights.

Parson Wibird Hawkins had been prattling innocently to half-averted ears for many a summer and winter. The parish, as a parish, had become tired of old man Hawkins. After fifty years he had begun to pall on them. For fifty years he had christened them and married them and buried them and held out to them the slightest possible hopes of salvation, in accordance with their own grim theology; and now they wanted to get rid of him, and he never once suspected it,—never suspected it, until

that day when the deacons waited upon him in his study in the cobwebbed old parsonage, and suggested the expediency of his retirement from active parochial duties.

Even then he did not take in the full import of the deacons' communication. Retire from the Lord's vineyard just when his experience was ripest and his heart fullest of his Master's work, — surely they did not mean that! Here he was in his prime, as it were; only seventy-nine last Thanksgiving. He had come among them a young man fresh from the University on the Charles, he had given them the enthusiasm of his youth and the wisdom of his mature manhood, and he would, God willing, continue to labor with them to the end. He would die in the harness. It was his prayer that when the Spirit of the Lord came to take him away, it might find him preaching His Word from the pulpit of the Old Brick Church.

"It was very good of you, Deacon Wendell, and you, Deacon Twombly," said the poor old parson, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a large silk handkerchief dotted with yellow moons; "it was, I must say, very considerate in you to think I might wish to rest awhile after all these years of labor; but I cannot entertain the idea for a moment." He had got it into his

head that the deacons were proposing a vacation to him, were possibly intending to send him to Europe on a tour through Palestine, as the Saint Ann's parish had sent the Rev. Josiah Jones the year before.

"Not," he went on, "but I should like to visit the Holy Land and behold with my own eyes the places made sacred by the footsteps of our Saviour—Jerusalem, and Jordan, and the Mount of Olives—ah! I used to dream of that; but my duties held me here then, and now I cannot bring myself to desert, even temporarily, the flock I have tended so long. Why, I know them all by face and name, and love them all, down to the latest ewe-lamb."

The latest ewe-lamb, by the way, was Deacon Twombly's, and the allusion made him feel uncomfortable. He glanced uneasily at Deacon Wendell, and Deacon Wendell glanced covertly at him, and they both wished that the duty of dismissing Parson Hawkins had fallen upon somebody else. But the duty was to be performed. The matter had been settled, and the new minister all but decided on, before the deacons went up to the parsonage that afternoon. Even before the king was cold, his subjects had in a manner thrown up their caps for the next in succession. All this had not been brought about without

a struggle. Some of the less progressive members of the parish clung to the ancient order of things. Parson Wibird had been their mainstay in life, sickness, and death for full half a century; they had sprung to manhood and grown gray under his ministrations, and they held it a shame to throw him over now that his voice was a little tremulous and his manner not quite so vigorous as it was. They acknowledged he was not the man he used to be. He wrote no new sermons now; he was turning the barrel upside-down, and his latest essay dated back as far as 1850. They admitted it was something of a slip he made, in resurrecting one of these by-gone sermons, to allude to General Jackson as "our lately deceased President"; but then the sermon was a good sermon, enough sight better than those sugary discourses without a word of sound doctrine in them, which they had listened to from flibberty-jibberty young ministers from the city. There was one of them the other day, the sabbath Parson Hawkins was ill—who preached all about somebody named Darwin. Who was Darwin? Darwin wasn't one of the Apostles.

"Fur my part," said Mr. Wiggins, the butcher, "I'll be shot ef I don't stan' by the parson. He buried my Merriah Jane fur me, an' I don't forgit it nuther."

As it was notorious that the late Maria Jane had led Mr. Wiggins something of a dance in this life, the unconscious sarcasm of his gratitude caused ill-natured people to smile.

Uncle Jedd, the sexton of the Old Brick Church, threatened never to dig another grave if they turned off Parson Wibird. Uncle Jedd had a loose idea that such a course on his part would make it embarrassing for Rivermouth folks. "Ther' is graves an' ther' is holes," Uncle Jedd would say; "I makes graves, myself, an' I'm th' only man in th' county thet can."

Unfortunately the parson's supporters constituted the minority, and not an influential minority. The voice of the parish was for the dismissal of the Rev. Wibird Hawkins, and dismissed he should be. Deacons Wendell and Twombley found their mission perplexing. "We tried to let him down easy, of course," remarked Deacon Zeb Twombley, relating the circumstance afterwards to a group of eager listeners in Odiorne's grocery-store; "but, bless you, you never see an old gentleman so unwillin' and so hard to be let down." The parson persisted in not understanding the drift of the deacons' proposition until, at last, they were forced to use the most explicit language, and in no way soften the blow which they suspected rather than knew would be a

heavy one, however adroitly delivered. But when finally, he was made to comprehend the astounding fact that the Old Brick Church of Rivermouth actually wished him to relinquish his pastorate, then the aged clergyman bowed his head, and, waving his hands in a sort of benediction over the two deacons, retreated slowly, with his chin on his breast, into a little room adjoining the study, leaving the pillars of the church standing rather awkwardly in the middle of the apartment.

parochial: pertaining to a parish.

University on the Charles: Harvard, the largest and oldest institution of learning in this country.

Darwin: the celebrated English naturalist.

minority: the smaller number.

52. THE VOICE OF THE SEA

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

IN the hush of the autumn night
I hear the voice of the sea,
In the hush of the autumn night
It seems to say to me,
Mine are the winds above,
Mine are the caves below,
Mine are the dead of yesterday
And the dead of long ago.

And I think of the fleet that sailed
From the lovely Gloucester shore,
I think of the fleet that sailed
And came back nevermore !
My eyes are filled with tears,
And my heart is numb with woe —
It seems as if 'twere yesterday,
And it all was long ago !

53. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

By Thomas Campbell

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow, Scotland, July 27, 1777. At an early age he showed marked talent for poetic writing, and his work attracted public notice at once. His genius was hampered by natural timidity and indolence so that in a literary life of over forty years he wrote comparatively few works. Among his longer poems are "The Pleasures of Hope" and "Gertrude of Wyoming"; but he is best known by his lyrics, "Hohenlinden," "Lochiel's Warning," "Ye Mariners of England," and the ballad given below, "Lord Ullin's Daughter." He died June 15, 1844.



THOMAS CAMPBELL

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry!"

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water?"
"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride —
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight
"I'll go, my chief, I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;

"And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“O haste thee, haste !” the lady cries,
“Though tempests round us gather ;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, O ! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore, —
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover : —
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief
“Across this stormy water:
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! — O my daughter!”

’Twas vain: the loud waves lash’d the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o’er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

54. BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN

By Thomas Campbell

O N Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade;
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;
And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave !
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave !
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Hohenlinden: a village in upper Bavaria nineteen miles east of Munich. A great battle was fought here Dec. 3, 1800, between the French, under General Moreau, and the Austrians, commanded by the Archduke John. The Austrians were defeated with heavy loss.

Isar: a river of upper Bavaria, upon which is situated Munich, the capital of the kingdom.

Frank and Hun: names of the old tribes living in France and Austria ; used for the French and Austrians.

55. ICHABOD CRANE'S ADVENTURE

By Washington Irving



WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE British were still in possession of New York, and George Washington was waiting for them to march out, when, on April 3, 1783, Washington Irving was born. His parents were staunch patriots, and when Washington finally took possession of the city they named this youngest son after him. Irving studied law but never practiced his profession; he devoted himself to writing, and was the first great pioneer of American letters. Without the advantage of college education he wrote a book which Sir Walter Scott read aloud to his family, and which brought its author both fame

and money. This was his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," supposed to have been written by an old gentleman of that name. Irving spent many years abroad, and while in Europe wrote and published his famous "Sketch Book," and, in fact, did all of his best work there. He was the friend and associate of the celebrated writers of the England of his day, and was greatly admired. His writings brought in a good income, and when he came home he built for himself a handsome villa at Irvington, which he named Sunnyside. Here he spent the rest of his life until his death, Nov. 28, 1859. One of his most charming stories is "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." The legend itself is that of a headless horseman who appeared to belated travelers on the lonely road along the Tappan Zee. The story is told one evening at a revel at farmer Van Tassel's, where in the party were many suitors for the farmer's daughter, Kathryn. Among these

was Ichabod Crane, the village schoolmaster, who looked with longing eyes both at the girl and at the wealth she would inherit; but Kathryn said something to him at parting which caused him to leave with a crestfallen air and what happened afterward is told in our selection.

PART ONE

IT was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homeward, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid.

In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all

the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered: it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree. He paused and ceased whistling, but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare.

Suddenly he heard a groan,—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it.

To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of a schoolboy who has to pass it after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot. It was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge into a thicket of brambles.

The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and

heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer.

Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the

unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the wild adventure of Brom Bones with the galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave.

witching time of night: midnight, the time, according to common saying, when ghosts appear.

Tarrytown: a village of New York on the Hudson.

Tappan Zee: a widening of the Hudson near Tarrytown, which forms a bay four miles wide and twelve miles long.

André: John André, the British officer, captured as a spy, Sept. 23, 1780.

starveling ribs: the horse was thin from lack of proper food.

old Gunpowder: the name of Ichabod's horse.

pedagogue: a teacher; a term usually of contempt.

stave: a verse, or part of a psalm.

PART TWO

There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was both mysterious and appalling. But it was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle!

His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip, but the specter started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but here Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow shaded by trees for about

a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got halfway through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer.

For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears: the goblin was hard on his haunches, and (unskillful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mis-

taken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe."

Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass near his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast — the dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no school-master.

Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, then examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half, two stocks for the neck, a pair or two of worsted stockings, an old pair of corduroy small clothes, a rusty old razor, a book of psalm tunes full of dog's ears; and a broken pitch-pipe.

As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting "Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft," a New England almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling, in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted by several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel.

These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith given to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed — and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before — he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Small knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found.

The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind, and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

's ears: the turned-down
pipe: a pipe used by
e in starting a tune.

book.
ing to get the



56. A COURT LADY

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

ELIZABETH BARRETT BARRATT (March 6, 1806–June 29, 1861) received what was in her day a most remarkable education—that which our girls now receive in the women's colleges. She was unusually clever, however, and could read Latin and Greek at an age when most children have difficulty with their mother tongue. For many years she was confined to a sickroom, but she spent her time in study and writing, and published two volumes of poems. Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett knew each other through their respective books long before they met in



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1846. Three years later they were married and went to Italy to live, residing the greater part of the time in Florence. Mrs. Browning's best work is rather too difficult for our present purpose, but will be appreciated when our young readers are older. She always had great sympathy for the down-trodden, and she went to live in Italy just at the time when the people all over Europe were striving for freedom from oppression. In Italy there was an uprising against the Austrians who held rule over a part of the country and against the many petty dukes and princes who were upheld by Austria. From the windows of "Casa Guidi," her home, Mrs. Browning witnessed many stirring events, and she threw all her influence to the cause of freedom. One of the poems written at this time is that which follows, which describes the visit of a great lady to the hospital where patriots from all parts of Italy lie wounded and dying, and where by the bedside of the Piedmontese she finds a court grander than that of any monarch.

HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with
purple were dark,
Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless
spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in
race;
Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and
wife,
Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in man-
ners and life.

She stood in the early morning, and said to her
maidens, "Bring
That silken robe made ready to wear at the court
of the King.

"Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of
the mote,
Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the
small at the throat."

Gorgeous she entered the sunlight which gathered
her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the
hospital came.

In she went at the door, and gazing from end to end,

“Many and low are the pallets, but each is the place of a friend.”

Up she passed through the wards, and stood at a young man’s bed ;

Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop of his head.

“Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art thou,” she cried,

And smiled like Italy on him ; he dreamed in her face and died.

Down she stepped to a pallet where lay a face like a girl’s,

Young, and pathetic with dying, — a deep black hole in the curls.

“Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou, dreaming in pain,

Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list of the slain?”

Kind as a mother herself, she touched his cheeks with her hands :

“Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she should weep as she stands.”

On she passed to a Frenchman, his arm carried off
by a ball :

Kneeling, "O more than my brother ! how shall I
thank thee for all ?

"Each of the heroes around us has fought for his
land and line,

But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a
wrong not thine.

"Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dis-
possessed ;

But blessed are those among nations who dare to
be strong for the rest."

Ever she passed on her way, and came to a couch
where pined

One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope
out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at
the name,

But two great crystal tears were all that faltered
and came.

Only a tear for Venice ? She turned as in passion
and loss,

And stooped to his forehead and kissed it, as if she
were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart she moved on then
to another,

Stern and strong in his death. "And dost thou
suffer, my brother?"

Holding his hands in hers: "Out of the Piedmont
lion

Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live
or to die on."

Holding his cold rough hands, "Well, oh, we'll have
ye done

In noble, noble Piedmont who would not be noble
alone."

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet
with a spring,

"That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court
of the King."

Lombard: The Lombards are descendants of the Lango-
bards (long beards), a German tribe who conquered the
northern part of Italy in 568.

Tuscany: one of the divisions of Italy, of which Florence
is the capital.

piazza: a city square; an open space surrounded by
buildings.

thou hast fought for a stranger: The French were the allies
of the Italians in the war against Austria in 1859.

Venetia: the Latin name for Venice.

Piedmont: the country of Victor Emanuel, who became
king of Italy in 1861. He was very brave and fought with
distinction against Austria, and Mrs. Browning's lines are
a tribute to him.

57. CASTLES IN SPAIN

By George William Curtis

From "Prue and I," by permission of Harper & Brothers

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was born in Providence, R.I., Feb. 24, 1824. He was a noted journalist, a brilliant lecturer, and a popular author. He was also greatly interested in all questions of the public good, especially the matter of improving the government service by what is called civil service reform. In earlier life he traveled extensively abroad, and on his return turned to journalism and was connected with several newspapers and periodicals. He was at one time editor of "Harper's Weekly" and wrote every month for "Harper's Magazine" in a special department called "The

Easy Chair." He wrote easily and gracefully, with delicate, quiet humor which added greatly to the charm of his essays. After his death, Aug. 31, 1892, the "Easy Chair," which he had conducted for so many years, was discontinued, since there was no writer who could write so pleasantly on things of the day. We have taken for our selection an extract from "Prue and I," in which a poor bank clerk is supposed to enjoy all the pleasures of imaginary wealth and possession which are called "Castles in Spain" according to the old-time expression.

I AM the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West; but the greater part are in Spain. You may see my western possessions any

evening at sunset when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon.

It gives me a feeling of pardonable importance, as a proprietor, that they are visible, to my eyes, at least, from any part of the world in which I chance to be. In my long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India (the only voyage I ever made, when I was a boy and a supercargo), if I fell homesick, or sank into a reverie of all the pleasant homes I had left behind, I had but to wait until sunset, and then, looking toward the west, I beheld my clustering pinnacles and towers brightly burnished as if to salute and welcome me.

So in the city, if I get vexed and wearied, and cannot find my wonted solace in sallying forth at dinner-time to contemplate the gay world of youth and beauty hurrying to the congress of fashion,—or if I observe that years are deepening their tracks around the eyes of my wife, Prue, I go quietly up to the housetop, toward evening, and refresh myself with a distant prospect of my estates.

These are my western estates, but my finest castles are in Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and my castles are all of perfect proportions, and appropriately set in the most picturesque situations. I have never been to Spain myself, but I have naturally conversed much with travelers to that country; although, I must allow, without

deriving much substantial information about my property there. The wisest of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any other region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors. Every one of them possesses a multitude of the stateliest castles. From conversation with them you easily gather that each one considers his own castles much the largest and in the loveliest positions. And, after I had heard this said, I verified it, by discovering that all my immediate neighbors in the city were great Spanish proprietors.

It is not easy for me to say how I know so much, as I certainly do, about my castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which no gales blow, and there are no tempests. All the sublime mountains, and beautiful valleys, and soft landscape, that I have not yet seen, are to be found in the grounds. They command a noble view of the Alps; so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the prospect of them from the highest tower of my castle, and not care to go to Switzerland.

The neighboring ruins, too, are as picturesque as those of Italy, and my desire of standing in the Colosseum, and of seeing the shattered arches of

the Aqueducts stretching along the Campagna and melting into the Alban Mount, is entirely quenched. The rich gloom of my orange groves is gilded by fruit as brilliant of complexion and exquisite of flavor as any that ever dark-eyed Sorrento girls, looking over the high plastered walls of southern Italy, hand to the youthful travelers, climbing on donkeys up the narrow lane beneath.

The Nile flows through my grounds. The Desert lies upon their edge, and Damascus stands in my garden. I am given to understand also, that the Parthenon has been removed to my Spanish possessions. The Golden Horn is my fish preserve; my flocks of golden fleece are pastured on the plain of Marathon, and the honey of Hymettus is distilled from the flowers that grow in the vale of Enna, — all in my Spanish domains.

From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the poets have painted. They wait for me there, and chiefly the fair-haired child, lost to my eyes so long ago, now bloomed into an impossible beauty. The lights that never shone glance at evening in the vaulted halls, upon banquets that were never spread. The bands I have never collected play all night long, and enchant the brilliant company that never was assembled into silence

In the long summer mornings the children that I never had, play in the gardens that I never planted. I hear their sweet voices, sounding low and far away, calling, "Father! Father!" I see the lost fair-haired girl, now grown into a woman, descending the stately stairs of my castle in Spain, stepping out upon the lawn, and playing with those children. They bound away together down the garden; but those voices linger, this time airily calling, "Mother! Mother!"

But there is a stranger magic than this in my Spanish estates. The lawn slopes on which, when as a child, I played, in my father's old country place, which was sold when he failed, are all there, and not a flower faded, nor a blade of grass sere. The green leaves have not fallen from the spring woods of half a century ago, and a gorgeous autumn has blazed undimmed for fifty years, among the trees I remember. Chestnuts are not especially sweet to my palate now. But those with which I used to prick my fingers when gathering them in New Hampshire woods are exquisite as ever to my taste, when I think of eating them in Spain.

supercargo: a person on a merchant ship who attends to commercial matters.

pinnacles: the highest points of a building.

congress of fashion: fashionable gatherings.

real estate in Spain: so many persons indulge in fancies that have no foundation.

Colosseum: the great amphitheater in Rome, said to have been named from the colossal statue of Nero which stood near it; begun by the Emperor Vespasian in 72 A.D.

aqueducts: the great conduits of masonry which supplied ancient Rome with water.

Campagna: a large plain surrounding Rome.

Alban Mount: a group southeast of Rome near Albano.

Sorrento: a favorite Italian watering-place on the Bay of Naples.

Parthenon: the ancient temple of Athené at Athens.

Golden Horn: an inlet of the Bosphorus forming the harbor of Constantinople.

Marathon: a plain northeast of Athens, the scene of the victory of Miltiades over the Persians, 490 B.C.

Hymettus: the ancient name of a mountain southeast of Athens celebrated for its honey.

Enna: the name given in ancient times to a vale in the center of Sicily, where the goddess Ceres was worshiped.

Notice that the author has grouped around his imaginary castle all places famous for their beauty or historical associations, without any regard to real situation.

WHEREAS if you laid your head down
in the meadow by the river on the long
grass, there came to you in the whispering wind
something like the sea-murmurs that live within
the shell—tidings of a delicate life, news of a
world beyond the thought of those who merely
haunt the palaces of earth.

J. H. SHORTHOUSE: *A Teacher of the Violin.*

58. TWO SONGS

By Thomas Moore



THOMAS MOORE

THOMAS MOORE (May 28, 1779–Feb. 25, 1852) was in his day one of the most popular of poets, and a great favorite in London society, which the young Irishman charmed by the singing of his own songs. As a poet he expressed himself gracefully, and his verses are smooth and musical. His longest work is "Lalla Rookh," a romance of the East, very splendid in language and imagery, but very artificial. Though he was a prolific writer, it is doubtful if many of his poems will endure. Those that will be longest read are probably the "Irish Melodies," which have been

set to music, and are familiar in England and our own land. The songs which follow are good examples of Moore's style, and show the melodious rhythm of which he was master.

I

'TIS the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone ;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone ;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose bud is nigh,

To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !

To pine on the stem ;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away !
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh ! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone ?

When true hearts, etc : almost the same idea occurs at the end of the next poem. Moore's desire was not destined to be gratified : he survived many friends and all his children.

II

OFt in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me ;

The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken ;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken !
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remembered all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed !
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

sad memory: notice the change in the adjective. The memory loves to recall the past, but the recollection brings sadness.

59. DREAM CHILDREN

By Charles Lamb

CHARLES LAMB (Feb. 10, 1775-Dec. 27, 1834) received his education at the famous Blue Coat School in London where the boys still wear the long blue coat, leather belt, and yellow stockings which was a youth's costume in the time of Edward VI, the founder of the school. He was a timid, sensitive boy, and grew up to be a shy, retiring man. After leaving school he became an accountant, and continued at this business over thirty years. But when the business of the day was over, he put aside account books and figures and became a man of letters. The



CHARLES LAMB

great sorrow of his life was the state of his sister Mary, whose frequent fits of insanity made her a constant source of care. But in spite of this trouble his essays are bright and full of humor, there is no sign in them of worry or care. Lamb was not very fond of the country, he liked better the streets, the crowds, and the surroundings of London, yet in "Dream Children," which you are about to read, you will notice an exquisite description of a country garden, as clear as if painted on canvas.

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders when they were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditional great-uncle, or a grandame, whom they never

saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the “Children in the Wood.” Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreast; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it.

Here Alice put on one of her dear mother’s looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how good their great-grandmother Field was; how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and

kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed."

And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good woman; so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, aye, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told her what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer, — here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted, — the best dancer in the country.

Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of

the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again or I to be turned into marble with them. How I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion with its vast empty rooms, with their wornout hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels with the gilding almost rubbed out, — sometimes in the spacious, old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me.

How the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, — and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at, — or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me, — or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth, — or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish pond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet

flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children.

Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in a somewhat more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us. Instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out,—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries,—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain.

In after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not yet been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again.

Here the children fell a-crying and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother.

Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens,—when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her

eyes with such a reality of representment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was. While I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams";—and, immediately awakening, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep.

Children in the Wood: an ancient ballad relating the fate of two orphan children who, by order of a cruel uncle, were left to perish in Wayland Wood.

in a sort: after a fashion.

Abbey: *i.e.* Westminster Abbey, London, which contains numerous monuments to celebrated Englishmen.

peaches on the wall: In England peach-trees are trained like a vine on a wall that faces the south.

yew-tree: a tree belonging to the pine family; in old-fashioned gardens these trees were often trimmed to represent birds and animals.

orangery: a house where oranges are grown by artificial heat.

irrelevant: having nothing to do with the subject under discussion.

representment: representation.

60. DICKENS IN CAMP

By Bret Harte

A BOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below ;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth ;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
To hear the tale anew ;

And then, while round them shadows gathered
faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of " Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, — for the reader
Was youngest of them all, —
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall :

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English
meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes — o'ertaken
As by some spell divine —
Their cares dropped from them like the needles
shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire ;
And he who wrought that spell ? —
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell !

Lost is that camp ! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly, —
This spray of Western pine.

minarets : slender, lofty turrets.

"**Little Nell**" : a pathetic character in Dickens's novel
"The Old Curiosity Shop."

Kentish Hills : Dickens lived long near Rochester in Kent.

61. DAVY VISITS THE PEGGOTTYS

By Charles Dickens



CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS, one of the great English novelists of the century, was born near Portsmouth, England, Feb. 7, 1812. He had a sad childhood, growing up in a large family with a father much better at talking to his household flock than at providing the means to bring them up. He himself pasted labels on blacking bottles when a mere child, adding his small pay to the family support; then he was a lawyer's clerk, afterward a newspaper reporter. In his newspaper work he received an offer for a series of humorous sketches which grew into the famous

"Pickwick Papers" and earned a large sum of money for the publishers. From that time his reputation as a writer was made, and he could ask his own terms for the dozen or more novels he wrote in the next thirty years. He was esteemed by all the literary men of London, and made a large circle of friends who sincerely mourned him when he died at his home, Gadshill, June 9, 1870. Of his novels, "David Copperfield" is a masterpiece. Many of the incidents of little David's career were taken from Dickens's own life, and in this story he has drawn some of his finest characters, Miss Betsy, Mr. Micawber, nurse Peggotty, and Little Em'ly; you will find them all of wonderful interest when you read the whole book. We have taken for our selection Davy's journey by the carrier's cart in company of his nurse to the quaint old house on the Yarmouth flats. The carrier was a sort of leisurely expressman who carried parcels of all kinds from Blunderstone to Yarmouth, a

town full of fisher folk. This journey was Davy's first trip from home, and a happy experience before many years of trouble.

PART ONE

THE carrier's horse was the laziest horse in the world, I should hope, and shuffled along, with his head down, as if he liked to keep the people waiting to whom the packages were directed. I fancied, indeed, that he sometimes chuckled audibly over this reflection, but the carrier said he was only troubled with a cough.

The carrier had a way of keeping his head down, like his horse, and of drooping sleepily forward as he drove, with one of his arms on each of his knees. I say "drove," but it struck me that the cart would have gone to Yarmouth quite as well without him, for the horse did all that; as to conversation, he had no idea of it but whistling.

Peggotty had a basket of refreshments on her knee, which would have lasted us out handsomely, if we had been going to London by the same conveyance. We ate a good deal, and slept a good deal. Peggotty always went to sleep with her chin on the handle of the basket, her hold of which never relaxed; and I could not have believed unless I heard her do it, that one defenseless woman could have snored so much.

We made so many deviations up and down lanes,

and were such a long time delivering a bedstead at a public house, and calling at other places, that I was quite tired, and very glad, when we saw Yarmouth. It looked rather spongy and soppy, I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river; and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography-book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles, which would account for it.

As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a low straight line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it; and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, and that for her part she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth Bloater.

When we got into the street (which was strange enough to me), and smelt fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar, and saw sailors walking about and the carts jingling up and down over the stones, I felt that I had done so busy a place an injustice; and said as much to Peggotty, who heard my

expressions of delight with great complacency, and told me it was well-known (I suppose to those who had the good fortune to be born Bloaters) that Yarmouth was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe.

“Here’s my ’Am!” screamed Peggotty, “growed out of knowledge!”

He was waiting for us, in fact, at the public house, and asked me how I found myself, like an old acquaintance. I did not feel, at first, that I knew him as well as he knew me, because he had never come to our house since the night I was born, and naturally he had the advantage of me. But our intimacy was much advanced by his taking me on his back to carry me home. He was now a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion, and round-shouldered; but with a simpering boy’s face and curly light hair that gave him quite a sheepish look. He was dressed in a canvas jacket, and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they would have stood quite as well alone, without any legs in them. And you couldn’t so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered in atop, like an old building, with something pitchy.

Ham carrying me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes bestrewn with bits of chips, and little hillocks of

sand, and went past gas works, rope-walks, boat-builders' yards, shipwrights' yards, ship-breakers' yards, caulkers' yards, riggers' lofts, smiths' forges, and a great litter of such places, until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance; when Ham said,

"Yon's our house, Mas'r Davy!"

I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very cozily; but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to *me*.

"That's not it?" said I. "That ship-looking thing?"

"That's it, Mas'r Davy," returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in,

I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely; but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

public house: an inn; more frequently a place where ale and beer were sold.

Yarmouth: a seaport of England situated on the North Sea.

Yarmouth Bloater: dried fish for which Yarmouth is noted.

rope-walk: a long, covered place where ropes are stretched as they are spun.

ship-breakers: men whose business it is to break up ships unfit for use.

caulkers' yards: yards where the seams of ships are filled with yarn, made out of old rope, called oakum.

superannuated: ancient.

Aladdin's palace: the palace built by means of the enchanted lamp, as told in the Arabian Nights.

roc: a fabulous bird in Arabian mythology.

PART TWO

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down by a Bible; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a tea-

pot, that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common colored pictures, framed and glazed, of Scripture subjects, such as I have never seen since in the hands of peddlers, without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty's brother's house again, at one view. Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the mantel-shelf was a picture of the Sarah Jane lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it; a work of art, combining composition with carpentry, which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the world could afford. There were some hooks in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then; and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs.

All this I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold — childlike, according to my theory — and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen, in the stern of the vessel, with a little window, where the rudder used to go through; a little looking glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster shells; a little bed, which there

was just room enough to get into, and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patch-work counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house was the smell of fish, which was so very searching, that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and I afterwards found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept.

We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, whom I had seen courtesying at the door when I was on Ham's back, about a quarter of a mile off. Likewise by a most beautiful little girl (or I thought her so) with a necklace of blue beads on, who wouldn't let me kiss her when I offered to, but ran away and hid herself. By and by, when we had dined in a sumptuous manner off boiled dabs, melted butter, and potatoes, with a chop for me, a hairy man with a very good-natured

face came home. As he called Peggotty, "lass," and gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, I had no doubt from the general propriety of her conduct that he was her brother; and so he turned out, — being presently introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house.

"Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "You'll find us rough, sir, but you'll find us ready."

I thanked him, and replied that I was sure I should be happy in such a delightful place.

"How's your ma, sir?" said Mr. Peggotty. "Did you leave her pretty jolly?"

I gave Mr. Peggotty to understand that she was as jolly as I could wish, and that she desired her compliments, — which was a polite fiction on my part.

"I'm much obliged to her, I'm sure," said Mr. Peggotty. "Well, sir, if you can make out here for a fortnut, 'long wi' her," nodding at his sister, "and Ham, and little Em'ly, we shall be proud of your company."

Having done the honors of his house in this hospitable manner; Mr. Peggotty went out to wash himself in a kettleful of hot water, remarking that "cold would never get *his* muck off." He soon returned, greatly improved in appearance; but so rubicund, that I couldn't help thinking his face

had this in common with the lobsters, crabs, and crawfish,—that it went into the hot water very black, and came out very red.

After tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the nights being cold and misty now), it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire; and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment. Little Em'ly had overcome her shyness and was sitting by my side upon the lowest and least of the lockers, which was just large enough for us two, and just fitted the chimney corner. Mrs. Peggotty with the white apron was knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Peggotty at her needle-work was as much at home with Saint Paul's and the bit of wax-candle, as if they had never known any other roof. Ham, who had been giving me my first lesson in all-fours, was trying to recollect a scheme of telling fortunes with the dirty cards, and was printing off fishy impressions of his thumb on all the cards he turned. Mr. Peggotty was smoking his pipe. I felt it was a time for conversation and confidence.

“Mr. Peggotty,” says I.

“Sir,” says he.

"Did you give your son the name of Ham because you lived in a sort of ark?"

Mr. Peggotty seemed to think it a deep idea, but answered:

"No, sir. I never giv him no name."

"Who gave him that name, then?" said I, putting question number two of the catechism to Mr. Peggotty.

"Why, sir, his father giv it him," said Mr. Peggotty.

"I thought you were his father!"

"My brother Joe was *his* father," said Mr. Peggotty.

"Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after a respectful pause.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I was very much surprised that Mr. Peggotty was not Ham's father, and began to wonder whether I was mistaken about his relationship to anybody else there. I was so curious to know, that I made up my mind to have it out with Mr. Peggotty.

"Little Em'ly," I said, glancing at her. "She is your daughter, isn't she, Mr. Peggotty?"

"No, sir. My brother-in-law, Tom, was *her* father."

I couldn't help it. — "Dead, Mr. Peggotty?" I hinted, after another respectful silence.

"Drowndead," said Mr. Peggotty.

I felt the difficulty of resuming the subject, but had not got to the bottom of it yet, and must get to the bottom somehow. So I said;

“Haven’t you *any* children, Mr. Peggotty?”

“No, master,” he answered, with a short laugh. “I’m a bachel-dore.”

“A bachelor!” I said, astonished. “Why, who’s that, Mr. Peggotty?”—pointing to the person in the apron who was knitting.

“That’s Missis Gummidge,” said Mr. Peggotty.

“Gummidge, Mr. Peggotty?”

But at this point Peggotty—I mean my own peculiar Peggotty—made such impressive motions to me not to ask any more questions, that I could only sit and look at all the silent company, until it was time to go to bed. Then, in the privacy of my own little cabin, she informed me that Ham and Em’ly were an orphan nephew and niece, whom my host had at different times adopted in their childhood, when they were left destitute; and that Mrs. Gummidge was the widow of his partner in a boat, who had died poor. He was but a poor man himself, said Peggotty, but as good as gold and as true as steel,—these were her similes.

I was very sensible of my entertainer’s goodness, and listened to the women’s going to bed in another little crib like mine at the opposite end of the boat, and to him and Ham hanging up two ham-

mocks for themselves on the hooks I had noticed in the roof, in a very luxurious state of mind enhanced by my being sleepy. As slumber gradually stole upon me, I heard the wind howling out at sea and coming across the flat so fiercely, and I had a lazy apprehension of the great deep rising in the night. But I bethought myself that I was in a boat, after all; and that a man like Mr. Peggotty was not a bad person to have on board if anything did happen.

lugger: a vessel with two or three masts and square sails.

lockers: low cupboards along the side of a ship.

eked out: supplied the want of chairs.

crawfish: a shellfish something like a lobster, but smaller.

dabs: salt-water flounders.

Saint Paul's: This was the picture of Saint Paul's Cathedral on Peggotty's work-box.

all-fours: a game of cards.

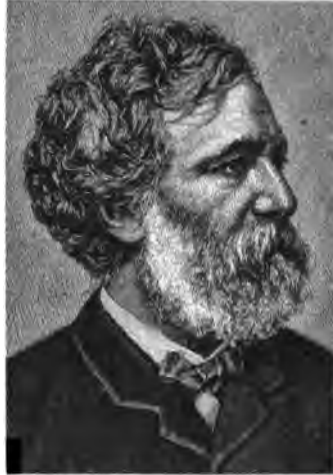
ALL night the thirsty beach has listening lain,
With patience dumb,
Counting the slow, sad moments of her pain;
Now morn has come,
And with the morn the punctual tide again.

SUSAN COOLIDGE: *Flood-Tide*.

62. HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

By Robert Browning

ROBERT BROWNING (May 7, 1812–Dec. 12, 1889) like his gifted wife, Elizabeth Barrett, was a poet from his very childhood. As a boy he attended neither a large school nor a college, but studied with private teachers and then spent some time in travel. Possessing vigorous health, full of hope and manly courage, never losing faith in his own power, he worked hard for many years before he gained any number of readers. When he married in 1846, Elizabeth Barrett, she was considered far beyond him in talent. This marriage completed the happiness of his life; and the two resided in Italy,



ROBERT BROWNING

working in perfect harmony until Mrs. Browning's death in 1861. Robert Browning lived on until 1889, gaining continually more readers and greater popularity, until at the time of his death, Tennyson was the only other poet named in the same breath with him. Browning is a poet of great originality; he always sees the good in human beings, he has a profound faith in God, and belief in immortality. He did not write to amuse or entertain, and so his verse is sometimes unmusical, hard to read, and harder to understand. The poem we have selected tells the story of the desperate ride of three men to carry a message to the town of Aix in time to save it from destruction. In fact, the poem was not based upon any historical event, but we can fancy some terrible danger which only the brave ride of these three men could avert. "Boot

and Saddle" (p. 404) is a song supposed to be sung by the Cavaliers or Royalists during the Civil War between Charles I and the Parliament.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all
three ;

" Good-speed ! " cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;

" Speed ! " echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place ;

I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but, while we drew
near

Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned
clear ;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
half-chime,

So Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time ! "

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past ;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray :

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back

For my voice, and the other bent out on his track ;
And one eye's black intelligence — ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and
anon

His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, “ Stay
spur !

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix ” — for one heard the quick
wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh ;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
 chaff,
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a moment
 his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her
 fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circle of red for each eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all ;
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without
 peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise,
 bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the
 ground ;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,

As I poured down his throat our last measure of
wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
from Ghent.

Ghent: the capital of the province of East Flanders, Belgium. Aix-la-Chapelle, the end of the ride, is a city in the Rhine province, Prussia. The places mentioned are towns along the route. It is a good idea to look these places up on the map as the story is read. Note the resemblance to "Paul Revere's Ride" in the way the riders pass through the towns.

postern: a small gate in a city wall.

pique: peak of the saddle.

Roland: the name of one of the horses; Dirck's horse was called Roos.

neck and croup over: head over heels.

buff-coat: a military coat made of buff leather and thick enough to resist a sword cut, and even a pistol bullet at long range.

jack-boots: heavy boots for rough service, coming up above the knees.

burgesses: magistrates or councilors.

THE characteristic of heroism is its persistency. All men have wandering impulses, fits and starts of generosity. But when you have chosen your part, abide by it, and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world. The heroic cannot be the common, nor the common the heroic.

R. W. EMERSON: *Heroism*.

63. THE MIDNIGHT SUN

By Bayard Taylor



BAYARD TAYLOR

BAYARD TAYLOR (Jan. 11, 1825-Dec. 19, 1878) began life as a farmer boy on a Pennsylvania farm, received his education in country schools, and then was apprenticed to a printer. He had an inborn desire to travel in foreign countries; but in those days journeys abroad were not so common or easy as they are now. By selling some poems and by obtaining engagements to send letters of travel to certain newspapers, he managed to get together one hundred and forty dollars, and with this sum, and with what he earned by writing and working at his trade on the way, he

spent two years in Europe. This was the first of the journeys which took him into all parts of the world, and which he described in picturesque language in his books of travel. He was a busy and hard-working writer; his literary life occupied thirty-four years, and in that time he wrote thirty-seven volumes. Taylor had a remarkable memory and a great talent for learning languages; he was a perfect master of German and made a fine translation of Goethe's "Faust." He wrote several novels, he was a newspaper correspondent, and besides wrote many poems, some of which deserve high praise. Toward the end of his life money cares troubled him, and he worked to secure a bare living and to pay debts; this told upon his health to such an extent that he lived but a year to enjoy the honor of his appointment as United States Minister to Germany.

IT was now eleven o'clock, and Svaerholt glowed in fiery bronze luster as we rounded it, the eddies of returning birds gleaming golden in the nocturnal sun, like drifts of beech leaves in the October air. Far to the north, the sun lay in a bed of saffron light over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him, and still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rose-color into blue, hung light wreaths of vapor, touched with pearly, opaline flushes of pink and golden gray. The sea was a web of pale slate-color, shot through and through with threads of orange and saffron, from the dance of a myriad shifting and twinkling ripples. The air was filled and permeated with the soft, mysterious glow, and even the very azure of the southern sky seemed to shine through a net of golden gauze.

The headlands of this deeply indented coast—the capes of the Laxe and Porsanger Fjords, and of Mageroe—lay around us, in different degrees of distance, but all with foreheads touched with supernatural glory. Far to the northeast was Nordkyn, the most northern point of the mainland of Europe, gleaming rosily and faint in the full beams of the sun, and just as our watches denoted midnight the North Cape appeared to the westward—a long line of purple bluff, presenting a

vertical front of nine hundred feet in height to the Polar Sea. Midway between those two magnificent headlands stood the Midnight Sun, shining on us with subdued fires, and with the gorgeous coloring of an hour for which we have no name, since it is neither sunset nor sunrise, but with the blended loveliness of both,—but shining at the same moment in the heat and splendor of noon-day, on the Pacific Isles. This was the midnight sun as I had dreamed it—as I had hoped to see it.

Within fifteen minutes after midnight, there was a perceptible increase of altitude, and in less than half an hour the whole tone of the sky had changed, the yellow brightening into orange, and the saffron melting into the pale vermillion of dawn. The difference was so slight as scarcely to be described; but it was the difference between evening and morning. The faintest transfusion of one prevailing tint into another had changed the whole expression of heaven and earth, and so imperceptibly and miraculously that a new day was already present to our consciousness. Our view of the wild cliffs of Svaerholt, less than two hours before, belonged to yesterday, though we had stood on deck, in full sunshine, during all the intervening time.

Before one o'clock we reached the entrance of

the Kiollefjord, which in pre-diluvial times must have been a tremendous mountain gorge, like that of Gondo, on the Italian side of the Simplon. Its mouth is about half a mile in breadth, and its depth is not more than a mile and a half. It is completely walled in with sheer precipices of bare rock, from three to five hundred feet in height, except at the very head, where they subside into a stony heap, upon which some infatuated mortals have built two or three cabins.

As we neared the southern headland, the face of which was touched with the purest orange light, while its yawning fissures lay in deep-blue gloom, a tall ruin, with shattered turrets and crumbling spires, detached itself from the mass, and stood alone at the foot of the precipice. This is the "Finnkirka" or "Church of the Lapps," well known to all the northern coasters. At first it resembles a tall church with a massive square spire; but the two parts separate again, and you have a crag-perched castle of the Middle Ages, with its watch-tower,—the very counterpart of scores in Germany,—and a quaint Gothic chapel on the point beyond. The vertical strata of the rock, worn into sharp points at the top and gradually broadening to the base, with numberless notched ornaments, make the resemblance marvelous, when seen under the proper effect of

light and shade. The luster in which we saw it had the effect of enchantment. There was a play of colors upon it, such as one sees in illuminated Moorish halls, and I am almost afraid to say how much I was enraptured by a scene which has not its equal on the whole Norwegian coast.

Svaerholt: a promontory on the extreme northern part of Norway, lying between the Porsanger and Laxe Fjords, or bays. Mageroe and Kiollefjord are also bays in the northern part of Norway.

Nordkyn and North Cape: headlands of Norway; the former is the most northern part of Europe.

pre-diluvial: before the Flood.

Gondo: a wild gorge of the Alps in the Simplon Pass.

Simplon: one of the chief passes over the Alps, famous for its road built by Napoleon I.

SILENCE as of death, for midnight, even in the Arctic latitudes, has its character; nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy-tinged, the peaceable gurgle of the slow-heaving Polar Ocean, over which in the utmost north the great sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering in such moments, solitude also is invaluable; for who would speak, or be looked on, when behind him lies Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the watchmen; and before him the silent immensity, and Palace of the Eternal, whereof our sun is but a porch lamp.

THOMAS CARLYLE: *Sartor Resartus*.

64. THE NECKAN

By Matthew Arnold

MATTHEW ARNOLD (Dec. 24, 1822-April 15, 1888) was the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous head master of Rugby School, and had, therefore, unusual opportunities for education. He made the most of these advantages and won honors at Balliol College, Oxford. Besides his literary work, he did good service as Inspector of Schools, and did much to assist education in its highest sense. He strove in his books and essays to arouse a better kind of intellectual feeling in England. His first works were in poetry, but before he was widely known as a poet, he had made his reputation as a prose writer. His style is clear, and he is a perfect master of English. "The Neckan" is one of his early poems, and tells again the legend of the being, half-human and half merman or mermaid, who is striving to attain a complete soul and salvation. Usually the poor creature is half-woman, as Melusina and the Loreley, but the unfortunate Neckan is a man sprite who weeps and tells his sad tale.



MATTHEW ARNOLD

IN summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings his plaintive song.

Green rolls beneath the headlands,
Green rolls the Baltic Sea ;
And there, below the Neckan's feet,
His wife and children be.

He sings not of the ocean,
Its shells and roses pale ;
Of earth, of earth the Neckan sings,
He hath no other tale.

He sits upon the headlands,
And sings a mournful stave
Of all he saw and felt on earth,
Far from the kind sea-wave.

Sings how, a knight, he wandered
By castle, field, and town —
But earthly knights have harder hearts
Than the sea-children own.

Sings of his early bridal —
Priest, knights, and ladies gay.
“— And who art thou,” the priest began,
“ Sir Knight, who wedd'st to-day ? ”

“—I am no knight,” he answered ;
“ From the sea-waves I come.” —
The knights drew sword, the ladies screamed.
The surprised priest stood dumb.

He sings how from the chapel
He vanished with his bride,
And bore her down to the sea-halls,
Beneath the salt sea-tide.

He sings how she sits weeping
'Mid shells that round her lie.
“ — False Neckan shares my bed,” she weeps ;
“ No Christian mate have I.” —

He sings how through the billows
He rose to earth again,
And sought a priest to sign the cross,
That Neckan Heaven might gain.

He sings how, on an evening,
Beneath the birch trees cool,
He sate and played his harp of gold,
Beside the river-pool.

Beside the pool sate Neckan —
Tears filled his mild blue eye.
On his white mule, across the bridge,
A cassocked priest rode by.

“ — Why sitt'st thou there, O Neckan,
And play'st thy harp of gold ?
Sooner shall this my staff bear leaves,
Than thou shalt Heaven benoid.” —

But lo, the staff, it budded !
It greened, it branched, it waved.
“—O ruth of God,” the priest cried out,
“This lost sea-creature saved !”

The cassocked priest rode onwards,
And vanished with his mule ;
But Neckan in the twilight gray,
Wept by the river pool.

He wept : “The earth hath kindness,
The sea, the starry poles ;
Earth, sea, and sky, and God above —
But, ah, not human souls !”

In summer, on the headlands,
The Baltic Sea along,
Sits Neckan with his harp of gold,
And sings this plaintive song.

Neckan : in Scandinavian mythology a lost spirit or water sprite doomed to live eternally in a watery grave.

Sings how : The rest of the poem tells of an earlier adventure of the Neckan.

to sign the cross : to grant absolution.

this staff bear leaves : The same wonder is related of Pope Urban in the legend of Tannhäuser. Tannhäuser had sinned and applied to the Pope for absolution, and received the same answer as the Neckan received from the priest. In his case, too, the dry staff budded.

ruth of God : compassion of God ; yet the priest did not believe it, for he rode away without giving absolution.

65. THE CRUISE OF THE CORACLE

By Robert Louis Stevenson

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, Nov. 13, 1850, and was educated at the University of his native city as a lawyer, though he never practiced his profession. He devoted all his energies to literature, although he worked under great disadvantage, for he was an invalid most of his life. He was very much of a hero in bearing pain and suffering, and struggled with disease for many years, until at last he was obliged to leave his native land and make a new home among the half-civilized people of the island of Samoa in the Pacific Ocean.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

He made a brave fight, loved to be out of doors, loved children, delighted in nature, was kind and sympathetic in spite of all his troubles. At last the end came; he died in his island home Dec. 3, 1894, and was buried as he wished on the summit of a high hill overlooking the sea. Stevenson wrote many books, most of them full of adventure. He also wrote poems and essays; many of the former were composed especially for children, and were published under the name of "A Child's Garden of Verse." He ranks as one of the foremost writers of our age; his style is clear and direct, and he has a master's touch in description, and an unusual command of strong, pure English. One of his most popular stories is "Treasure Island," a tale of an expedition to a lonely island where pirates had hidden a great treasure. In the crew of the expedition are some of the pirate captain's former crew, and when the island is reached they

mutiny and seize the ship. Some of the men were faithful to the officers, and joined them in fortifying a camp on shore. Jim Hawkins, the cabin boy, was among these; but filled with a plan of retaking the ship which had been left almost unguarded, he embarked in a coracle he had found on the shore, and experienced the adventure related in the selection.

IT was broad day when I awoke, and found myself tossing at the southwest end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hid from me behind the great bulk of the Spy-glass, which, on this side, descended almost to the sea in formidable cliffs.

Haulbowline Head and Mizzenmast Hill were at my elbow; the hill bare and dark, the head bound with cliffs forty or fifty feet high, and fringed with great masses of fallen rock. I was scarce a quarter of a mile to seaward, and it was my first thought to paddle in and land.

The notion was soon given over. Among the fallen rocks the breakers spouted and bellowed; loud reverberations, heavy sprays flying and falling, succeeded one another from second to second; and I saw myself, if I ventured nearer, dashed to death upon the rough shore, or spending my strength in vain to scale the beetling crags.

Nor was that all; for, crawling together on flat tables of rock, or letting themselves drop into the sea with loud reports, I beheld huge slimy monsters — soft snails, as it were, of incredible bigness —

two or three score of them together, making the rocks to echo with their barkings.

I have understood since that they were sea lions, and entirely harmless. But the look of them, added to the difficulty of the shore, and to the high running of the surf, was more than enough to disgust me of that landing-place. I felt willing rather to starve at sea than to confront such perils.

In the meantime I had a better chance, as I supposed, before me. North of Haulbowline Head the land runs in a long way, leaving, at low tide, a long stretch of yellow sand. To the north of that again, there comes another cape—Cape of the Woods, as it was marked upon the chart—buried in tall green pines, which descended to the margin of the sea.

I remembered what Silver had said about the current that sets northward along the whole west coast of Treasure Island; and seeing from my position that I was already under its influence, I preferred to leave Haulbowline Head behind me, and reserve my strength for an attempt to land upon the kindlier-looking Cape of the Woods.

There was a great smooth swell upon the sea. The wind blowing steady and gentle from the south, there was no contrariety between that and the current, and the billows rose and fell unbroken.

Had it been otherwise, I must long ago have perished ; but, as it was, it is surprising how easily and securely my little and light boat could ride. Often, as I still lay at the bottom, and kept no more than an eye above the gunwale, I would see a big blue summit heaving close above me ; yet the coracle would but bounce a little, dance as if on springs, and subside on the other side into the trough as lightly as a bird.

I began after a little to grow very bold, and sat up to try my skill at paddling. But even a small change in the disposition of the weight will produce violent changes in the behavior of a coracle. And I had hardly moved before the boat, giving up at once her gentle dancing movement, ran straight down a slope of water so steep that it made me giddy, and stuck her nose, with a spout of spray, deep into the side of the next wave.

I was drenched and terrified, and fell instantly back into my old position, whereupon the coracle seemed to find her head again, and led me as softly as before among the billows. It was plain she was not to be interfered with, and at that rate, since I could in no way influence her course, what hope had I left of reaching land ?

I began to be horribly frightened, but I kept my head for all that. First, moving with all care, I gradually baled out the coracle with my sea-cap ;

then getting my eye once more above the gunwale, I set myself to study how it was she managed to slip so quietly through the rollers.

I found each wave, instead of the big, smooth, glossy mountain it looks from the shore, or from a vessel's deck, was for all the world like any range of hills on the dry land, full of peaks and smooth places and valleys. The coracle left to herself, turning from side to side, threaded, so to speak, her way through these lower parts, and avoided the steep slopes and higher, toppling summits of the wave.

"Well, now," I thought to myself, "it is plain I must lie where I am, and not disturb the balance; but it is plain, also, that I can put the paddle over the side and, from time to time, in smooth places, give her a shove or two towards land." No sooner thought upon than done. There I lay upon my elbows, in the most trying attitude, and every now and again gave a weak shove or two to turn her head to shore.

It was very tiring and slow work, yet I did visibly gain ground; and, as we drew near the Cape of the Woods, though I saw I must infallibly miss that point, I had still made some hundred yards of easting. I was, indeed, close in. I could see the cool, green tree-tops swaying together in the breeze, and I felt sure I should make the next promontory without fail.

It was high time, for I now began to be tortured with thirst. The glow of the sun from above, its thousand-fold reflection from the waves, the seawater that fell and dried upon me, caking my very lips with salt, combined to make my throat burn and my brain ache. The sight of the trees so near at hand had almost made me sick with longing; but the current had soon carried me past the point; and as the next reach of sea opened out, I beheld a sight that changed the nature of my thoughts.

Right in front of me, not a half a mile away, I beheld the *Hispaniola* under sail. I made sure, of course, that I should be taken; but I was so distressed for want of water that I scarce knew whether to be glad or sorry at the thought; and long before I had come to a conclusion, surprise had taken entire possession of my mind, and I could do nothing but stare and wonder.

The *Hispaniola* was under her mainsail and two jibs, and the beautiful white canvas shone in the sun like snow or silver. When I first sighted her, all her sails were drawing; she was laying a course about northwest; and I presumed the men on board were going round the island on their way back to the anchorage. Presently she began to fetch more and more to the westward, so that I thought they had sighted me, and were going

about in chase. At last, however, she fell right into the wind's eye, was taken dead aback, and stood there awhile helpless, with her sails shivering.

"Clumsy fellows!" said I; "they must still be drunk as owls." And I thought how Captain Smollett would have set them skipping.

Meanwhile the schooner gradually fell off, and filled again upon another tack, sailed swiftly for a minute or so, and brought up once more dead in the wind's eye. Again and again was this repeated. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* sailed by swoops and dashes, and at each repetition ended, as she had begun, with idly flapping canvas. It became plain to me that nobody was steering. And, if so, where were the men? Either they were dead drunk or had deserted her, I thought, and perhaps if I could get on board I might return the vessel to her captain.

The current was bearing coracle and schooner southward at an equal rate. As for the latter's sailing, it was so wild and intermittent, and she hung each time so long in irons, that she certainly gained nothing, even if she did not lose. If only I dared sit up and paddle, I made sure I could overhaul her. The scheme had an air of adventure that inspired me, and the thought of the

water breaker beside the fore companion doubled my growing courage.

Up I got, was welcomed almost instantly by another cloud of spray, but this time stuck to my purpose ; and set myself, with all my strength and caution, to paddle after the unsteered *Hispaniola*. Once I shipped a sea so heavy that I had to stop and bail, with my heart fluttering like a bird ; but gradually I got into the way of the thing, and guided my coracle among the waves, with only now and then a blow upon her bows and a dash of foam in my face.

I was now gaining rapidly upon the schooner ; I could see the brass glisten on the tiller as it banged about ; and still no soul appeared upon her decks. I could not choose but suppose she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below, where I might batten them down, perhaps, and do what I chose with the ship.

For some time she had been doing the worst thing possible for me, — standing still. She headed nearly due south, yawing, of course, all the time. Each time she fell off, her sails partly filled, and these brought her in a moment right to the wind again. I have said this was the worst thing possible for me ; for, helpless as she looked in this situation, with the canvas cracking like cannon, and the blocks trundling and banging on the deck,

she still continued to run away from me, not only with the speed of the current, but by the whole amount of her leeway, which was naturally great.

But now, at last, I had my chance. The breeze fell, for some seconds, very low, and the current gradually turning her, the *Hispaniola* revolved slowly round her center, and at last presented me her stern, with the cabin window still gaping open, and the lamp over the table still burning on into the day. The mainsail hung drooped like a banner. She was stock-still, save for the current.

For the last little while I had even lost; but now, redoubling my efforts, I began once more to overhaul the chase.

I was not a hundred yards from her when the wind came again in a clap; she filled on the port tack, and was off again, stooping and skimming like a swallow.

My first impulse was one of despair, but my second was towards joy. Round she came until she was broadside on to me,—round still till she had covered a half, and then two-thirds, and then three-quarters of the distance that separated us. I could see the waves boiling white under her fore-foot. Immensely tall she looked to me from my low station in the coracle.

And then, of a sudden, I began to comprehend. I had scarce time to think—scarce time to act

and save myself. I was on the summit of one swell when the schooner came stooping over the next. The bowsprit was over my head. I sprang to my feet and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the jib-boom, while my foot was lodged between the stay and the brace; and as I still clung there panting, a dull blow told me that the schooner had charged down upon and struck the coracle, and that I was left without retreat on the *Hispaniola*.

coracle: a fisherman's boat, made by covering a wicker frame with leather or oilcloth.

Spy-glass, Haulbowline Head, Mizzenmast Hill: places on Treasure Island.

Hispaniola: the name of the vessel which brought the adventurers to the island.

mainsail: in a fore-and-aft rigged vessel the large sail set on the after part of the mainmast.

jib: a large, triangular sail extending, in a schooner, from the bowsprit end toward the foretopmast head.

wind's eye: in a direction contrary to that of the wind.

dead aback: some of the sails slack and some full of wind.

in irons: to have the yards so braced that the sails pull different ways.

blocks: grooved pulleys mounted in a casing.

leeway: deviation from the true course, caused by drifting to leeward.

stay: a strong rope to support a mast.

brace: one of the ropes fastened to the yards of a ship reaching to the deck.

66. CHRISTMAS

By Sir Walter Scott

THE Wizard of the North, as Sir Walter Scott was justly called, was born in Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1771. He was a delicate boy and passed much of his childhood in the country, where he became familiar with the anecdotes and legends of the Scottish border. He was not particularly studious, but was always fond of inventing and telling tales. Scott wrote his poems first and won considerable reputation as an historical poet. His first novel, "Waverley," was published anonymously: it met with instant success, and was followed by a number of others, among which were "Ivanhoe," "Ken-



WALTER SCOTT

ilworth," and "Quentin Durward." His novels brought in a great deal of money, and he purchased a large estate, Abbotsford, and spent large sums in improving it and in extending hospitality to his friends. The failure of the publishing firm in which he was interested involved him in debt, so he set to work writing novels again, and kept at his labors until he had paid the obligation. But the strain was so great that his health gave way, and he died at Abbotsford, Sept. 21, 1832. Of his poetical works the best are "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake." The following is the introduction to Canto VI of "Marmion."

HEAP on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year

The fittest time for festal cheer ;
Even, heathen yet, the savage Dane
At Iol more deep the mead did drain ;
High on the beach his galleys drew,
And feasted all his pirate crew ;
Then in his low and pine-built hall,
Where shields and axes deck'd the wall,
They gorged upon the half-dress'd steer,
Caroused in seas of sable beer,
While round, in brutal jest, were thrown
The half-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone ;
Or listen'd all, in grim delight,
While scalds yell'd out the joys of fight.
Then forth, in frenzy, would they hie,
While wildly loose their red locks fly,
And dancing round the blazing pile,
They make such barbarous mirth the while,
As best might to the mind recall
The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night ;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung :
That only night in all the year,

Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dress'd with holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose ;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of " post and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide ;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man ;
Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.

Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster fell ;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar.
The wassel round, in good brown bowls,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.
There the huge sirloin reek'd ; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din ;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery ;
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visors made ;
But, O ! what maskers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light !
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale ;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,
Some remnants of the good old time ;

And still, within our valleys here,
We hold the kindred title dear,
Even when, perchance, its far-fetched claim
To Southron ear sounds empty name ;
For course of blood, our proverbs deem,
Is warmer than the mountain-stream.
And thus, my Christmas still I hold
Where my great-grandsire came of old,
With amber beard, and flaxen hair,
And reverend apostolic air —
The feast and holy-tide to share,
And mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine :
Small thought was his, in after time
E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme.
The simple sire could only boast,
That he was loyal to his cost ;
The banish'd race of kings revered,
And lost his land — but kept his beard.

Yol: Yule, the feast held by the Danes, at what is now Christmas time, in honor of their god Thor.

mead: a drink made of honey and water and then fermented.

galley: a vessel propelled by oars, used by the early sea-going people.

scaId: an ancient Scandinavian poet who sang heroic deeds.

Odin: the chief god of the Norsemen ; his hall was called Valhalla, and was the abode of warriors who had been killed in battle.

mass was sung: In the Roman Catholic Church mass, or the celebration of the Lord's Supper, is always celebrated before noon, except on Christmas Eve, when the service takes place at midnight.

stoled: wearing a long, narrow scarf of silk richly embroidered.

chalice: the cup, either of silver or gold, used in the service of the mass.

kirtle sheen: The kirtle was a close-fitting gown; sheen is an adjective no longer in use, but which meant handsome or splendid; so that the expression means really, the girl put on her best dress.

Power and Ceremony: why are these words spelled with capital letters?

underogating: condescending.

vulgar: means here pertaining to the common people; the game mentioned was one of the amusements of the country people.

brawn: the roasted flesh of the wild boar; the head of the animal was always brought to the table on a separate platter.

wassel: the ale or wine served at a Christmas dinner.

merry maskers: men or boys in fantastic dress who sang carols on Christmas; an old custom.

Southron: the name given to Englishmen by the Scotch.

lost his land, etc.: He was a follower of the Stuart family in their attempts to regain the crown of England. After the final overthrow of these attempts many of the Stuart partisans lost their lands by forfeit to the king, and others were executed for treason. Sir Walter's great-grandfather lost his lands, but saved his head. As his beard was so long that he was called "Beardie," Scott changes the usual expression.

67. THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

By Joseph Addison

JOSEPH ADDISON (May 1, 1672–June 17, 1719) lived at a time when great changes were taking place in England. The people drove out the king, James II, and put William, Prince of Orange, in his place. Addison was a student at Oxford when this took place, and he became a Whig, as the followers of the new king were called. Some of his early writings attracted notice, and he received a pension from the government which enabled him to travel extensively on the Continent. When the king died he lost his pension, but he was fortunate enough to please the new ministry by a poem



JOSEPH ADDISON

he wrote in praise of the Duke of Marlborough who had just won the famous battle of Blenheim, and he was given a public office. His good fortune continued; he entered Parliament, and at last became Chief Secretary for Ireland. But it is not as statesman, man of fortune, or poet that he is remembered, but as the author of the most delightful essays in our language. These were contributed chiefly to "The Spectator," a weekly paper, but without any news. For his subjects Addison took the follies and fashions of the day, religion, morals, politics, poetry, and literature, and treated them all in a lively but delicate style, full of kind humor and sarcasm when such were needed. He taught a moral, but always in a pleasant, familiar way, and his idea of attacking evil was to make it ridiculous and unreasonable. In connection with his friend, Richard Steele, Addison really effected a remarkable change in literature.

I WAS last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living, or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox: "That it required much greater talents to fill up and become a retired life, than a life of business." Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion, and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, "I defy [says he] any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelvepenny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life."

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable reverie, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methought the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound gave me the following account of his life and adventures: —

"I was born [says he] on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favored my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old I had traveled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening.

"After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release; he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not; as for myself, I was sent

to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist preacher.

"After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as traveling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templar at a twelpenny ordinary, or carry him with three friends to Westminster Hall.

"In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, 'That while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money.' I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings.

"I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning of the Civil Wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king; for, being of a very tempting breadth, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of Parliament.

“As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was to oblige him to take a shilling of more homely figure, and then practice the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown till my officer, chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures.

“After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me into his hand, and cursed me, he squirmed me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

“About a year after the king’s return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook’s shop, where he dined upon me and drank the king’s health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement

than I thought, having probably, by that means, escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

“Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter, having gotten together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few minutes valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

“I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment and hasten to that fatal catastrophe, when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me underground, and with an unmerciful pair of shears, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in, to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful

figure. In the midst of this general calamity, when everybody thought our misfortunes irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and luster than we could ever boast of before.

“What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the meantime, I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet’s pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entitled from me, “The Splendid Shilling.” The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings.

paradox: something seemingly absurd, yet true in fact.

Sir Francis Drake: a celebrated English sailor and explorer in the time of Queen Elizabeth.

ingot: a mass of metal cast in a mold.

sack: a kind of sweet wine.

nonconformist: one who did not agree to the laws of the Church of England.

Templar: a student of law at the Temple near the Thames.

ordinary: a dining-place.

Westminster Hall: a structure adjoining the houses of Parliament on the west, forming part of the ancient palace of Westminster. The first English parliaments were held in this hall, and it was also used at the coronation of the king.

Civil Wars: the war in England between the royal party, under Charles I, and the Roundheads or people's party, under Oliver Cromwell.

made one man sure: had enlisted him.

squirred: threw away with a jerk.

Oliver Cromwell: Lord Protector of England after the execution of Charles I.

king's return: the return of Charles II in 1660 after the abdication of Richard Cromwell.

cavalier: a follower of the royal family.

break: become bankrupt.

change of sex: the coin now bore the king's head.

The Splendid Shilling: a poem by John Philips.

68. BOOT AND SADDLE

By Robert Browning

I

BOOT, saddle, to horse, and away!
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,

CHORUS. — *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*

II

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—

CHORUS. — "*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*"

III

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

CHORUS. — "*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*"

IV

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?

CHORUS. — "*Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !*"

boot and saddle: the first trumpet call for mounted drill.
gallants: gay gentlemen; here it means the followers of the king, Charles I.

flouts: disdains; Castle Brancepeth (which belongs to the singer as in stanza one) is the subject.

Roundheads: the soldiers of the Parliament.

by my fay: by my faith.

My wife Gertrude: This was at first the name of the poem. Notice how the whole situation is gradually unfolded in stanza after stanza.

69. RALEIGH'S CLOAK

By Sir Walter Scott

THE following selection is from "Kenilworth," one of the "Waverley Novels," the scene of which is laid in the time of Elizabeth. Among the characters introduced is Sir Walter Raleigh, who is said to have attracted the queen's notice by the gallant act here related.

THE royal barge, manned with the queen's watermen richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, lay at the great stairs which ascended from the river.

The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded the passage from the palace gate to the riverside, and all seemed in readiness for the queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

Walter Raleigh caused the boat to be pulled toward a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions.

As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the sergeant porters told them they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth.

"Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount;

"do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

"Thou art mad, stark mad!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. Thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of gentlemen pensioners. After these came the queen, amid a crowd of lords and ladies.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. Unbonneting, he fixed his eager gaze on the queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. The night had been rainy, and, just where the young gentleman stood, a little pool of muddy water interrupted the queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the

gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to insure her stepping over it dryshod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the band of pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one. You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please follow me."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind. The young cavalier was guided to the waterside by the pensioner, who showed him considerable respect. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the gentleman pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. At length one of the attendants, by the queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping to the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of majesty not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The mud-dyed cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic with which the queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and somewhat bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liegeman's duty to be bold."

"Well, young man," said the queen, "your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to replace the suit which you cast away in our service. shalt have a suit, and that of the newest promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the queen, interrupting him. "I take shame to say that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction."

Walter waited patiently until the queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" rejoined the queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is't thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam — if it is not asking too high an honor — permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy?" said the queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter. "When your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The queen again blushed, and endeavored to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasant surprise and confusion.

"The youth's head is turned with reading romances. I must know something of him that I may send him safe to his friends. What art thou?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious queen, the youngest son of a large but honorable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection. "Have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh; "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"Hark ye, Master Raleigh," said the queen, "see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold in the form of a chessman, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh knelt, and as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it. He knew, perhaps better than almost any of her courtiers who surrounded her, how to mix the devotion claimed by the queen with the gallantry due to her personal beauty; and in this, his first attempt to unite them, he succeeded so well as at once to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity and her love of power.

watermen: boatmen.

yeomen of the guard: the bodyguard of the sovereign.

gentlemen pensioners: now called gentlemen-at-arms; a band of forty gentlemen and their six officers, all entitled esquires, whose office it is to attend the sovereign on ceremonial occasions.

wherry: a light, shallow rowboat.

70. THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

By John Keats



JOHN KEATS

JOHN KEATS (Oct. 29, 1795–Feb. 23, 1821) in his short life of twenty-five years proved that he had the true gift of poetry by work which equals that of the best English poets. It was intended that he should be a physician, but as he tells us, one day when he should have been listening to a surgical lecture, “there came a sunbeam into the room and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and so I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland.” He soon after gave up his profession and devoted himself to literature, publishing his first volume in 1817, and his last in

1820. He was physically delicate, and by nature extremely sensitive. He died of consumption in Rome, and is buried in the Protestant cemetery there. “The Eve of St. Agnes” is a love story based on the old superstition of the vision given by St. Agnes, and is a vivid picture. The part given in our selection is a wonderful description of a cold winter night.

St. Agnes' Eve — all hither chill it was :
The owl for all his feathers, was as cold :
The hare limped trembling through the frozen
grass,
And silent was the flock in wo'ly fold :
Numb were the Bardsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frusted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old
Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer
he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient holy man :
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees :
The sculptured dead on each side seemed to freeze,
Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails :
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and
mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor ;
But now — already had his death bell rung ;
The joys of all his life were said and sung :

His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to
grieve.

St. Agnes: a Roman virgin and martyr, beheaded during the reign of the Emperor Diocletian. Her festival is celebrated on January 21 by the Greek and Roman churches. The eve of this festival was a special time for merrymaking among young maidens, who were supposed, by means of a sort of incantation, to see the forms of their future husbands.

the owl: Notice how exquisitely in this first stanza the still, biting, winter night is described.

beadsman: a man who offers prayers for those who give him alms.

rosary: a string of beads of various sizes, each bead receiving the name of the prayer it represents, as the Hail Mary, Our Father, and Glory be to the Father; it is used to mark off these prayers.

incense: certain spices and gums which are burned in a vessel called a censer in Catholic and Greek churches as part of a religious ceremony.

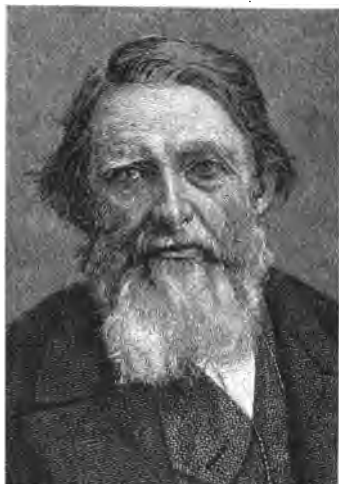
sculptured dead: the statues of dead nobles and ladies railed in on each side of the church. They were usually represented kneeling as in prayer, the women with hooded heads and the men in full armor.

flattered to tears: moved to tears. While others were making merry, this old man, to atone for his own sins and for the sins of those for whom it was his duty to pray, sat apart in dust and ashes.

71. THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

By John Ruskin

JOHN RUSKIN (Feb. 8, 1819–Jan. 22, 1900) was most widely known and thought of as an art-critic. To the study of art he certainly did devote his earlier years. But as he neared middle life, he began to see that the world was not so happy as it might be, and he began to think it would not quite do for him to busy himself only with beautiful pictures and statues and fine buildings and such things, when he might be able somehow really to lessen the foolishness and human misery and the evils, that pressed themselves upon him. This was forty years before his death,



JOHN RUSKIN

and during all those years, he had strongly on his mind the idea of doing something useful. It is true that his plans were sometimes such as could not well be carried into effect. But his intention was to improve men and make them better, and there are many who have been greatly helped and strengthened by his wise and kindly counsel. The following is a sort of fable—although he calls it a dream—in which he gives his idea of the folly of men's strife for power and wealth. The fine house stands for the world, and the children for the men and women in it. The quarreling over the flower gardens represents the fighting and battling among the kingdoms of the earth. The struggle for the worthless brass nails stands for the strife for riches.

I THINK I can best tell you their answer by telling you a dream I had once. For though I am no poet, I have dreams sometimes:—I dreamed I was at a child's May-day party, in which every means of entertainment had been provided for them, by a wise and kind host. It was in a stately house, with beautiful gardens attached to it; and the children had been set free in the rooms and gardens, with no care whatever but how to pass their afternoon rejoicingly. They did not, indeed, know much about what was to happen next day; and some of them, I thought, were a little frightened, because there was a chance of their being sent to a new school where there were examinations; but they kept the thoughts of that out of their heads as well as they could, and resolved to enjoy themselves. The house, I said, was in a beautiful garden, and in the garden were all kinds of flowers; sweet grassy banks for rest; and smooth lawns for play; and pleasant streams and woods; and rocky places for climbing. And the children were happy for a little while, but presently they separated themselves into parties; and then each party declared, it would have a piece of the garden for its own, and that none of the others should have anything to do with that piece. Next, they quarreled violently, which pieces they would have; and at last the boys took up the

thing, as boys should do, "practically," and fought in the flower beds till there was hardly a flower left standing; then they trampled down each other's bits of the garden out of spite; and the girls cried till they could cry no more; and so they all lay down at last breathless in the ruin, and waited for the time when they were to be taken home in the evening.

Meanwhile, the children in the house had been making themselves happy also in their manner. For them, there had been provided every kind of in-doors pleasure: there was music for them to dance to; and the library was open, with all manner of amusing books; and there was a museum, full of the most curious shells and animals and birds, and there was a workshop, with lathes and carpenter's tools, for the ingenious boys; and there were pretty fantastic dresses, for the girls to dress in; and there were microscopes, and kaleidoscopes; and whatever toys a child could fancy; and a table, in the dining-room, loaded with everything nice to eat.

But in the midst of all this, it struck two or three of the more "practical" children, that they would like some of the brass-headed nails that studded the chairs; and so they set to work to pull them out. Presently, the others, who were reading, or looking at shells, took a fancy to do the like; and, in a little while, all the children,

nearly, were spraining their fingers in pulling out brass-headed nails. With all that they could pull out, they were not satisfied; and then, everybody wanted some of somebody else's. And at last the really practical and sensible ones declared, that nothing was of any real consequence, that afternoon, except to get plenty of brass-headed nails; and that the books, and the cakes, and the microscopes were of no use at all in themselves, but only if they could be exchanged for nail-heads. And at last they began to fight for nail-heads, as the others fought for the bits of garden. Only here and there, a despised one shrank away into a corner, and tried to get a little quiet with a book, in the midst of the noise; but all the practical ones thought of nothing else but counting nail-heads all the afternoon — even though they knew they would not be allowed to carry so much as one brass knob away with them. But no — it was — “Who has most nails? I have a hundred, and you have fifty; or, I have a thousand and you have two. I must have as many as you before I leave the house, or I cannot possibly go home in peace.” At last, they made so much noise that I awoke, and thought to myself, “What a false dream that is, of *children*.” The child is the father of the man; and wiser. Children never do such foolish things. Only men do.

72. THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

By William Shakespeare

THERE is not much known of the details of the life of SHAKESPEARE: he was born at Stratford-on-Avon in April, 1564, and later went to the grammar school there where, as Ben Jonson says, he acquired "small Latin and less Greek." He went up to London, adapted plays for the theater, wrote his own famous dramas; became well-known to the nobles and wits of Queen Elizabeth's court; attained wealth and then went back to Stratford to spend the rest of his life among the friends of his youth. He died, April 23, 1616, and is buried in the parish church on the bank of the Avon. Though



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

an English writer, Shakespeare belongs to the whole world; no other poet has been able to touch the heart and mind of men of every land and every time. The play "Julius Cæsar" belongs to Shakespeare's historical dramas. From your study of Roman history you will remember the conspiracy formed against Julius Cæsar, which resulted in his murder. Two of the conspirators, Brutus and Cassius, left Rome and with their forces opposed Octavius and Antony, who assumed power after Cæsar's death. The two are encamped near Sardis when this dispute is supposed to have occurred between them, and they quarrel bitterly, and say most harsh things to one another, and in the end are warm friends again. This quarrel is not a matter of history but is part of the poet's description of the character of the two men.

SCENE III. — Within the Tent of BRUTUS

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS

Cas. That you have wronged me, doth appear
in this, —

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians :
Wherein my letters, praying on his side
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a
case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember :
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?

What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to, you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all
this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love :
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry
for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection ;— I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath rived
my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes ! — There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb

That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;

Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Sardians: inhabitants of the ancient town of Sardis.

slighted off: have paid no attention to.

nice offense: trifling offense.

itching palm: to be covetous and ready to sell favors for money.

honors this corruption: because the offender is Cassius he is not punished.

ides of March: in the Roman calendar the 13th day of March, the day on which Cæsar was killed.

trash: Shakespeare frequently calls money trash. In "Othello" Cassio says, "Who steals my purse steals trash."

bay the moon: bark at the moon.

slight: this does not refer to size or height, but means *foolish, imprudent*.

choler: peevish anger.

drachmas: ancient Greek coins.

indirection: underhand manner.

rascal counters: a contemptuous term for money.

rived: broken.

Olympus: the mountain on which dwelt the gods.

Plutus' mine: Plutus was the Greek personification of wealth. He is often confused, as here, with Pluto the god of the lower regions and the owner of all the mines of gold and precious stones.

yoked with a lamb: Cassius possesses a hasty temper and his anger is short-lived.

73. HOW HEReward SLEW THE BEAR

By Charles Kingsley

HEReward the Wake lived about the time of the Norman Conquest, and is one of the heroes of early English history. With his band of outlaws he opposed the invaders and held the island of Ely against the Normans until driven out by William the Conqueror. Many legends have sprung up about his name, and Charles Kingsley has collected them and woven them into an historical novel. As Kingsley tells the story, when Hereward became an outlaw he went to live with a notable person named Gilbert of Ghent. This Gilbert kept caged in one corner of the courtyard of his manor a menagerie of wild beasts; among them was the Fairy Bear, an animal half human and terrible beyond words. Hereward longed to try his strength against this monster in combat, but his host had always refused permission. Our selection relates how Hereward finally obtained his wish.

AS Hereward was coming in one afternoon from hunting, hawk on fist, with Martin Lightfoot trotting behind, crane and heron, duck and hare,

slung over his shoulder, on reaching the courtyard gates he was aware of screams and shouts within, tumult and terror among man and beast. Hereward tried to force his horse in at the gate. The beast stopped and turned, snorting with fear ; and no wonder, for in the midst of the courtyard stood the Fairy Bear, his white mane bristled up till he seemed twice as big as any of the sober brown bears which Hereward yet had seen ; his long snake neck and cruel visage wreathing about in search of prey. A dead horse, its back broken by a single blow of the paw, and two or three writhing dogs, showed that the beast had turned (like too many of his human kindred in those days) " Berserker." The courtyard was utterly empty ; but from the ladies' bower came shrieks and shouts, not only of women but of men ; and knocking at the bower door, adding her screams to those inside, was a little white figure, which Hereward recognized as Altruda's. They had barricaded themselves inside, leaving the child out, and now dared not open the door, as the bear swung and rolled towards it, looking savagely right and left for a fresh victim.

Hereward leaped from his horse, and drawing his sword, rushed forward with a shout which made the bear turn round.

He looked once back at the child ; then round again at Hereward ; and making up his mind to

take the largest morsel first, made straight at him with a growl there was no mistaking.

He was within two paces; then he rose on his hind legs, a head and shoulders taller than Hereward, and lifted the iron talons high in air. Hereward knew that there was but one spot at which to strike; and he struck true and strong, before the iron paw could fall, right on the muzzle of the monster.

He heard the dull crash of the steel; he felt the sword jammed tight. He shut his eyes for an instant, fearing lest, as in dreams, his blow had come to naught; lest his sword had turned aside, or melted like water in his hand, and the next moment would find him crushed to earth, blinded and stunned. Something tugged at his sword. He opened his eyes, and saw the huge carcass bend, reel, roll slowly over to one side, dead, tearing out of his hand the sword which was firmly fixed into the skull.

Hereward stood awhile staring at the beast like a man astonished at what he himself had done. He had had his first adventure, and he had conquered. He was now a champion in his own right — a hero of heroes — one who might take rank, if he went on, beside Beowulf, Frotho, Ragnar Lodbrog, or Harald Hardraade. He had done this deed. What was there after this which he might

not do? And he stood there in the fulness of his pride, defiant of earth and heaven, while in his heart arose the thought of that old Viking who cried in the pride of his godlessness, "I never on earth met him whom I feared, and why should I fear him in heaven? If I met Odin, I would fight with Odin. If Odin were the stronger, he would slay me; if I were stronger, I would slay him." There he stood, staring and dreaming over renown to come, a true pattern of the half-savage hero of those rough times, capable of all vices except cowardice, and capable, too, of all virtues save humility.

hawk on fist: In olden times hunters employed hawks in the chase; when not in action the bird was usually hooded and carried on the hunter's left fist.

Martin Lightfoot was Hereward's attendant.

Berserker: Those Norse warriors of heathen times who are said to have been subject to such fits of fury in battle that they resembled angry wild beasts.

ladies' bower: an apartment devoted to the especial use of the ladies of a noble household.

iron talons: the claws of the bear like iron hooks.

Beowulf: the hero of the oldest epic in English.

Ragnar Lodbrog: a legendary Norse viking supposed to have invaded England about the end of the eighth century.

Harald Hardraade: King of Norway 1046-1066. He invaded England in 1066 and was defeated and slain at the battle of Stamford Bridge.

74. THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

By Alfred Tennyson



ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED TENNYSON (Aug. 6, 1809–Oct. 6, 1892) was the fourth child of a cultured clergyman of the Church of England, and grew up with a large family of brothers and sisters amid a romantic world of the past. In fact, the children knew more about knights, dragons, and giants than they did about the world about them. As a man, Tennyson consecrated his life to poetry, and his time was devoted either to the study of nature or to his books. When he was forty years old he had published his great poem, "In Memoriam," a tribute to his friend Hallam; he had been

made poet laureate; and was able to marry and build for himself a home. As a final honor the queen made him a peer of England. His first poems are pleasing, and are still great favorites, though as he grew older his work was stronger and better and his verse came into closer touch with life. When you are older you will appreciate the story of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table which Tennyson put into exquisite verse under the name "The Idylls of the King." We give here a poem which represents the Old Year as one who has enjoyed all the pleasures of life; has been a good friend; has made enemies, as the best of us do; and now is passing out while his son, the New Year, is riding at full speed to come into his inheritance.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing.
 Toll ye the church bell sad and low,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying.

Old year, you must not die ;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still ; he doth not move ;
 He will not see the dawn of day.
 He hath no other life above.
 He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
 And the new year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go ;
 So long as you have been with us,
 Such joy as you have seen with us,
 Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim ;
 • A jollier year we shall not see.
 But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
 And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
 He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die ;
 We did so laugh and cry with you,
 I've half a mind to die with you,
 Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.

The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro :
The cricket chirps : the light burns low :
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.

Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :

What is it we can do for you ?

Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.

Alack! our friend is gone.

Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :

Step from the corpse, and let him in

That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,

And a new face at the door, my friend,

A new face at the door.

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